

# a first time for everything

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

DAN SANTAT

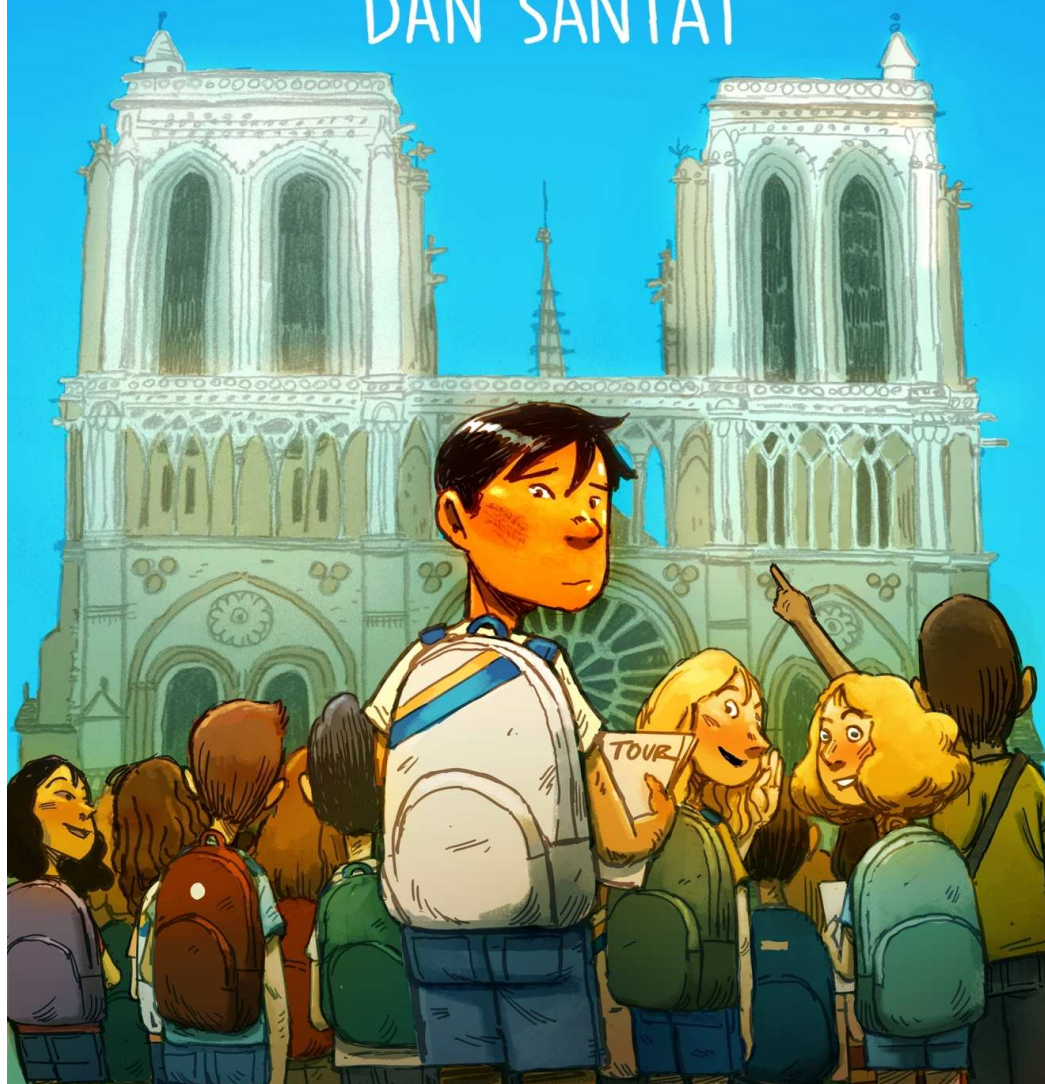




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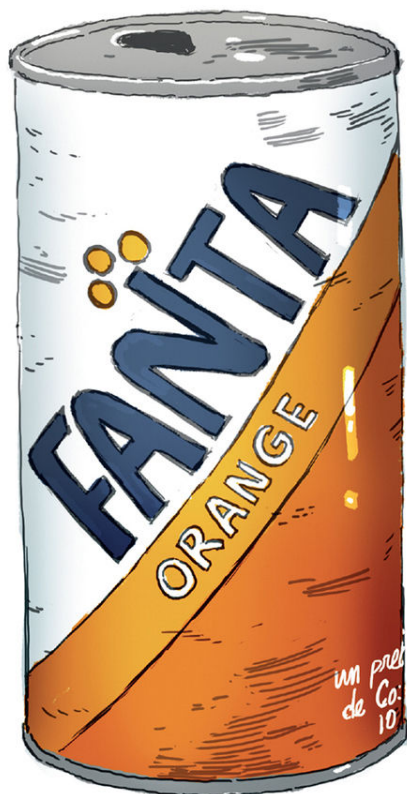




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a first time for everything



a true story by DAN SANTAT

:01

First Second  
new york

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# :01

**First Second**

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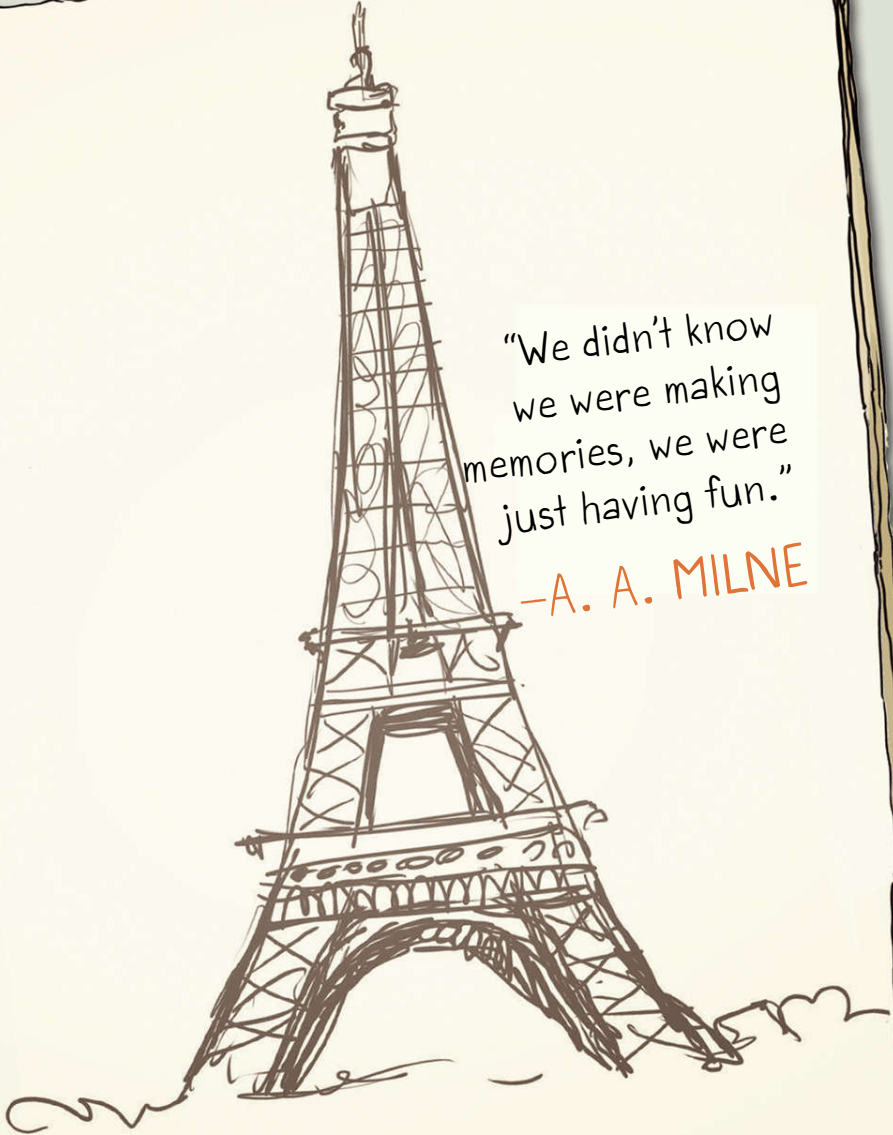
The names and identifying characteristics of some persons  
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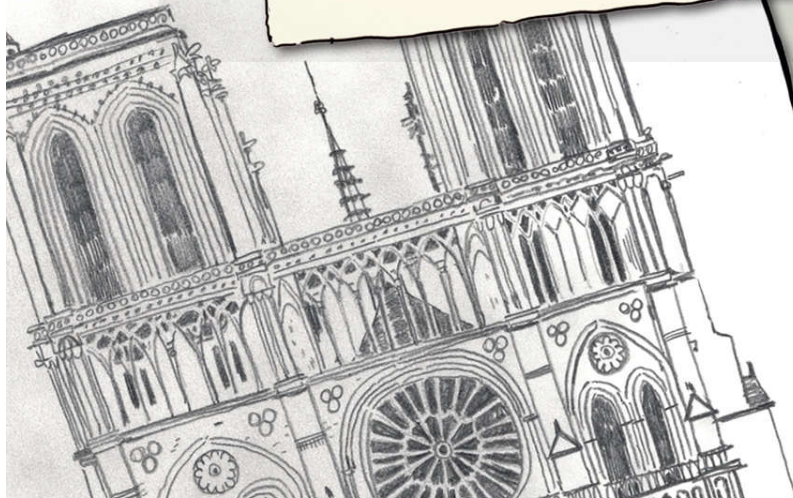
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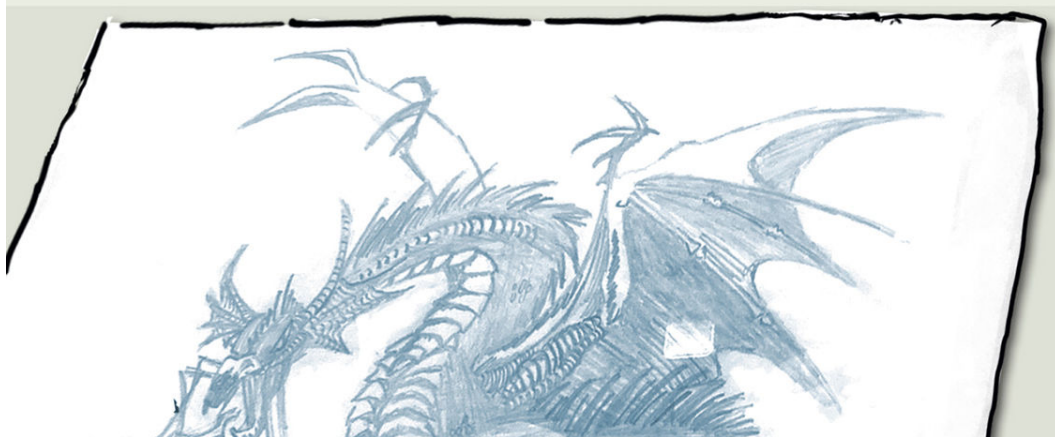




"We didn't know  
we were making  
memories, we were  
just having fun."

—A. A. MILNE







for the person you have yet to discover inside you

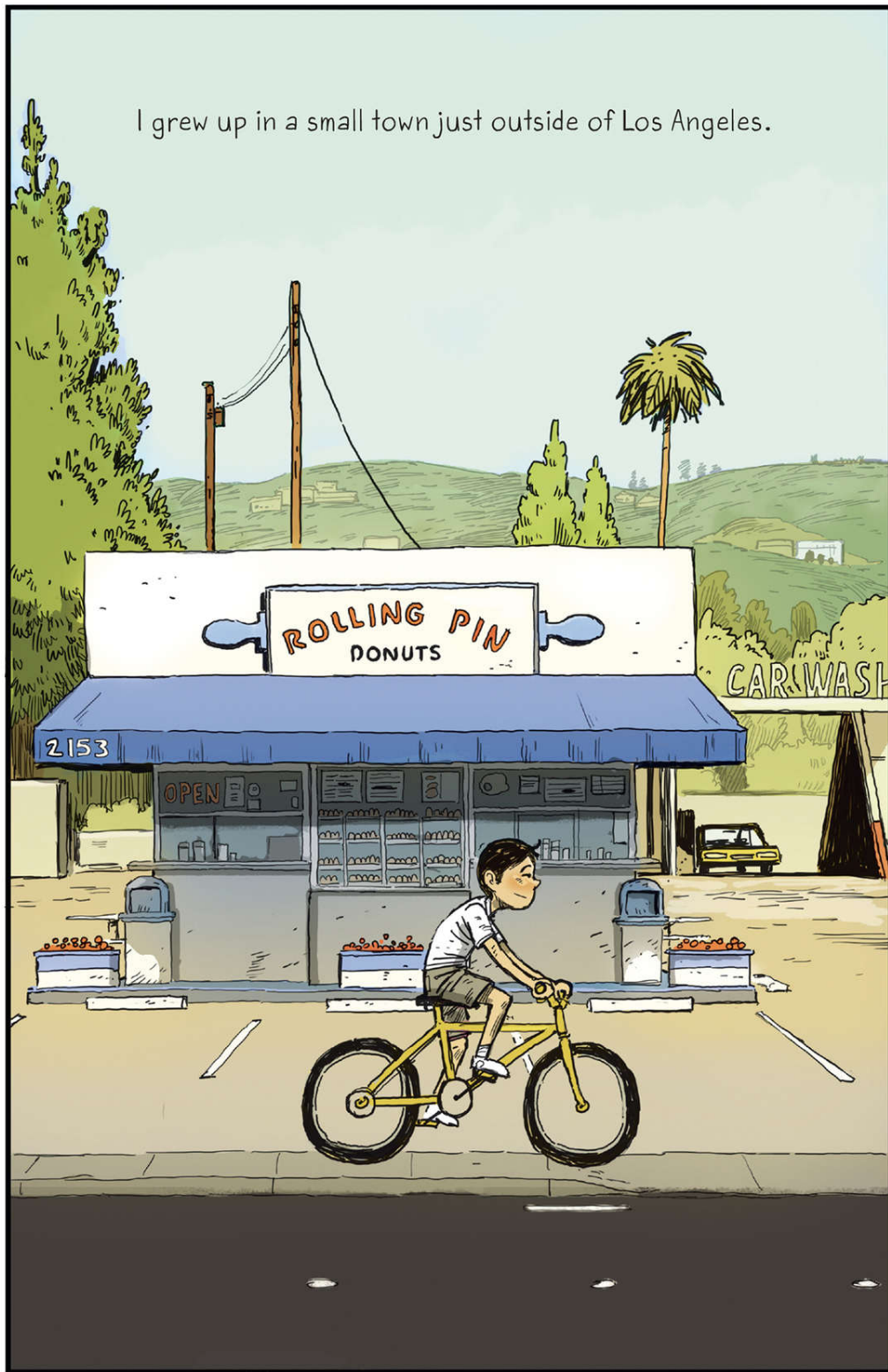




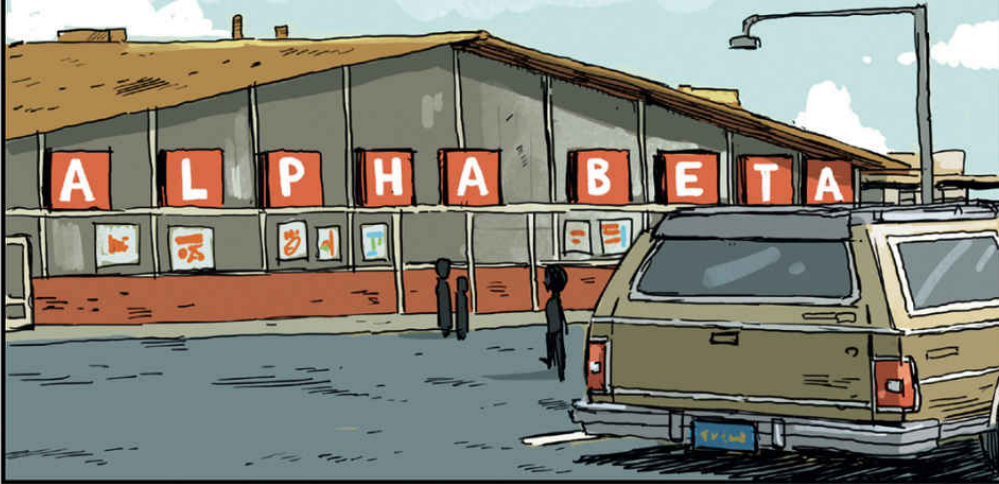


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I grew up in a small town just outside of Los Angeles.



Everything I knew about the world happened in Camarillo.



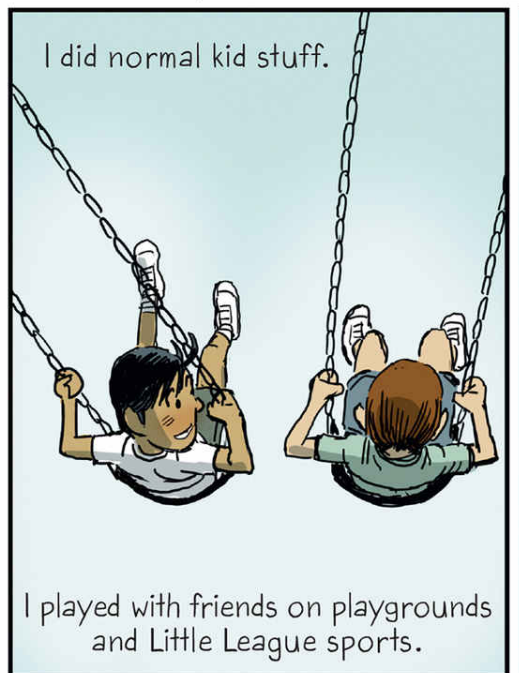
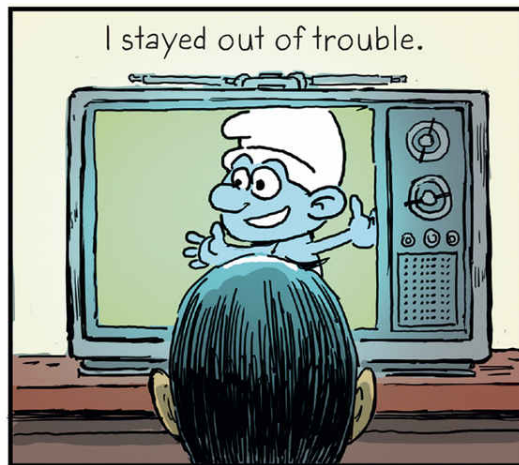
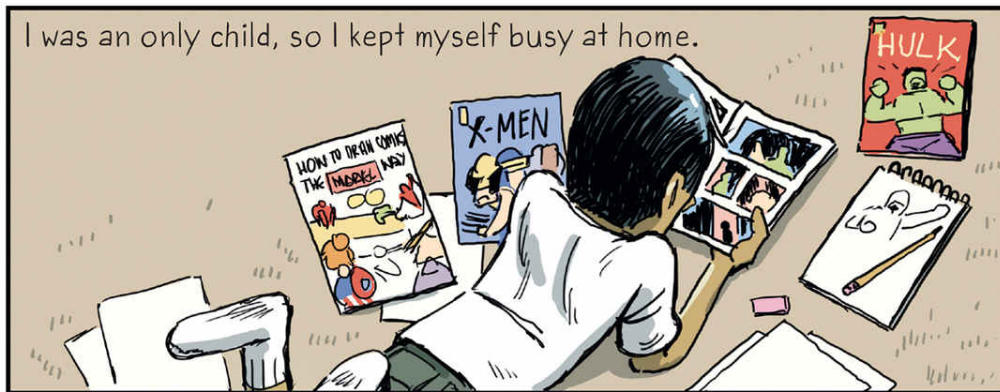
My mom was sick with a disease called lupus,\* which usually left her feeling exhausted, so I often helped her with errands.

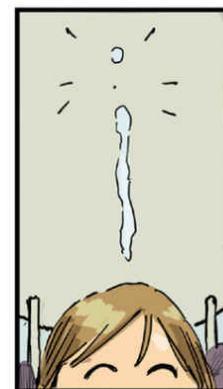
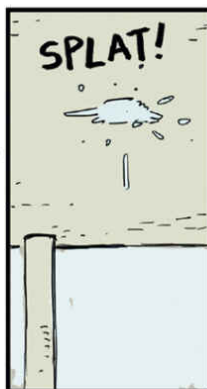
\*a disease in which the immune system attacks its own tissues



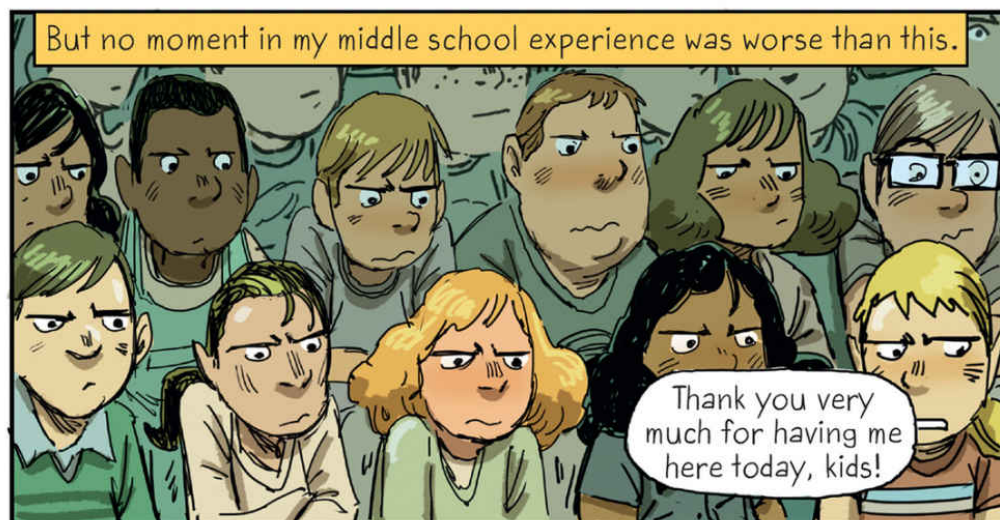
Mom was hospitalized a few times, so we didn't travel much.











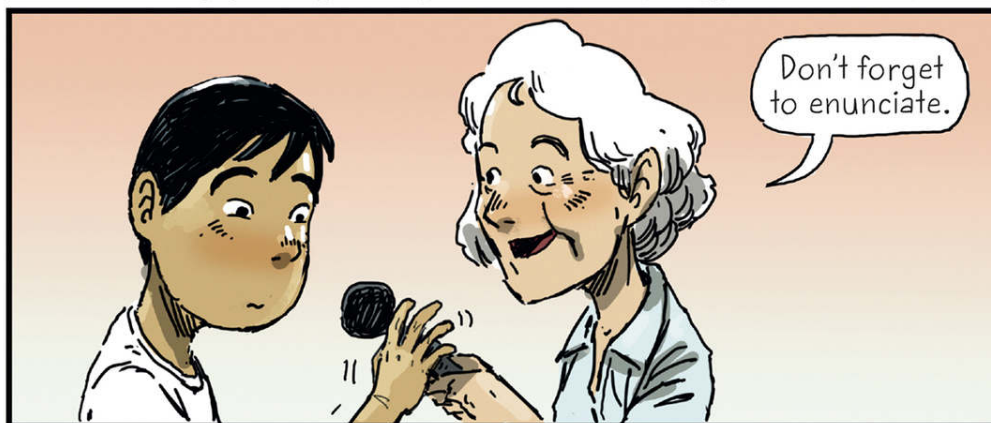
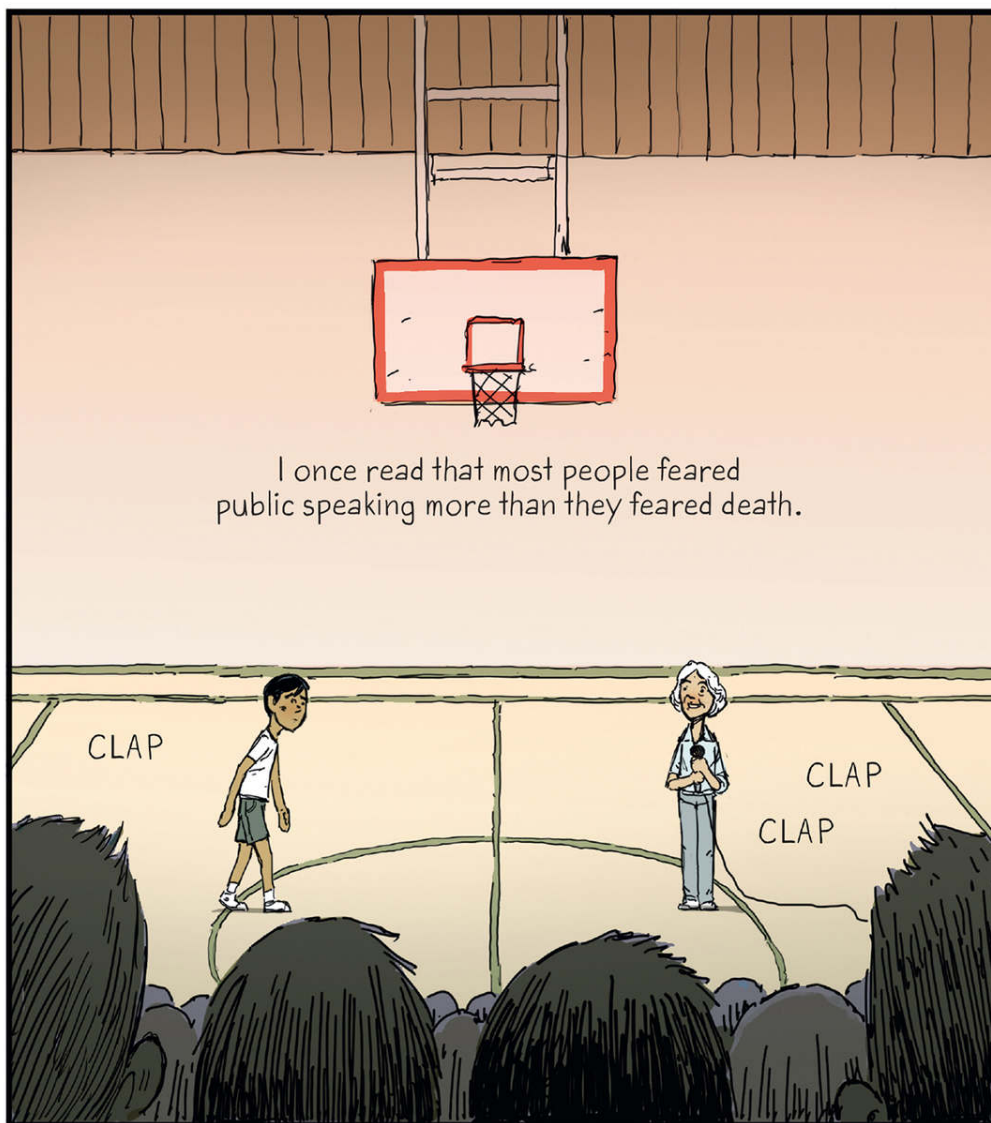




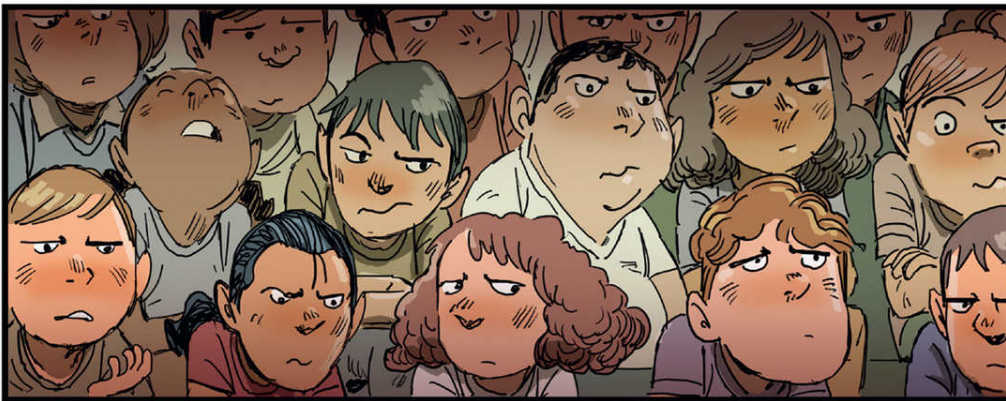


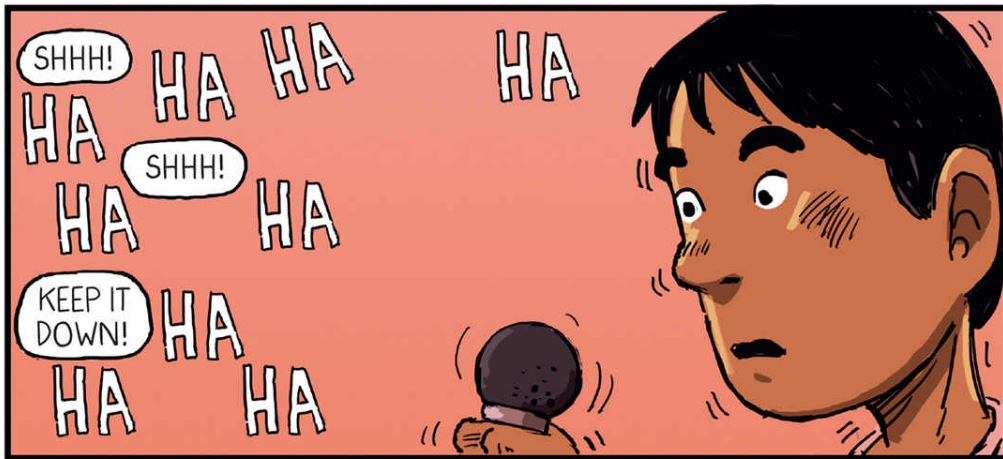




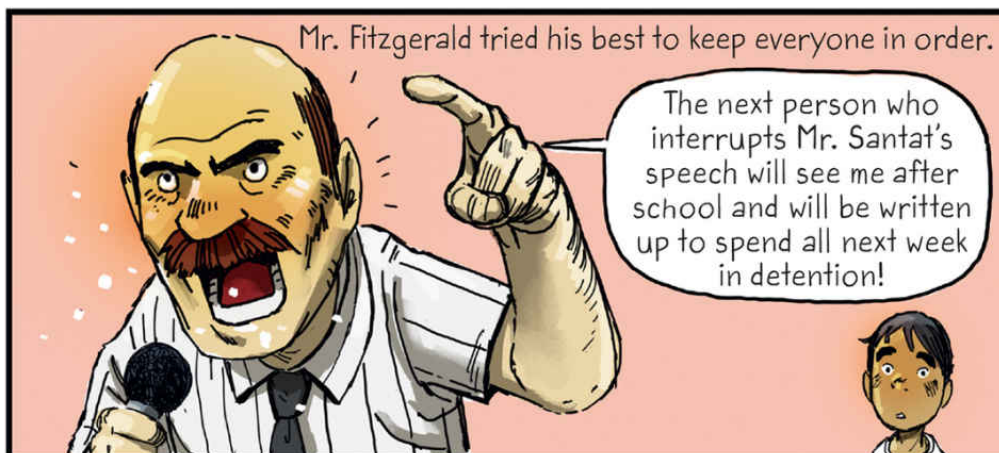




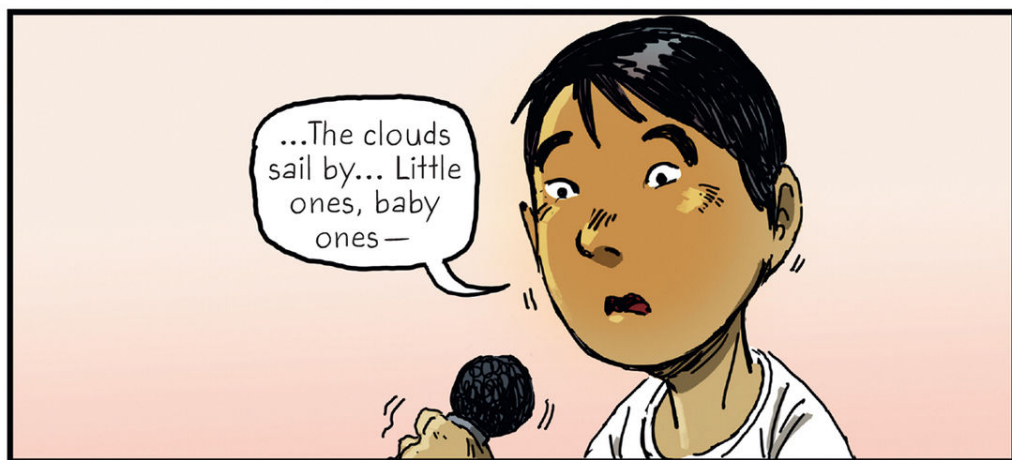














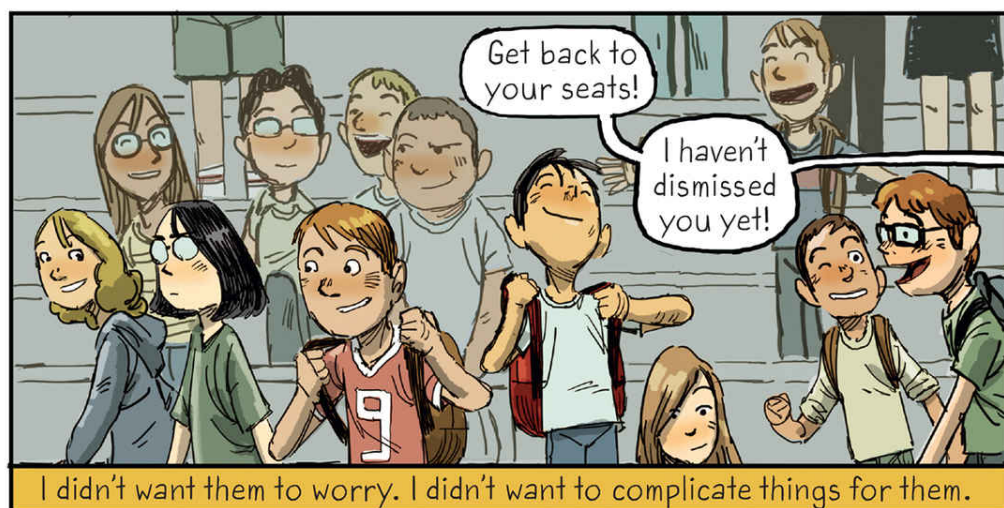
I'd like to report a murder.

There were about 700 witnesses.

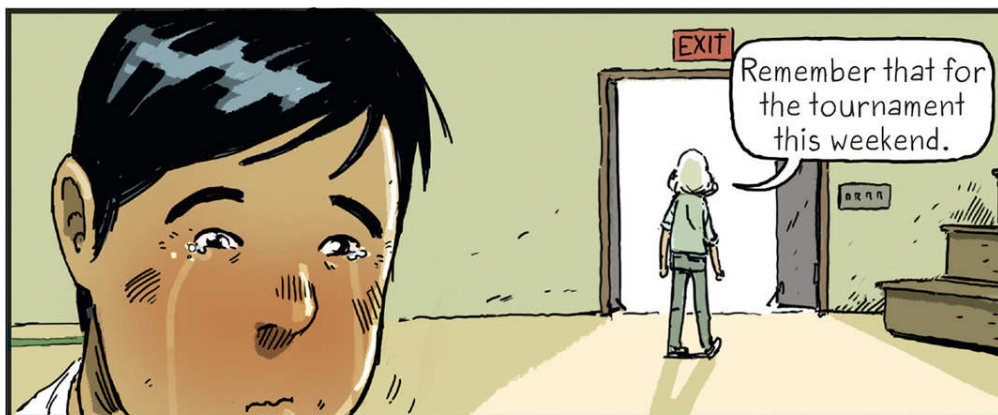
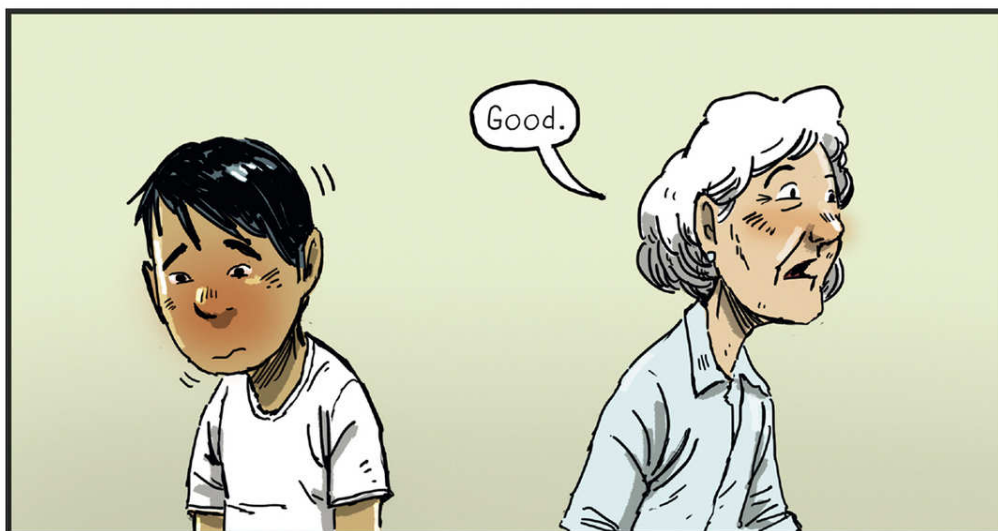
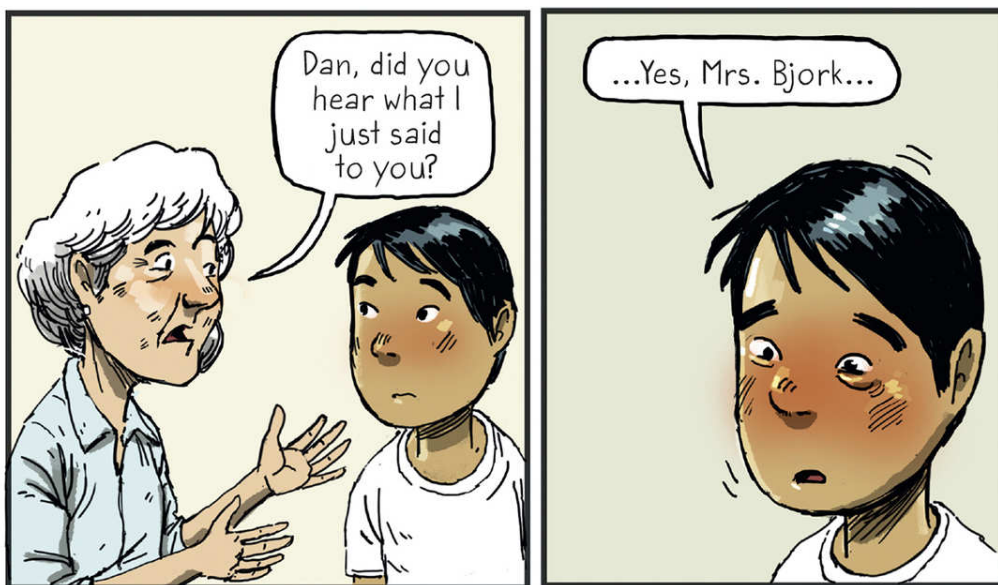














I want to be small.

I want to be invisible.



JUNE 1989

The last day of junior high

Ryan's place  
is just on the  
other side of  
the park.

Ryan's in high school.  
Why would he invite us?

He invited  
everyone.

Are you  
sure he meant  
*everyone*?







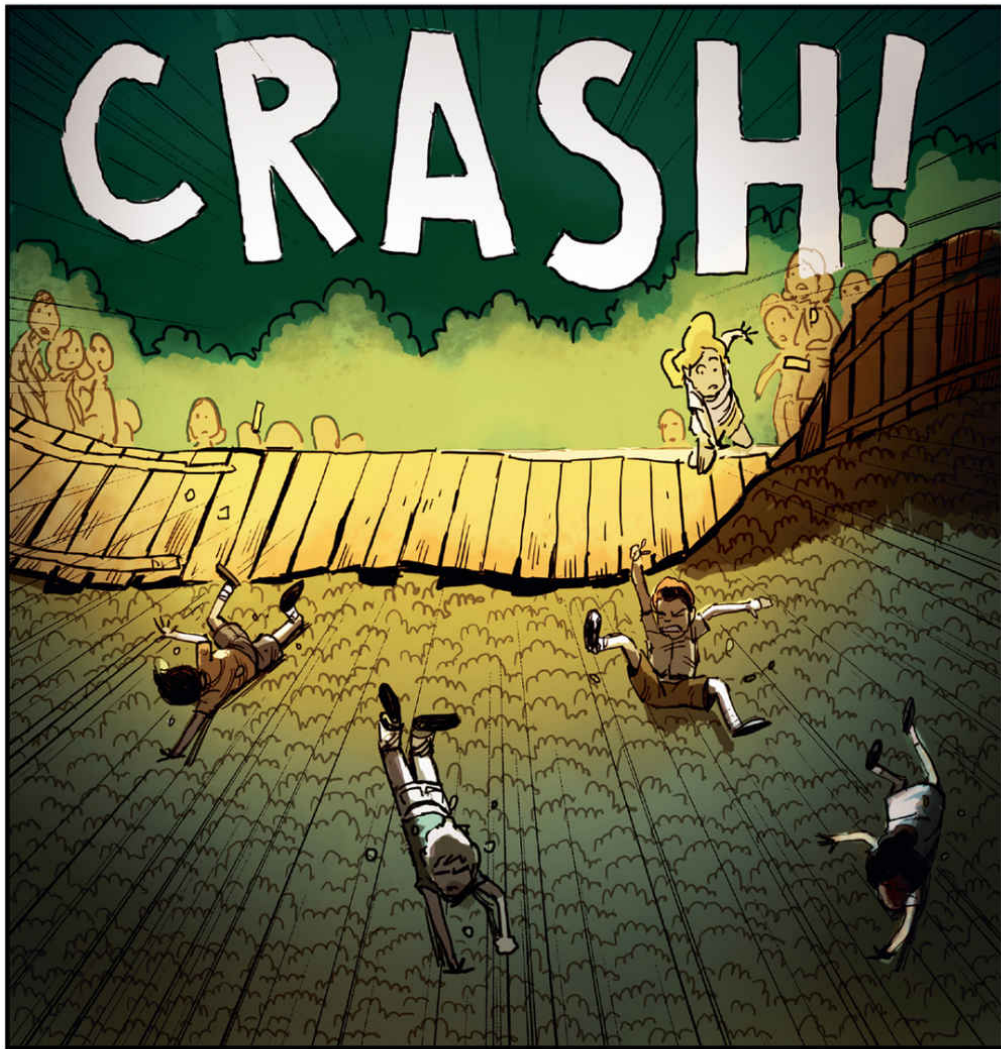












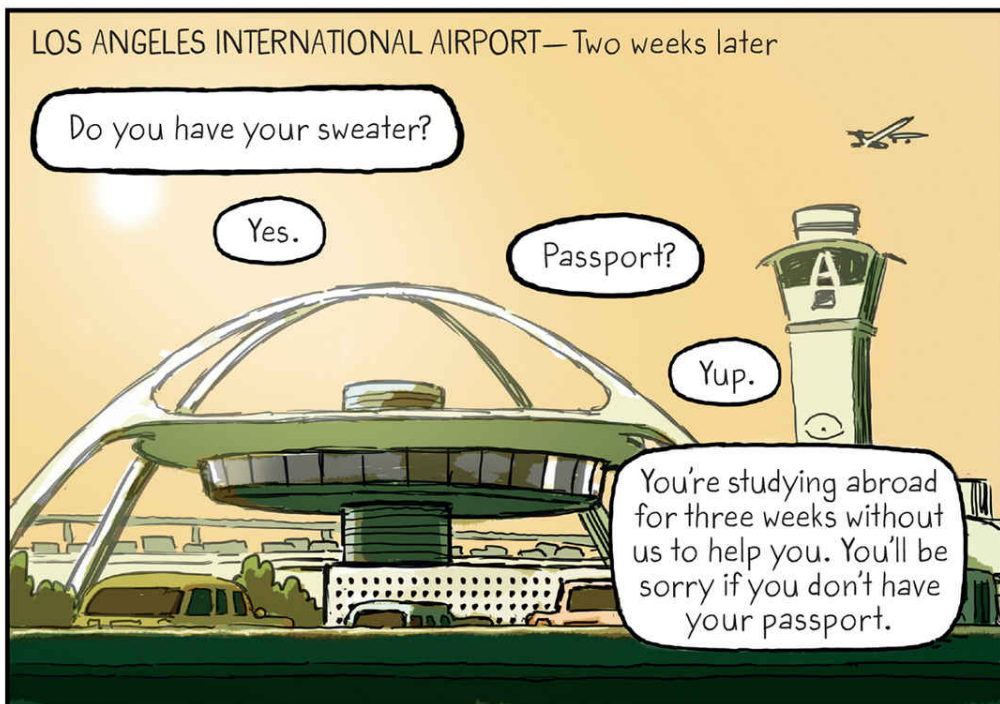




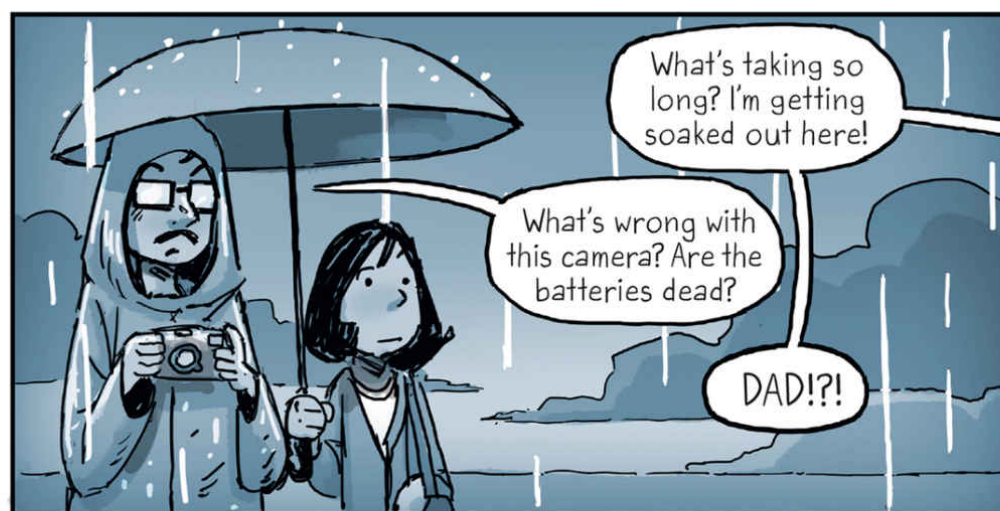
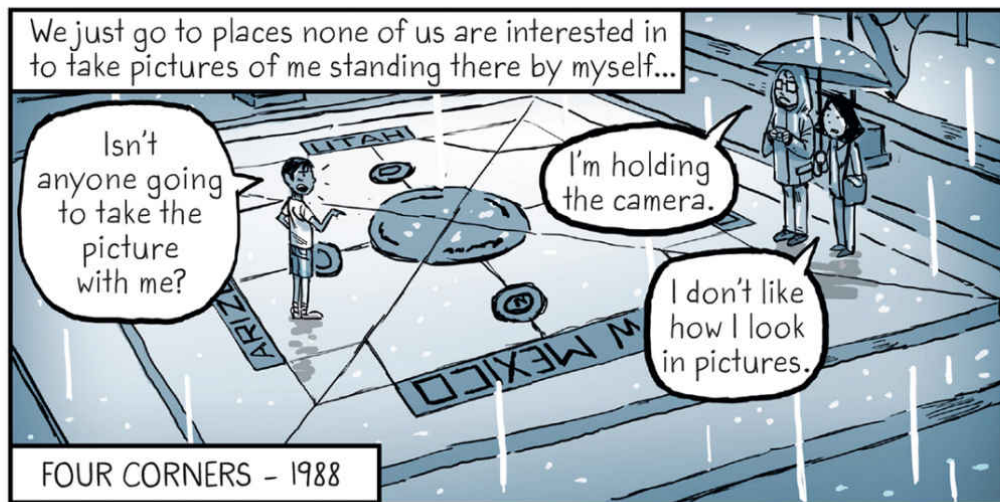


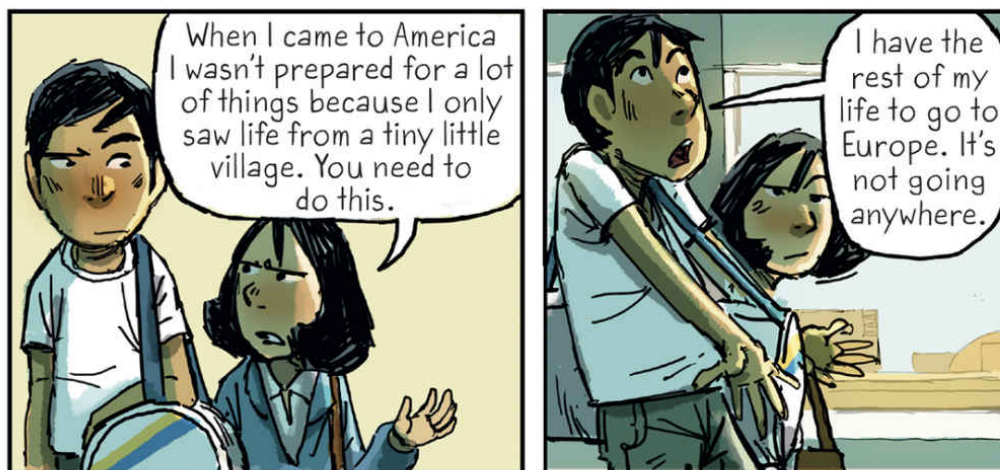












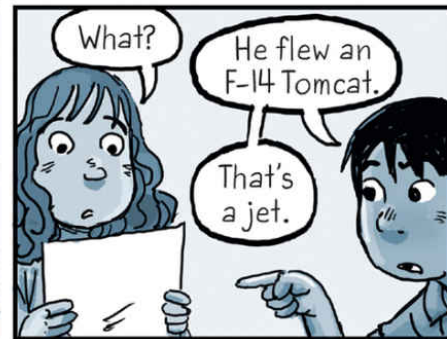
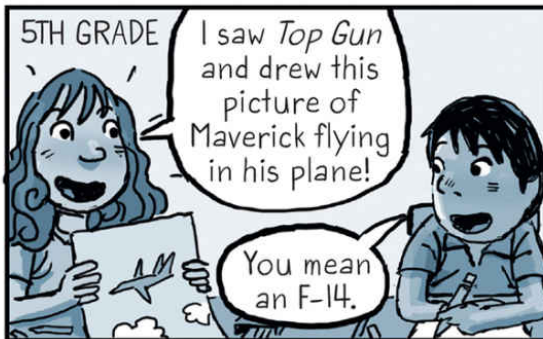


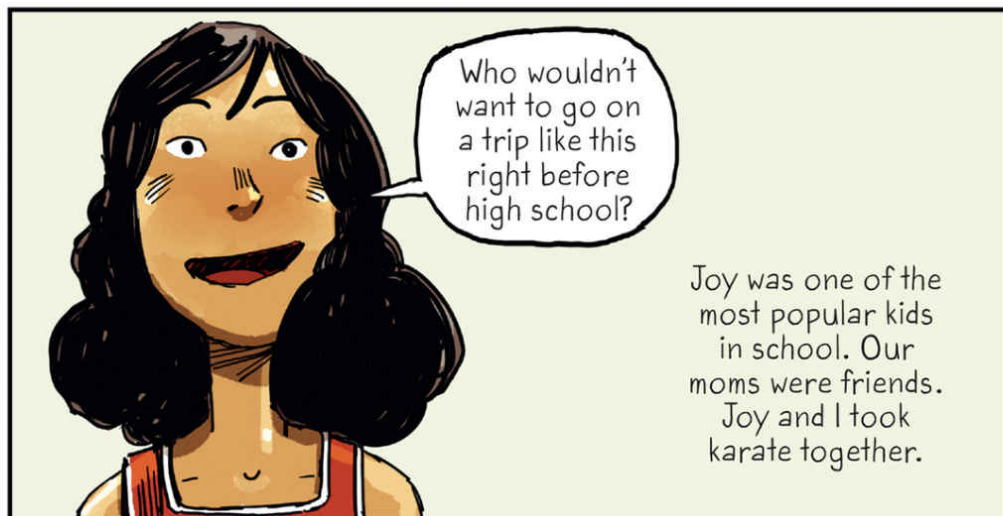


The scariest part was...these weren't really my friends.









Joy was one of the most popular kids in school. Our moms were friends. Joy and I took karate together.









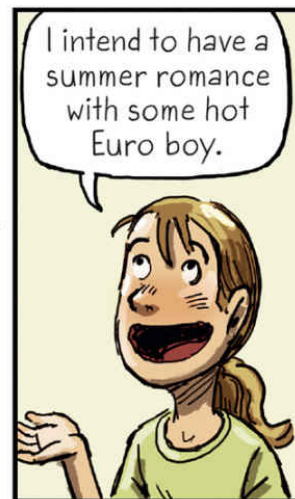
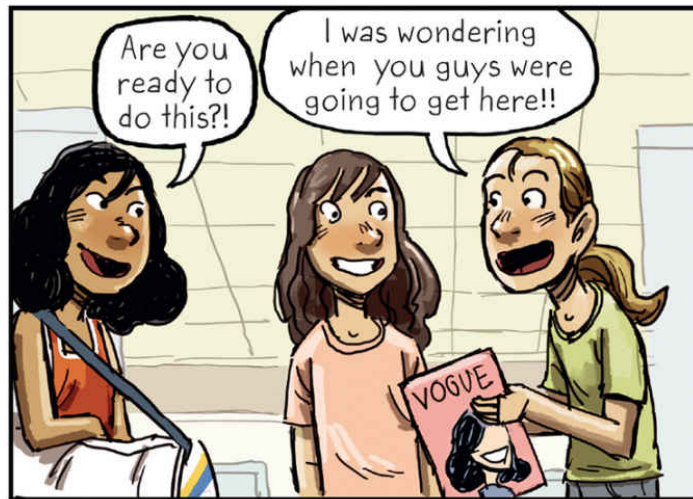
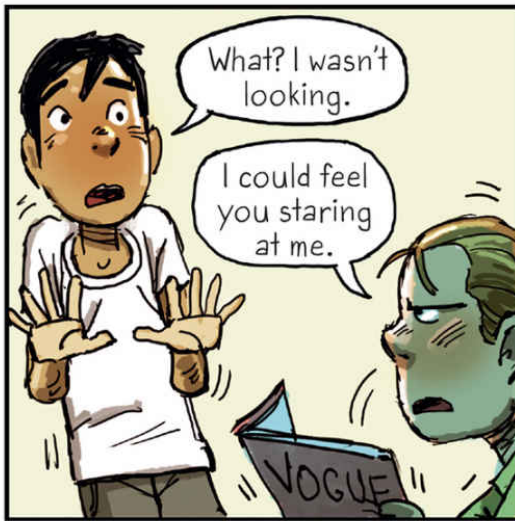
Made you look.

HA

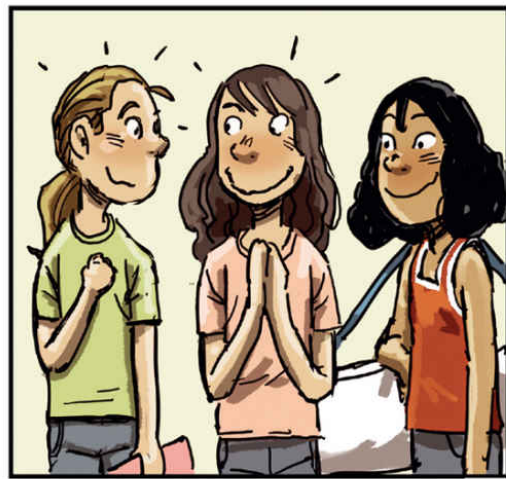
HA

HA

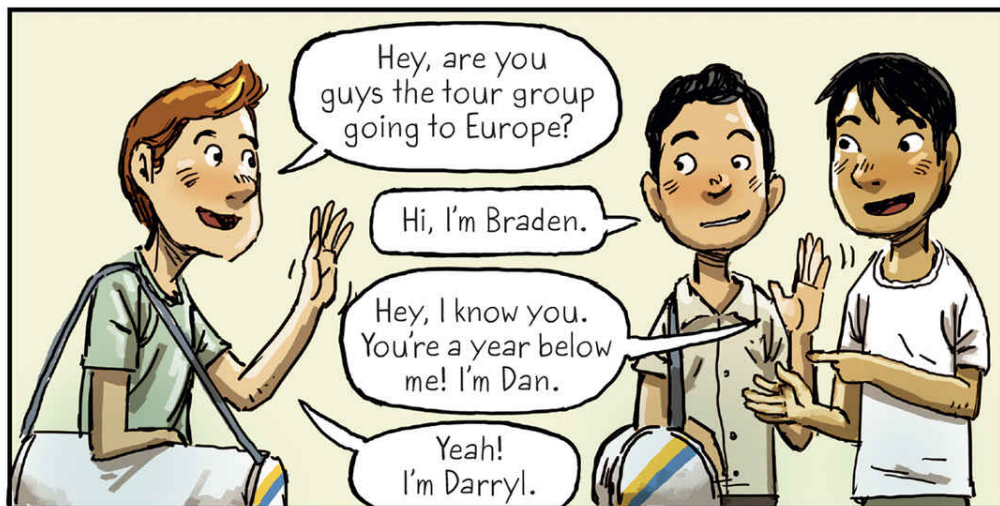
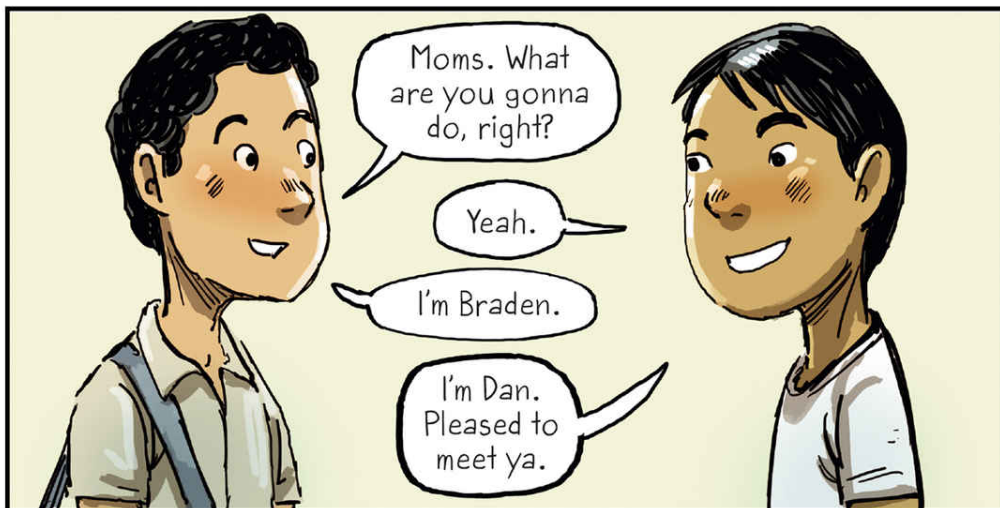


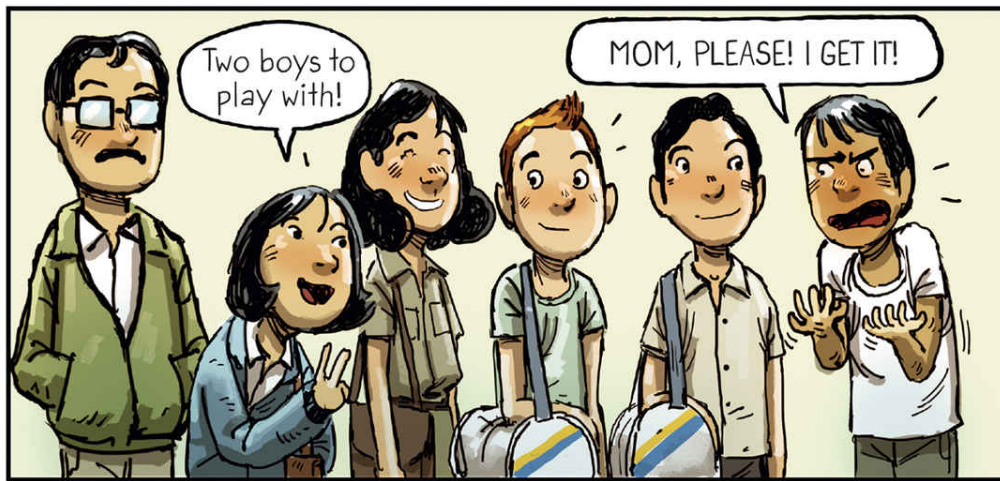




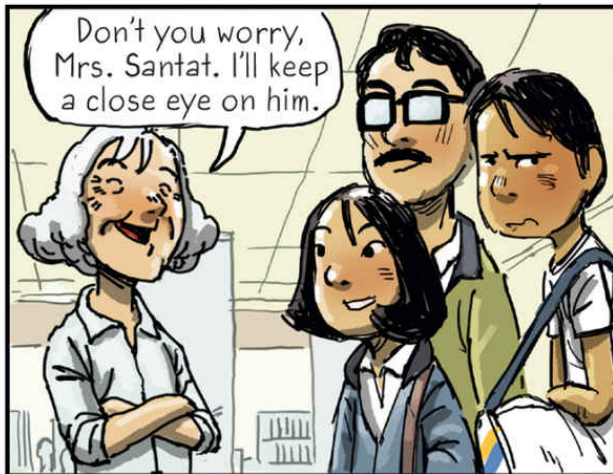




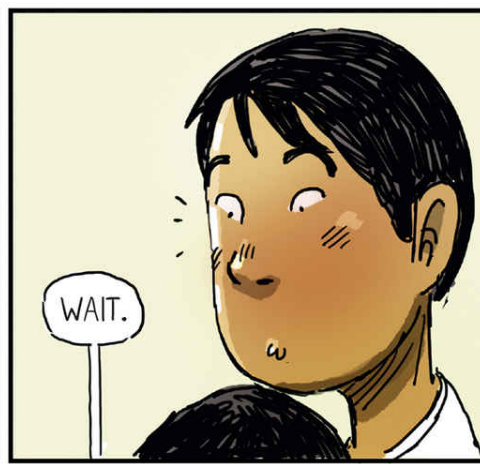


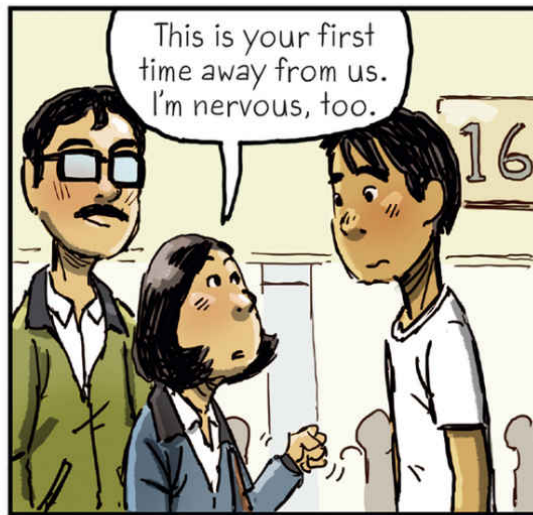




















PARIS

( 21 DAYS LEFT IN THE TRIP )





\* Smoking used to be allowed on plane flights. WHAT?!





CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT



After you do that, we'll all meet up at the south end of the baggage claim!



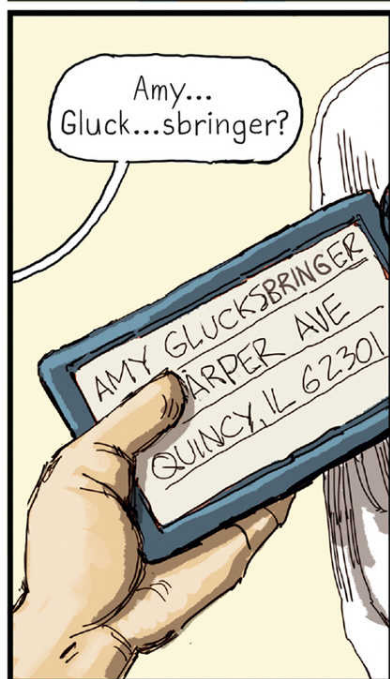
Okay, let's go get our stuff.

Come on, Dan!

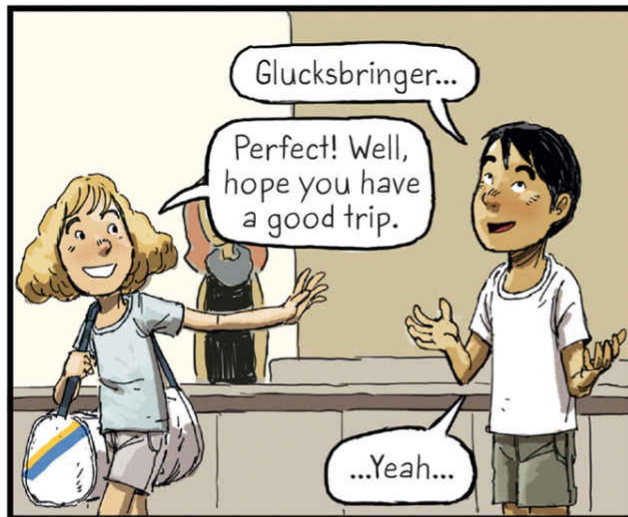
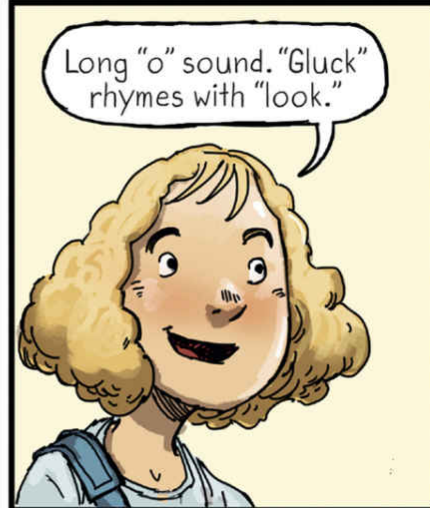
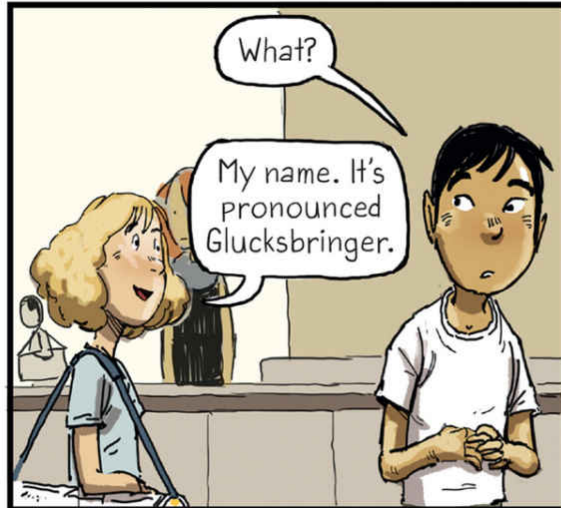


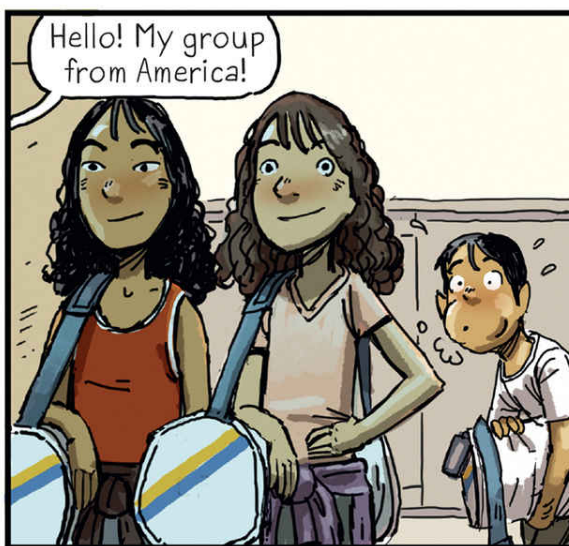








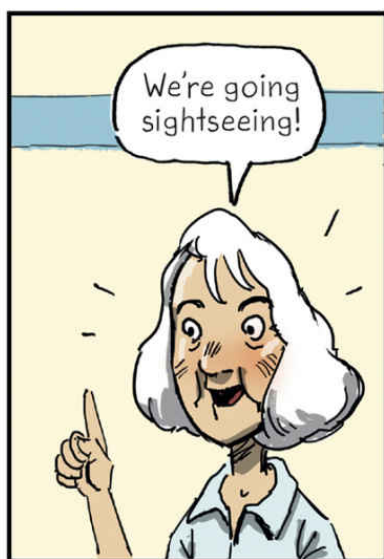
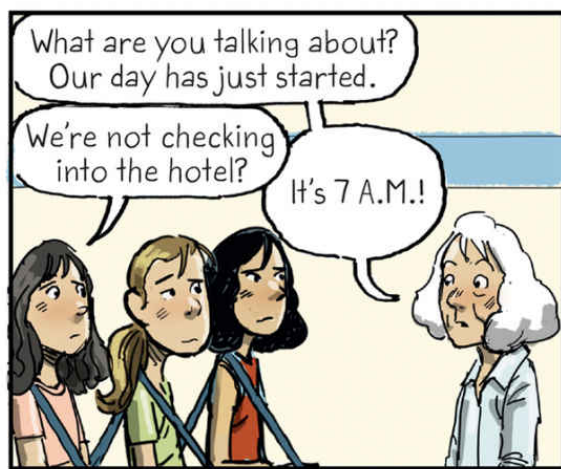








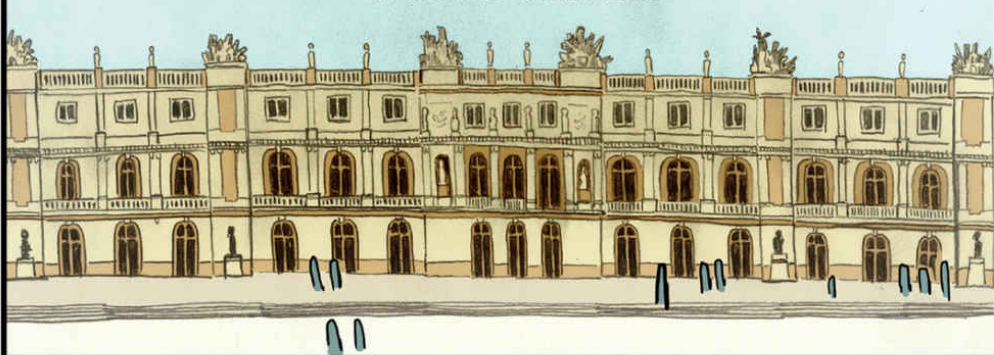




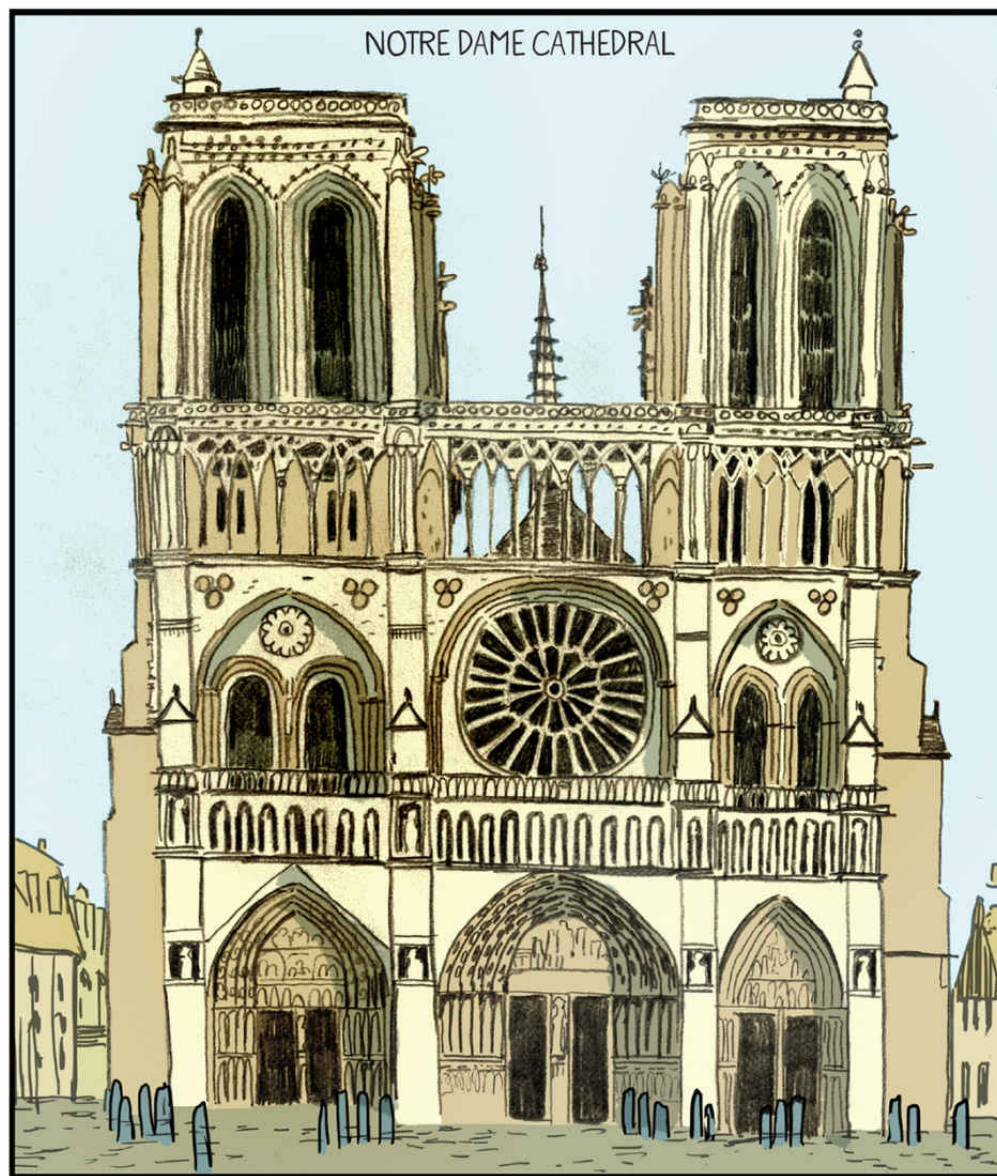
ARC DE TRIOMPHE



PALACE OF VERSAILLES

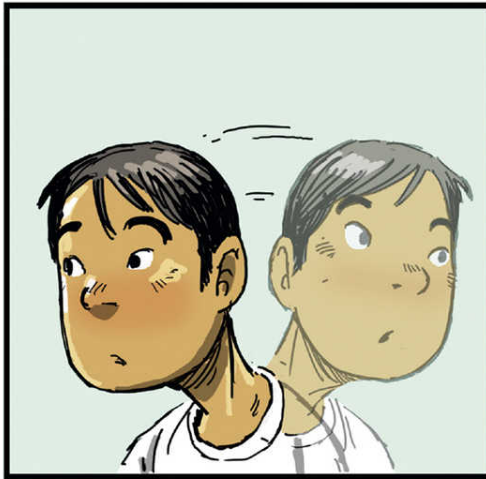


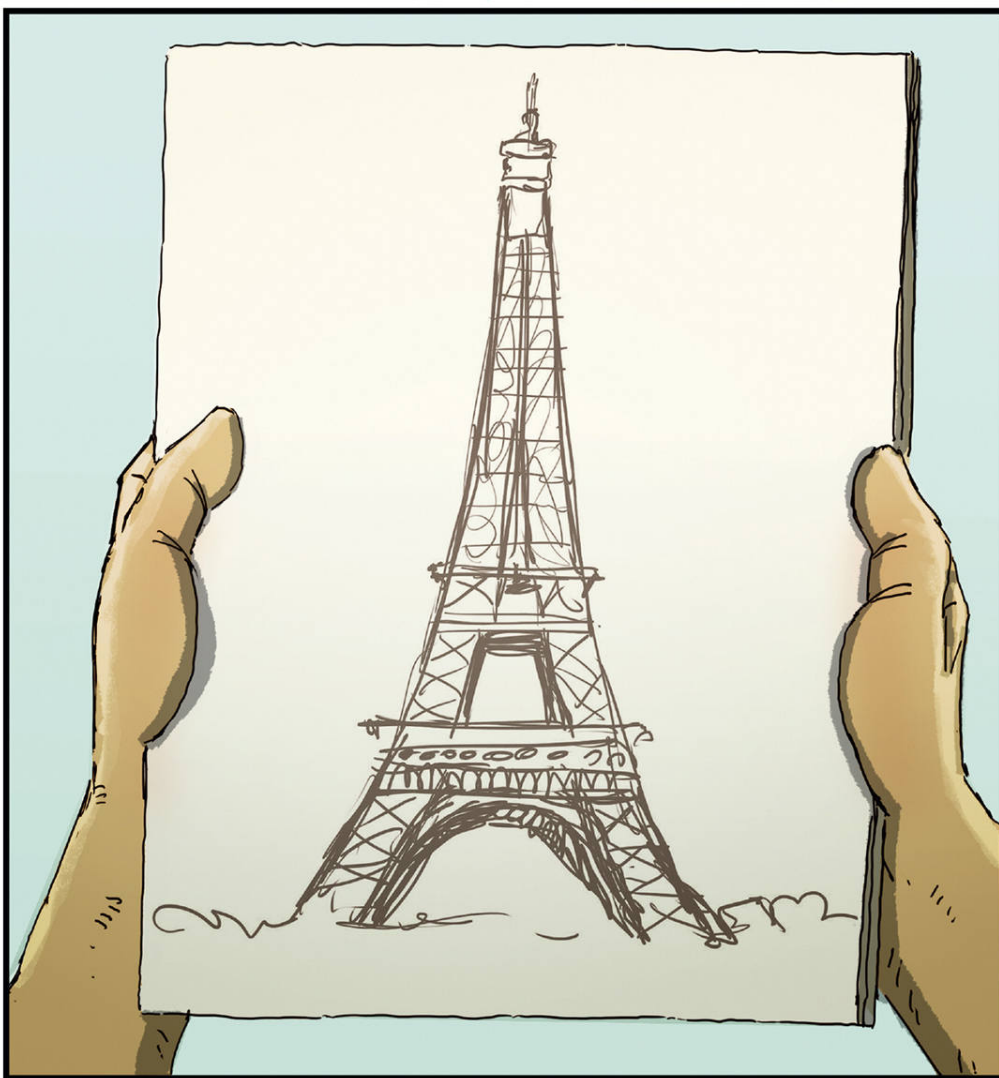




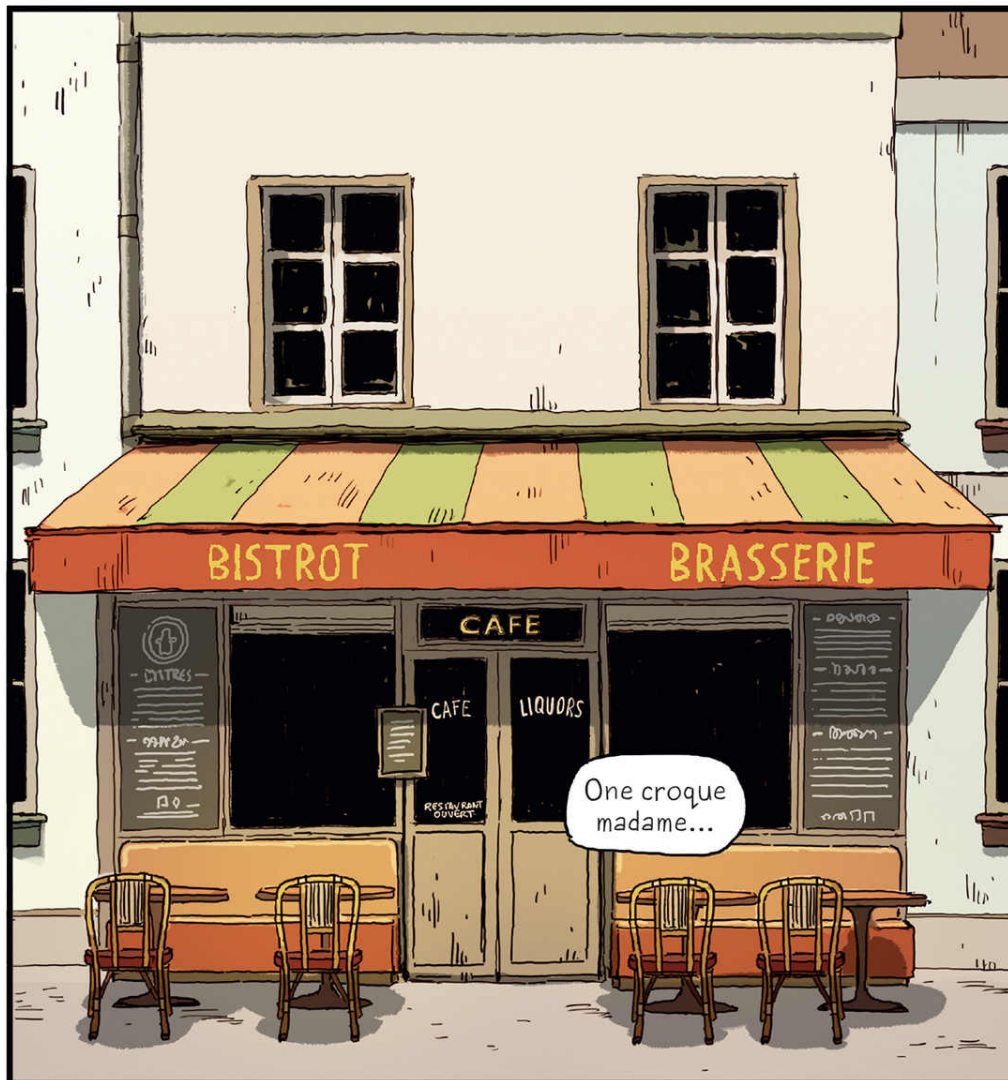


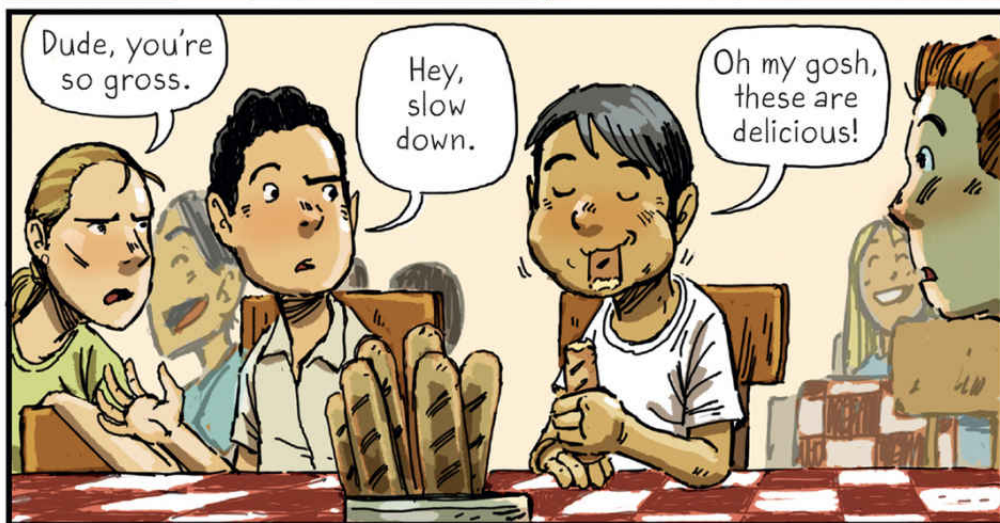




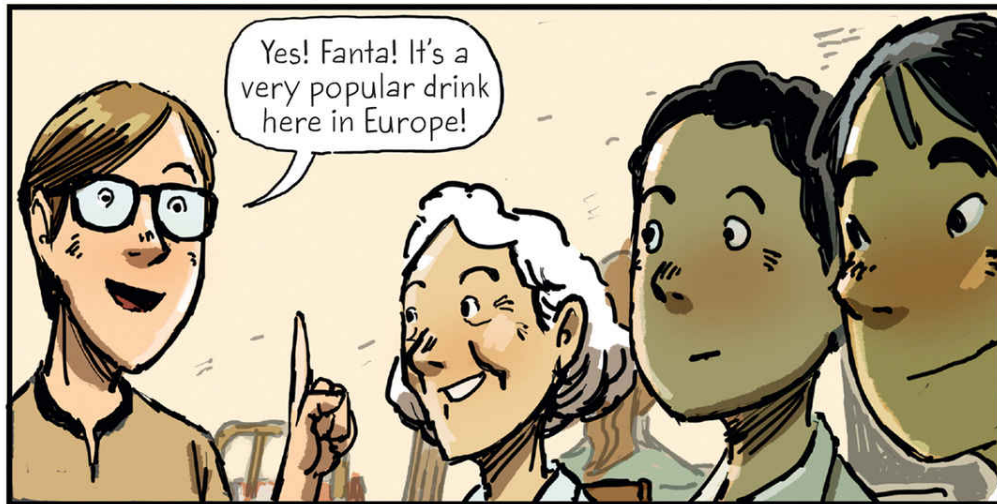
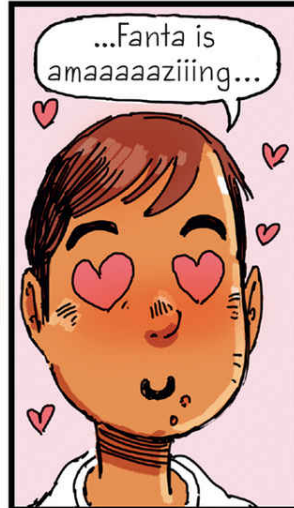






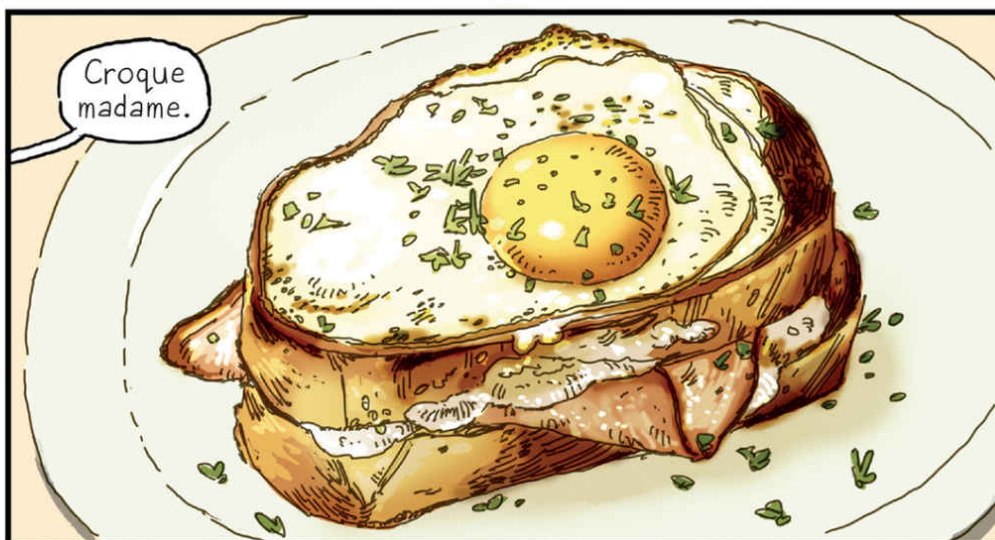
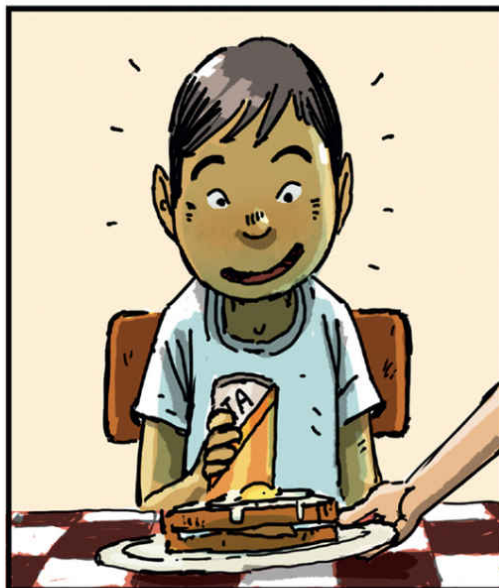


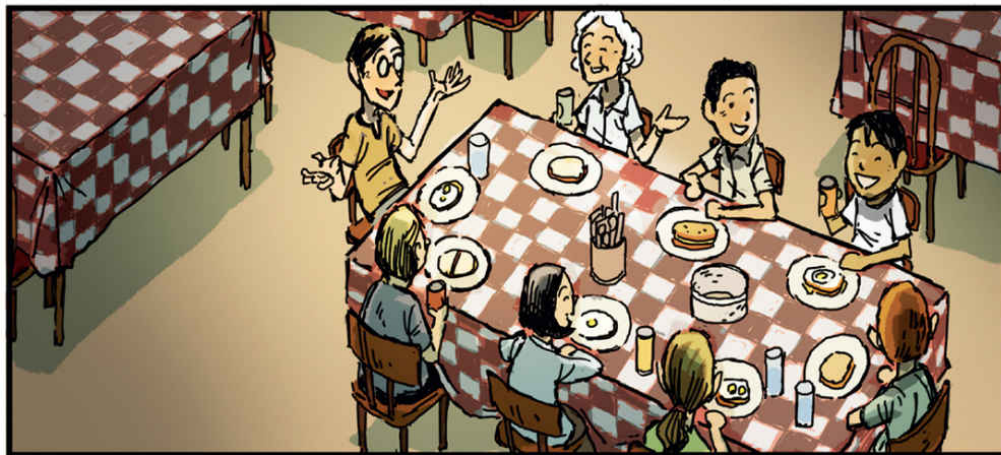




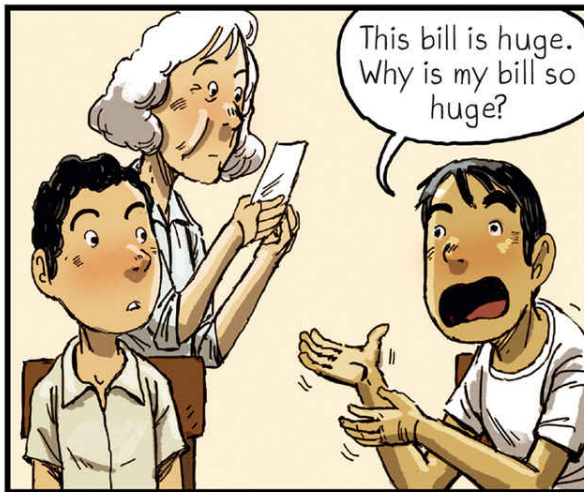


That was a product of World War II.  
After the US declared a trade embargo against the Nazis, they couldn't import syrup from the States and decided to make their own soda with only natural ingredients from Germany. You can find various flavors all over Europe like grape, strawberry, lime, mango...

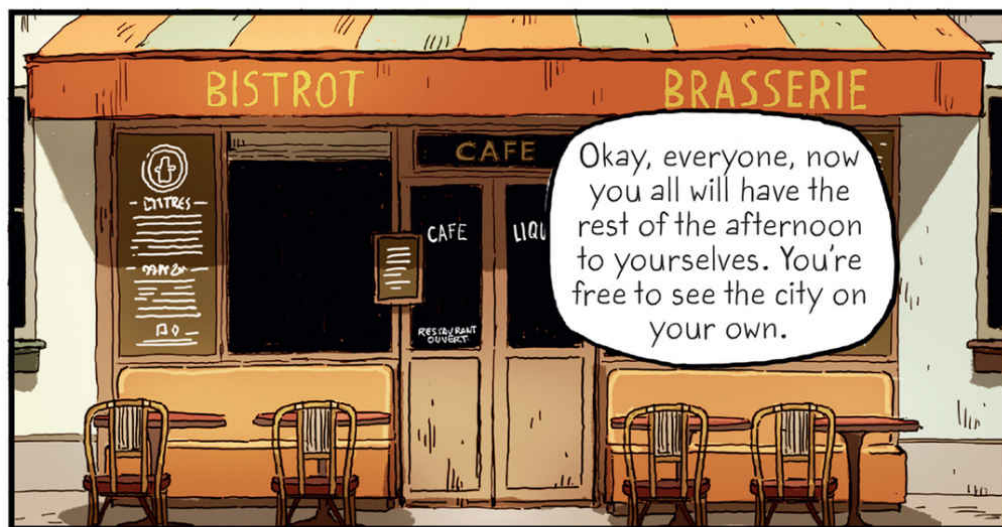


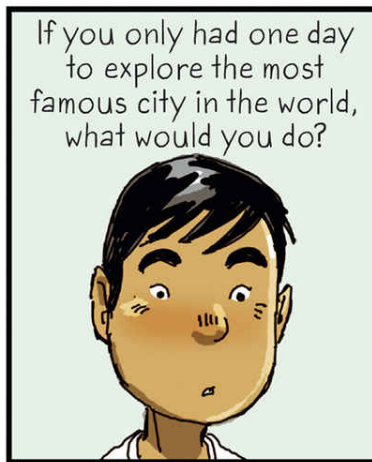




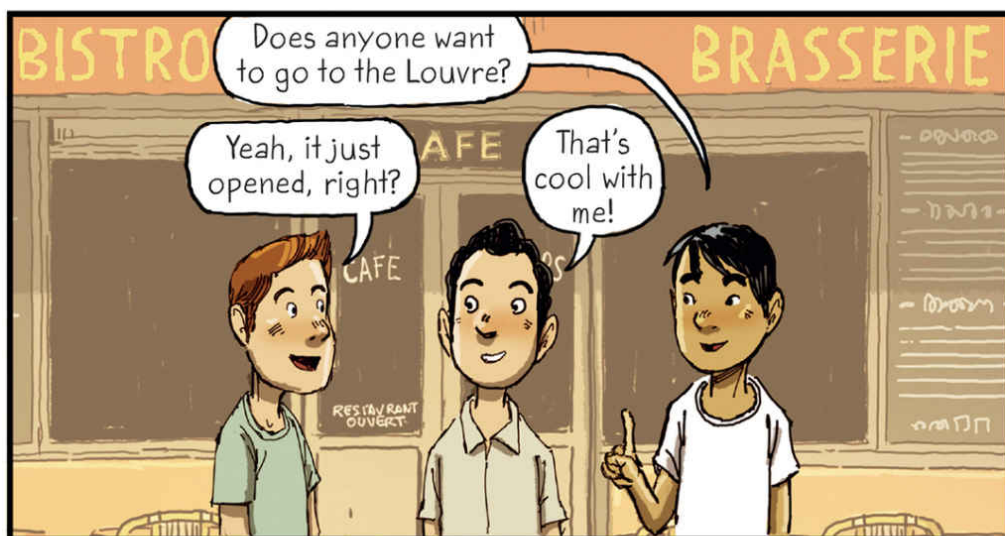






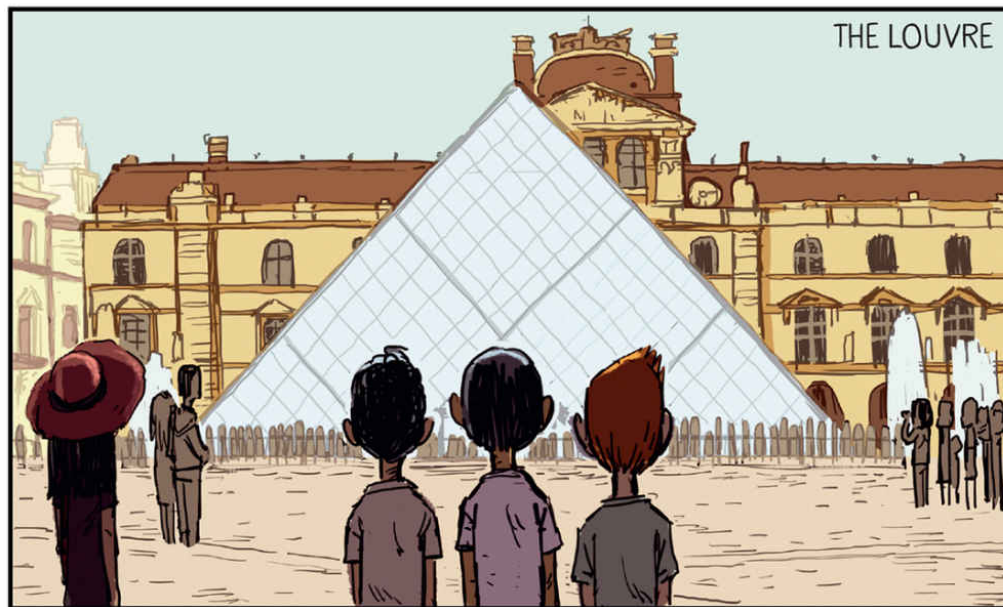
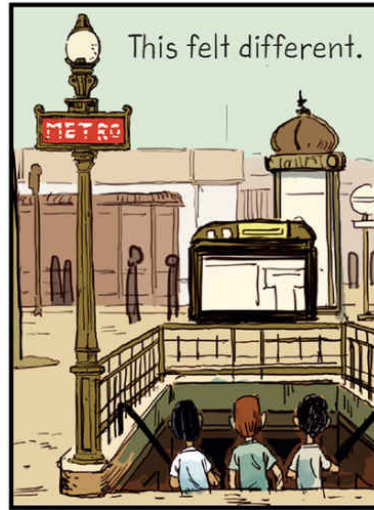
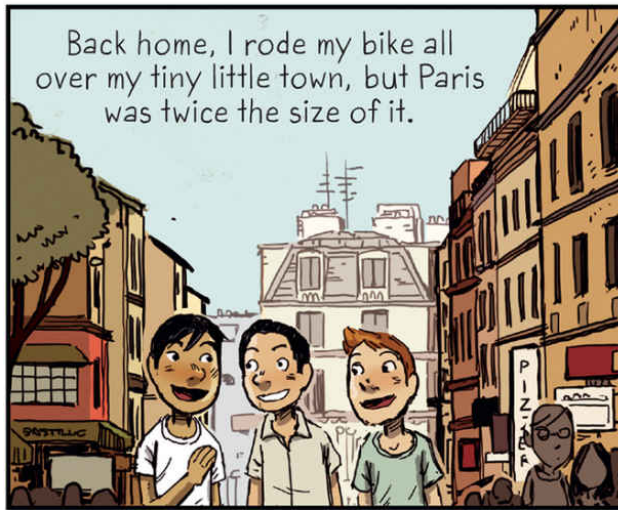




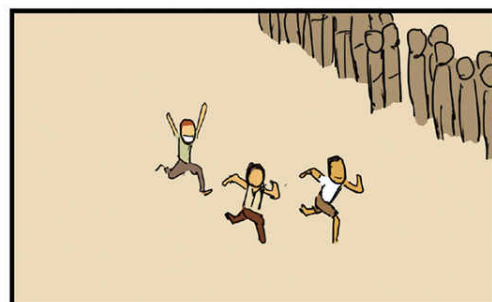
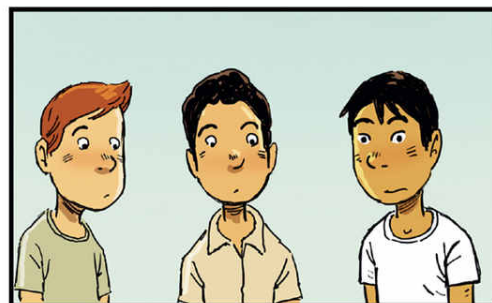
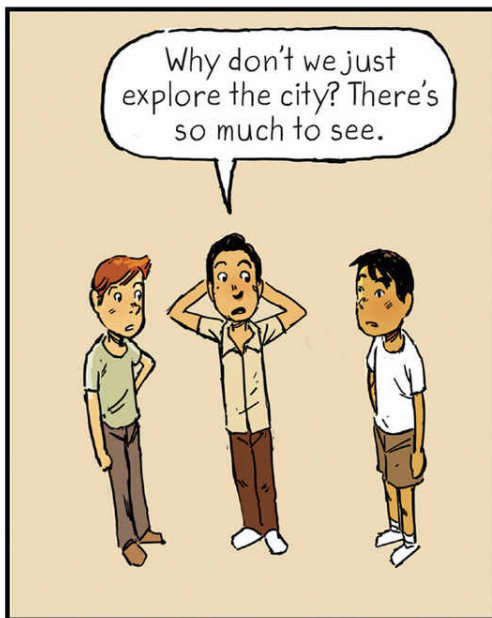


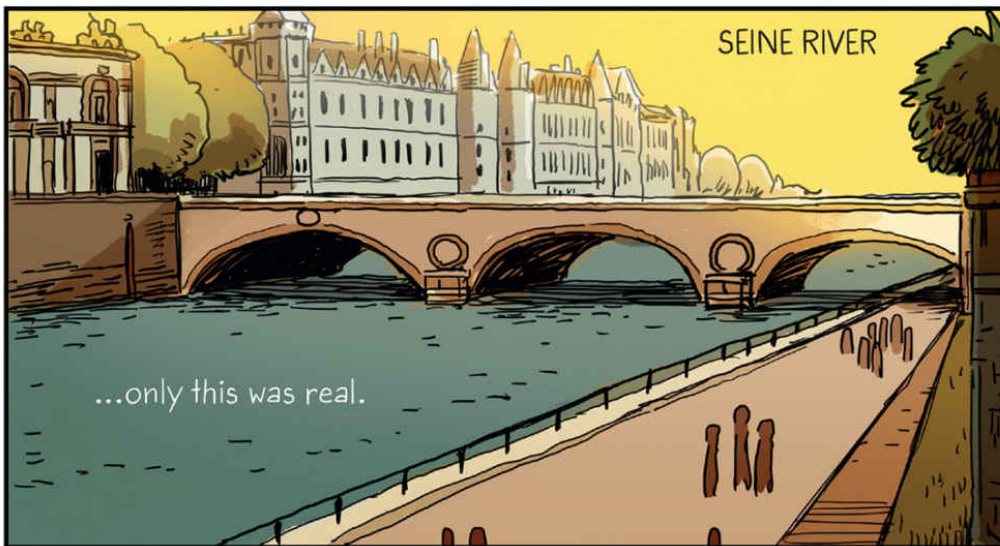
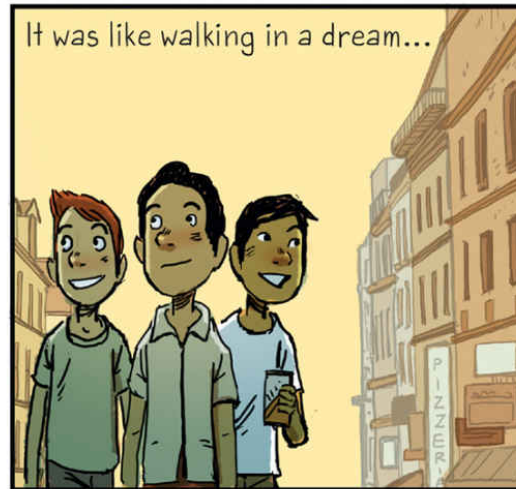
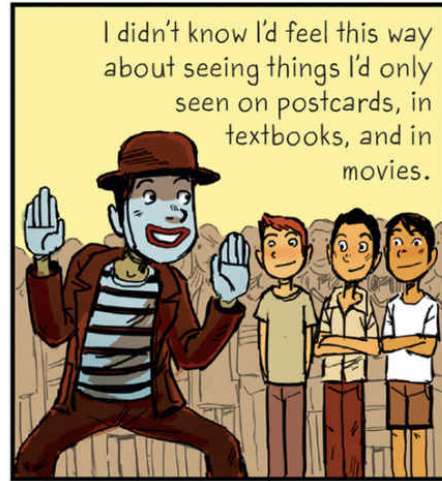






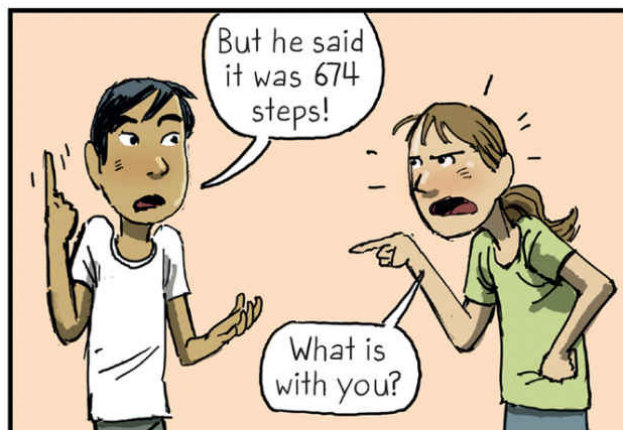
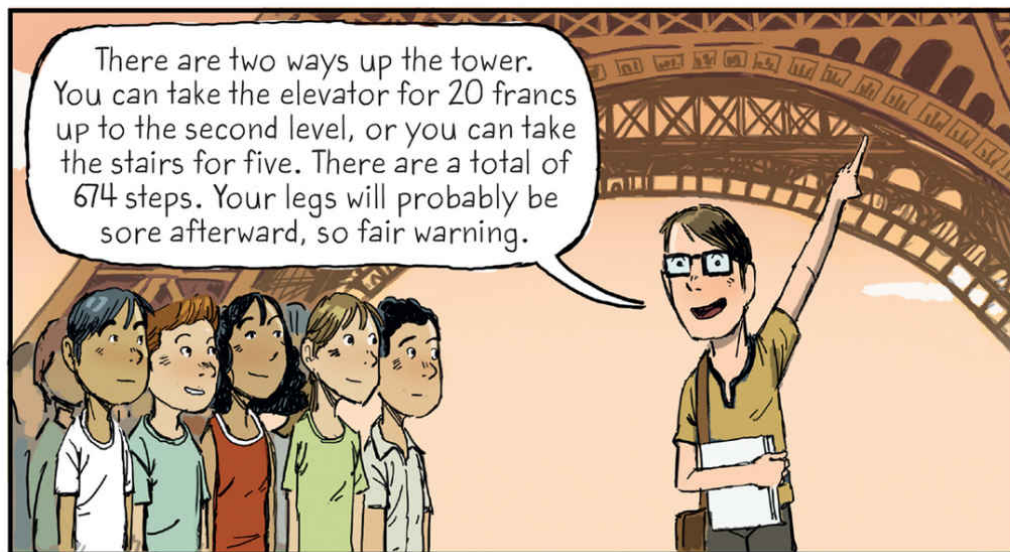






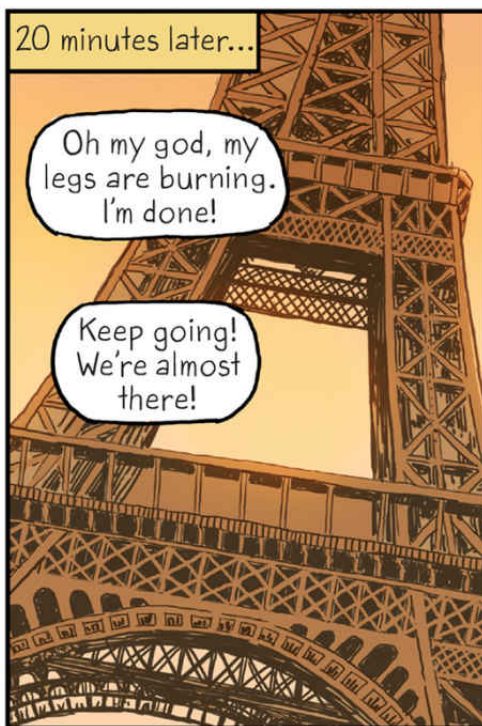




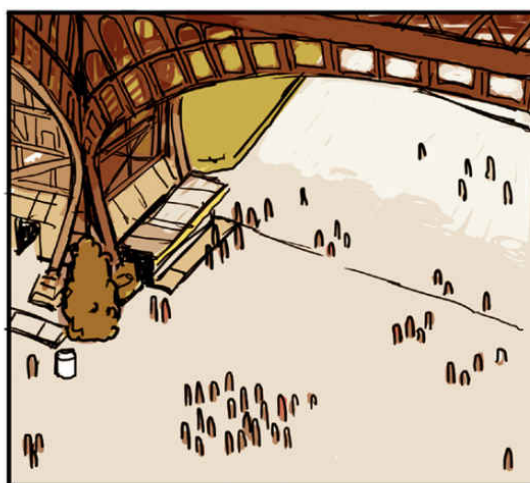








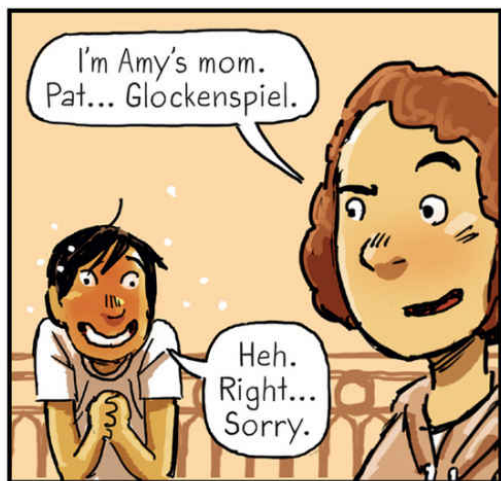
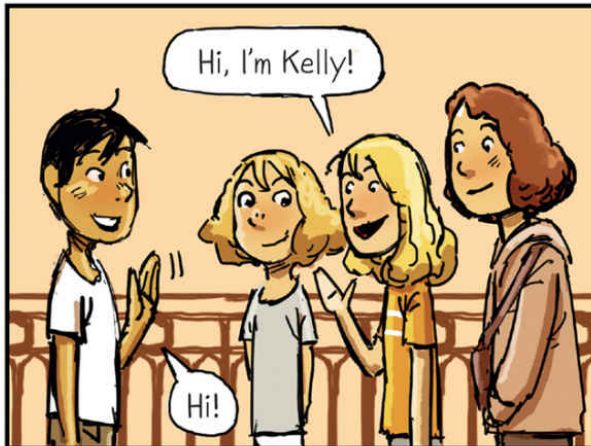




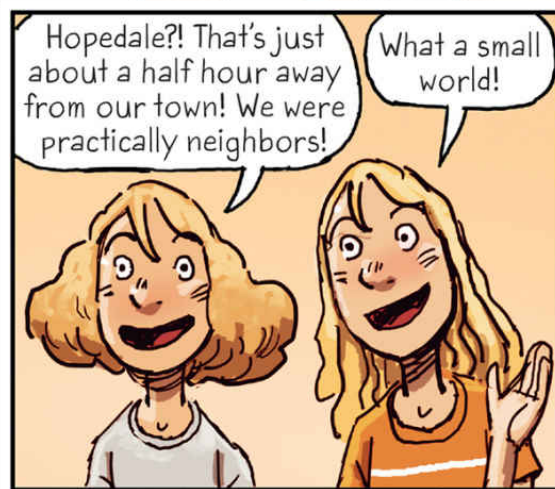
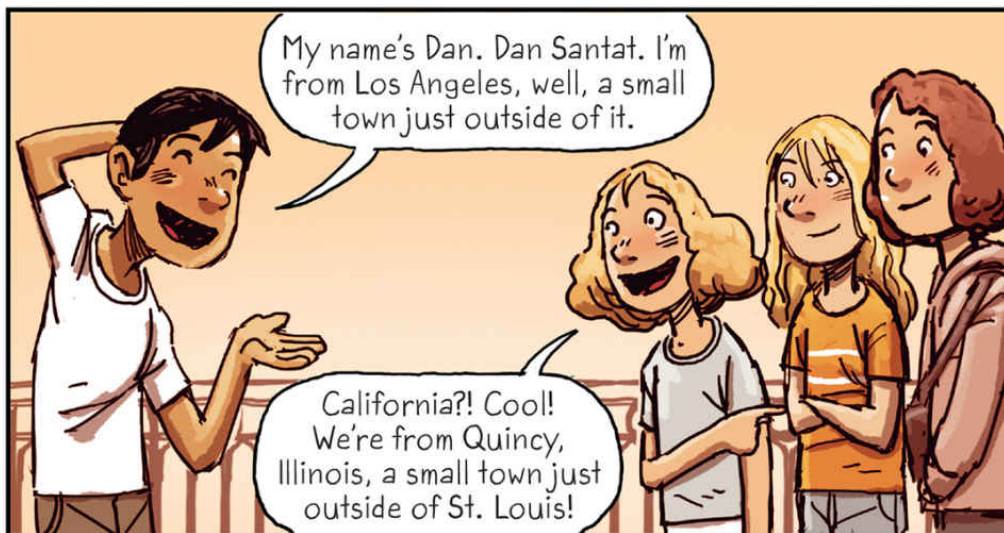


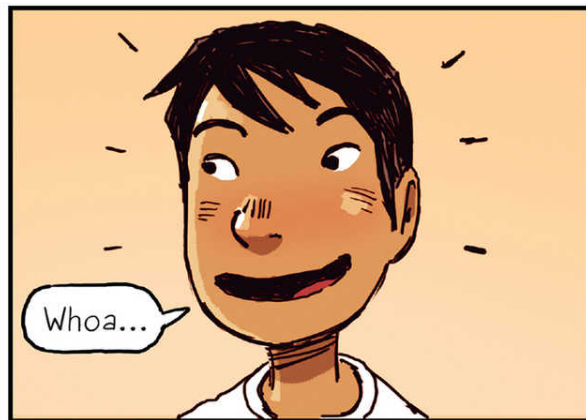
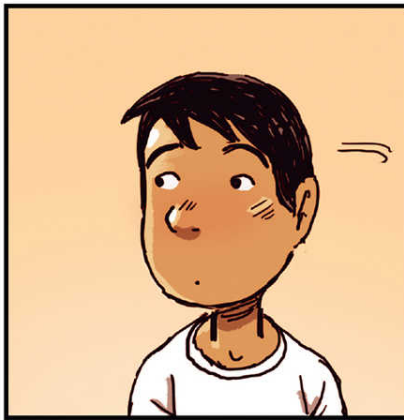








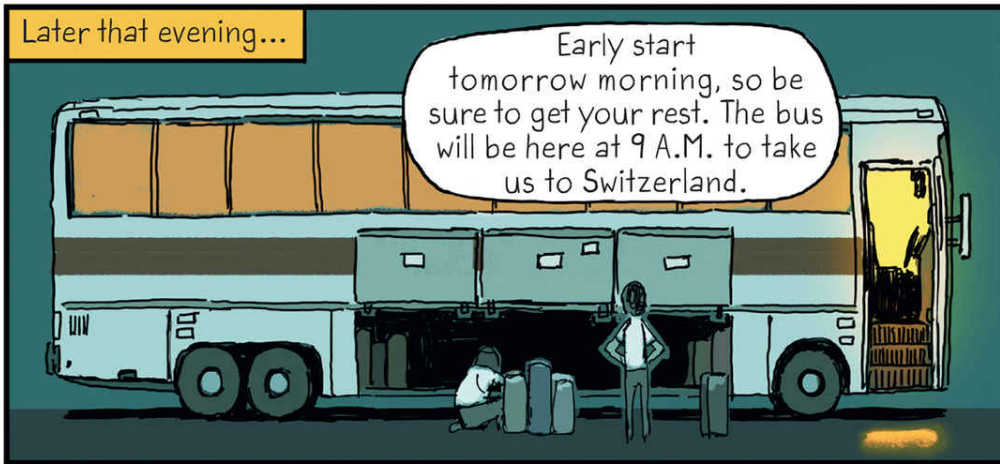






Later that evening...

Early start tomorrow morning, so be sure to get your rest. The bus will be here at 9 A.M. to take us to Switzerland.



I'm so ready for bed...

I need a shower.

I can't wait to take these shoes off...



Finally! A bed!



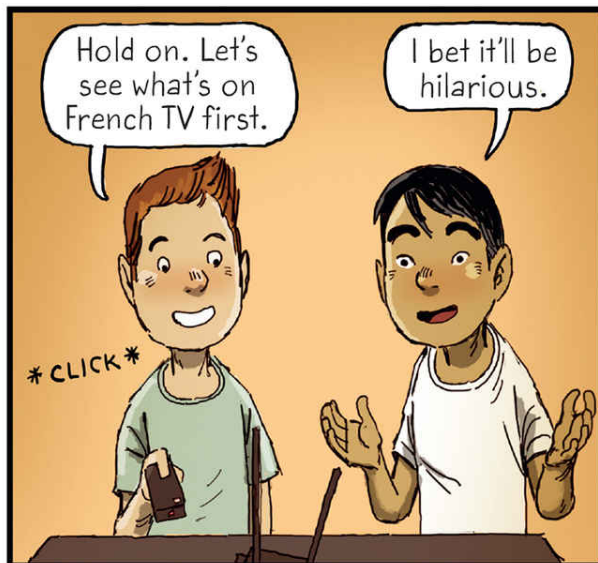
I can't wait to fall asleep!



Hold on. Let's see what's on French TV first.

I bet it'll be hilarious.

\*CLICK\*







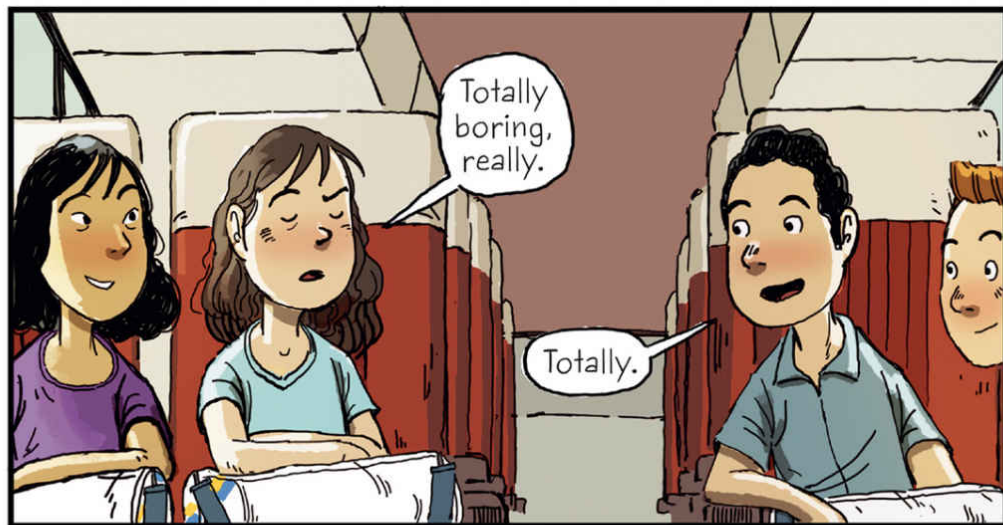
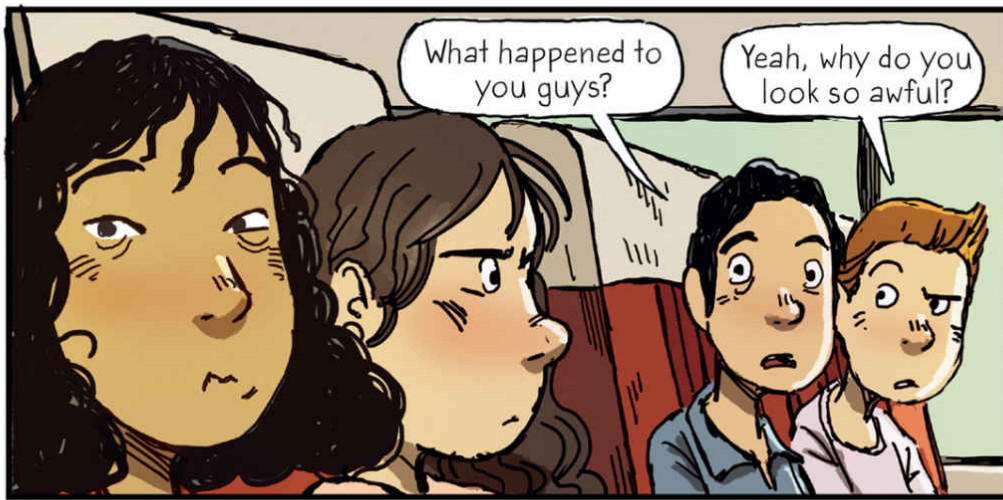


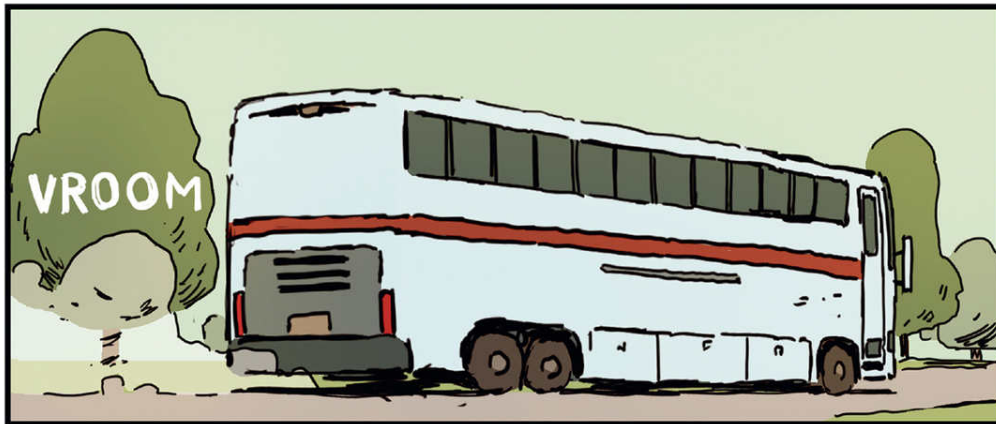
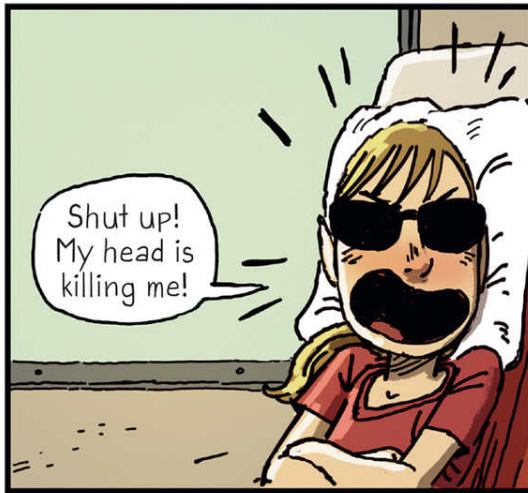
SWITZERLAND

( 19 DAYS LEFT IN THE TRIP )

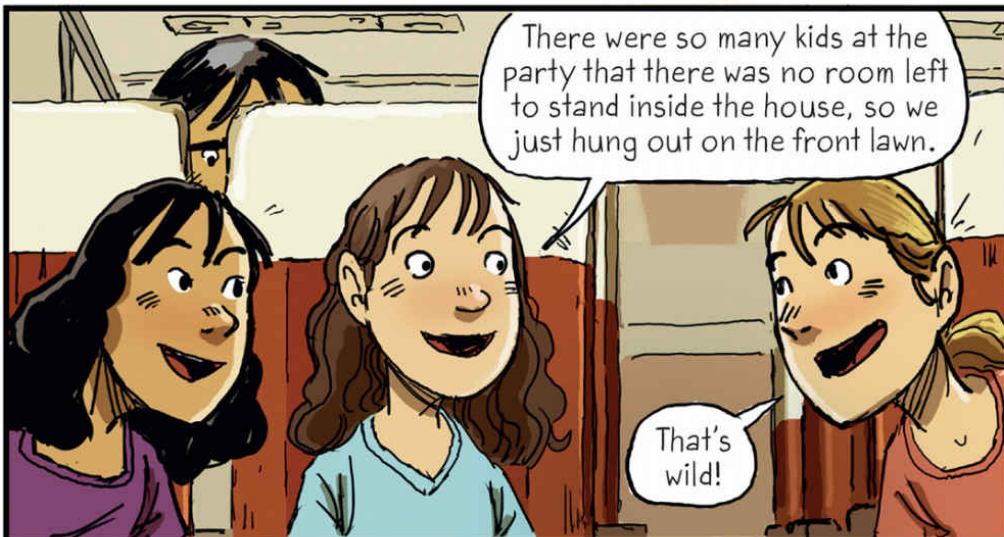
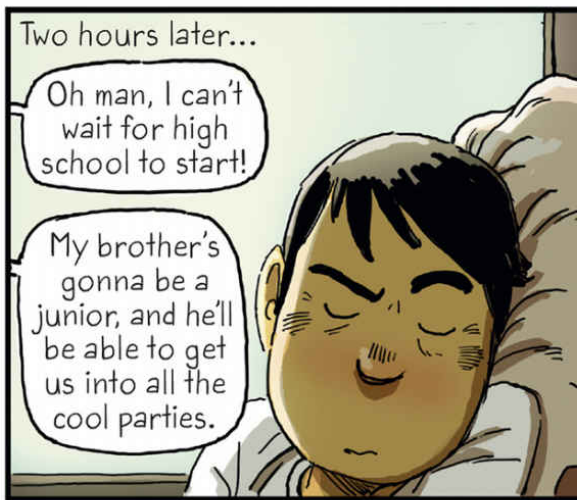








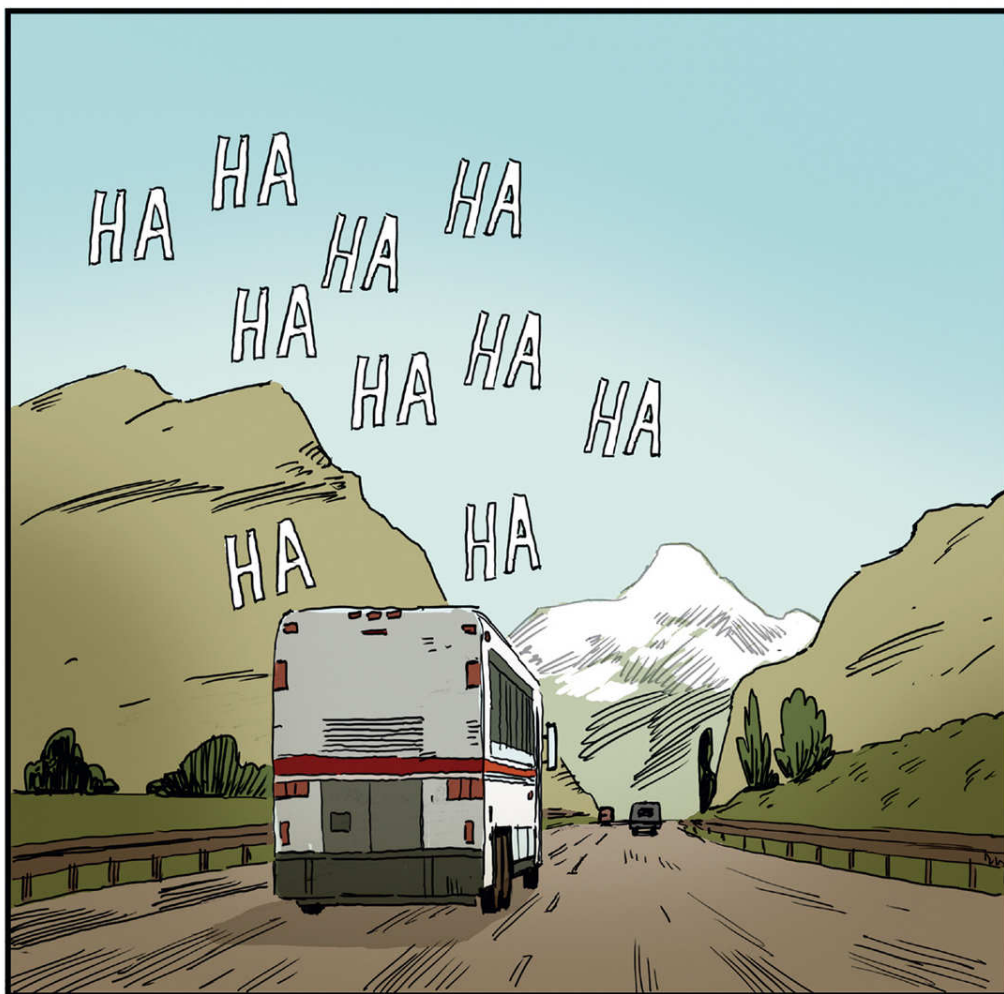
















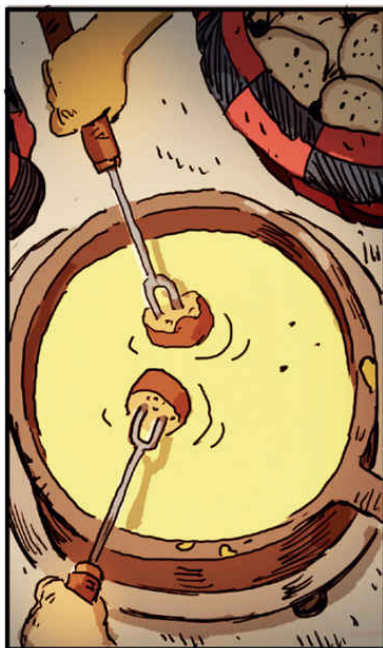
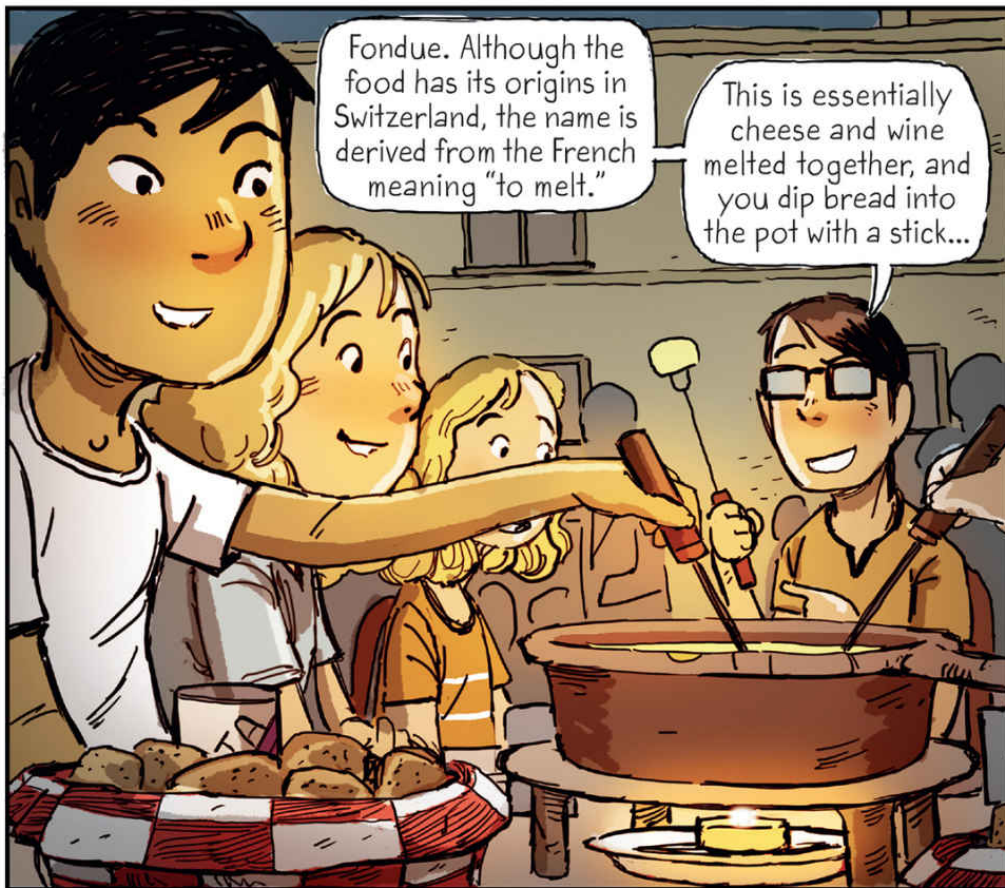
THE LION OF LUCERNE

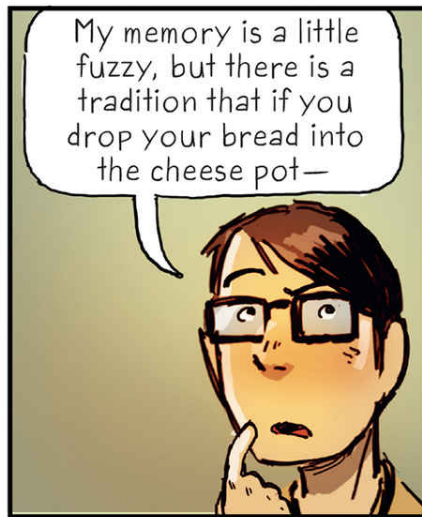


MOUNT PILATUS



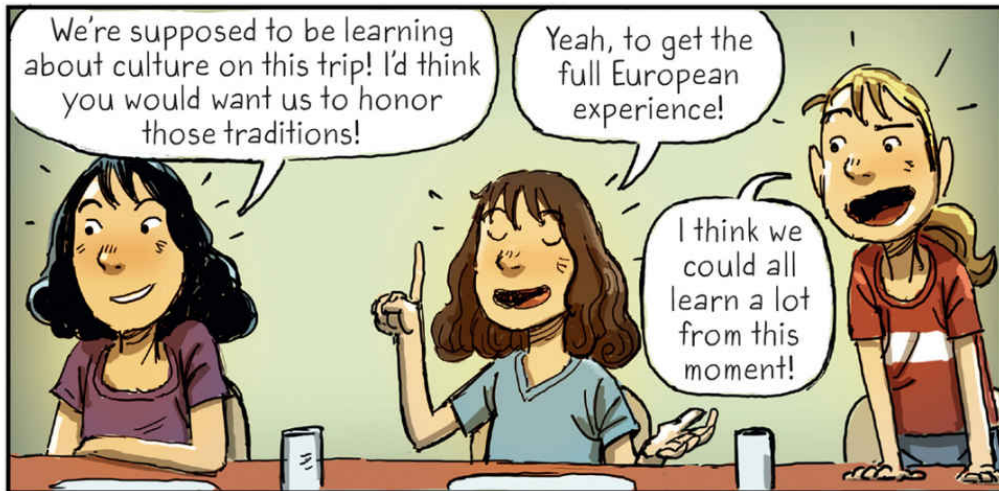




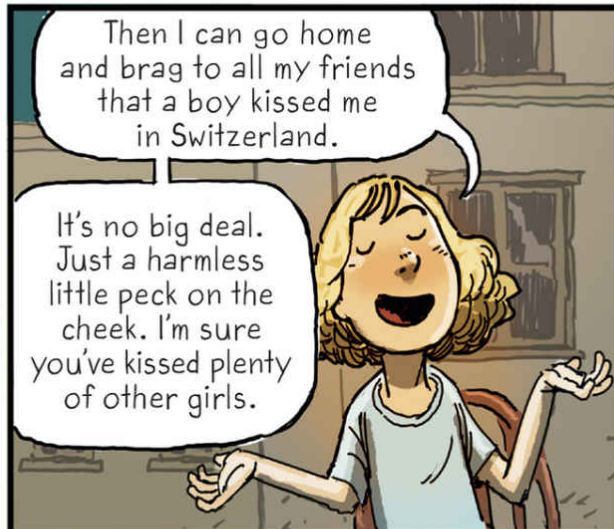
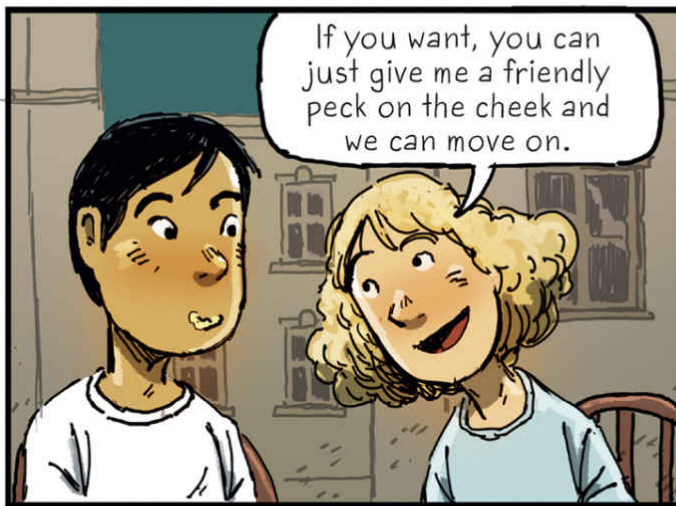


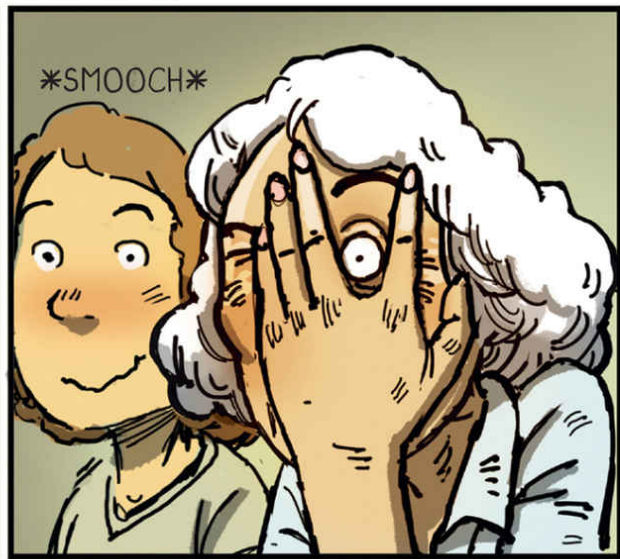










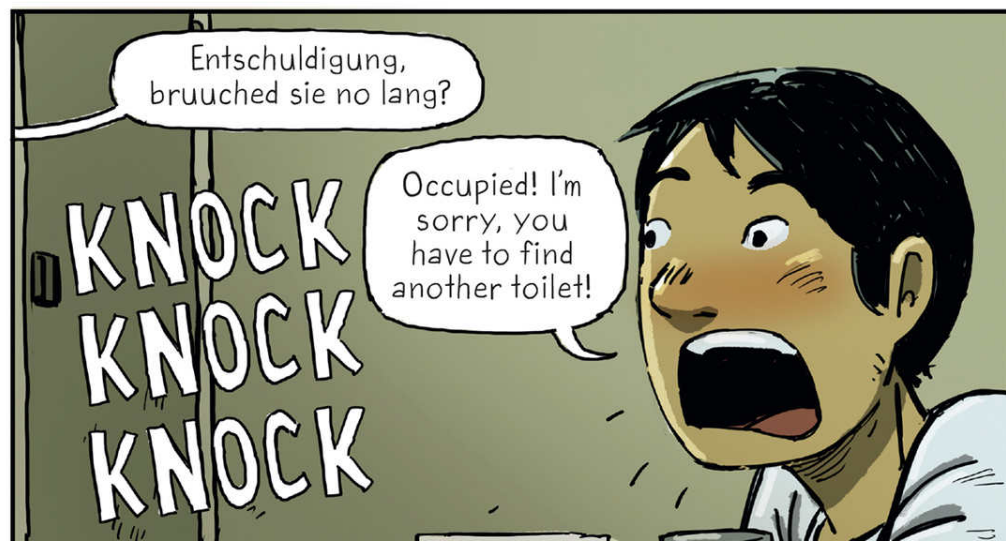


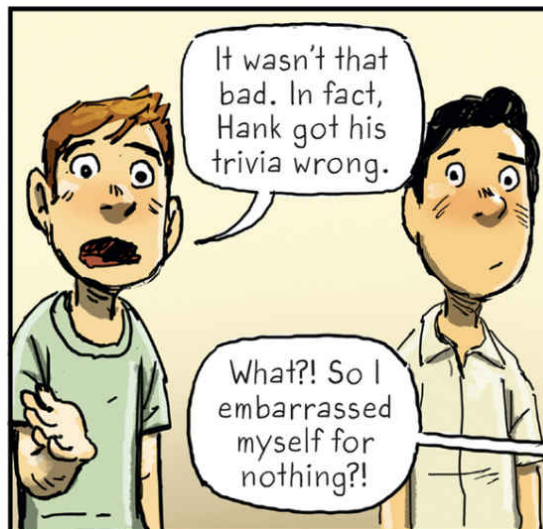




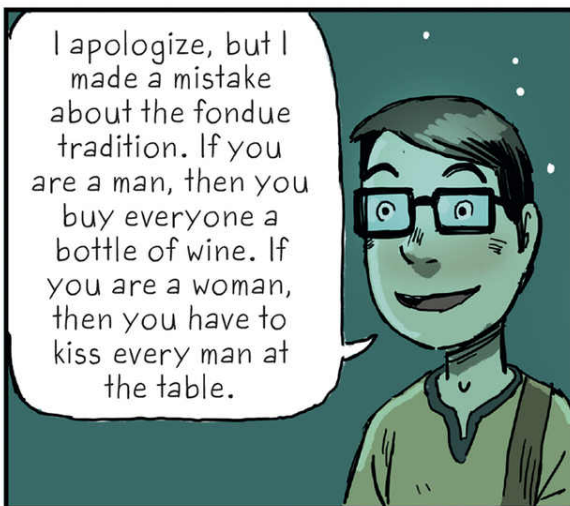
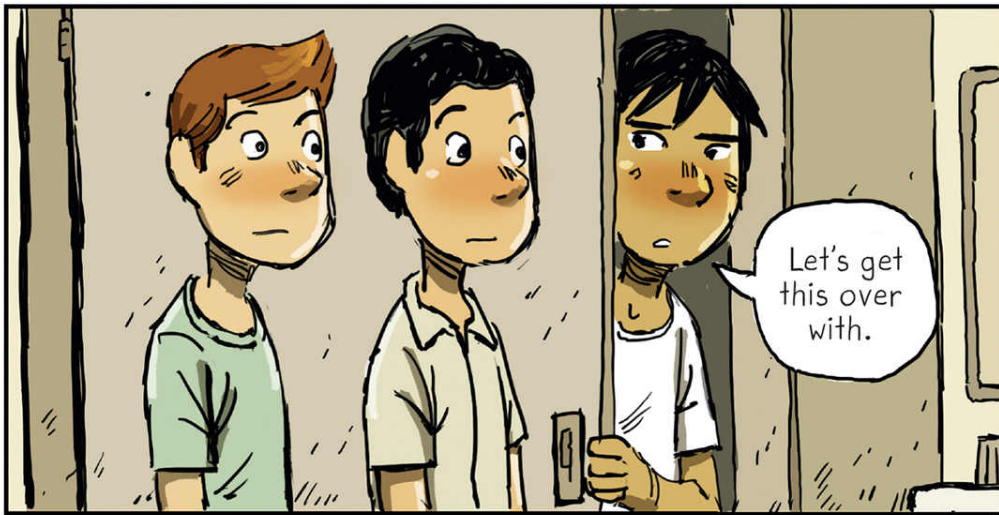


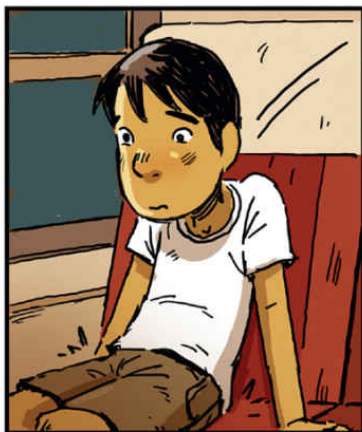
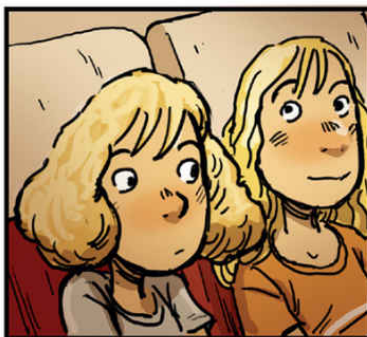




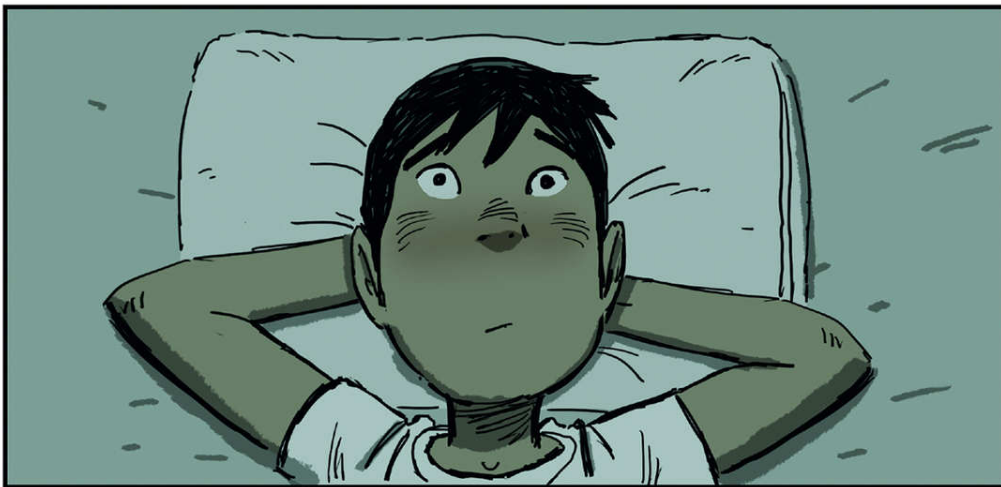






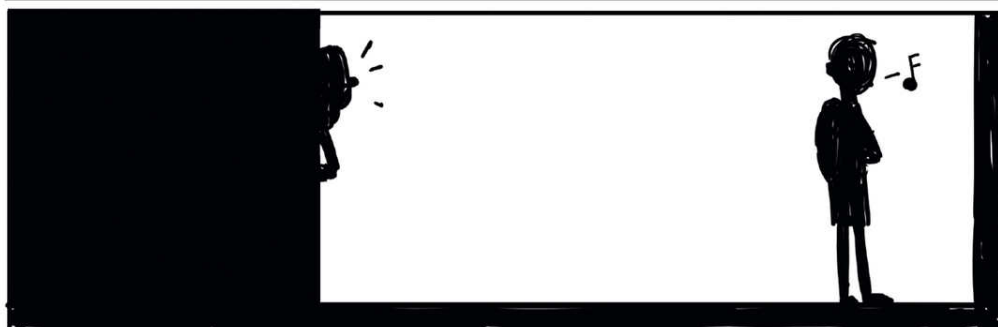












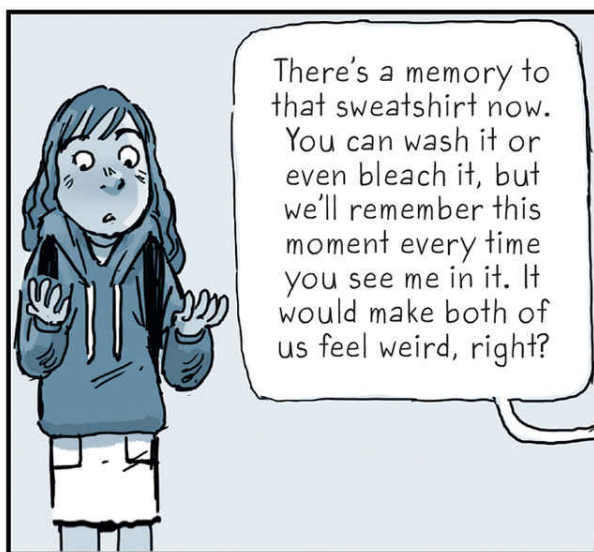


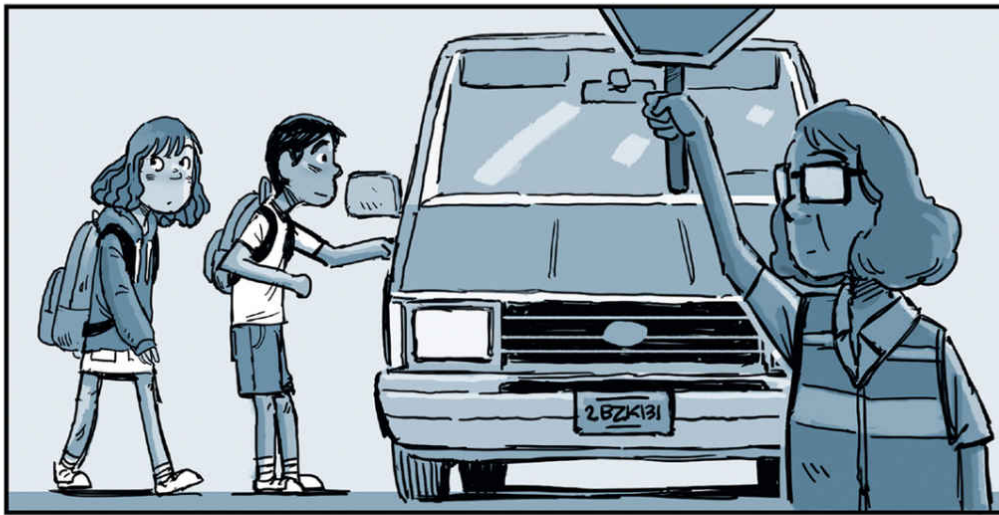




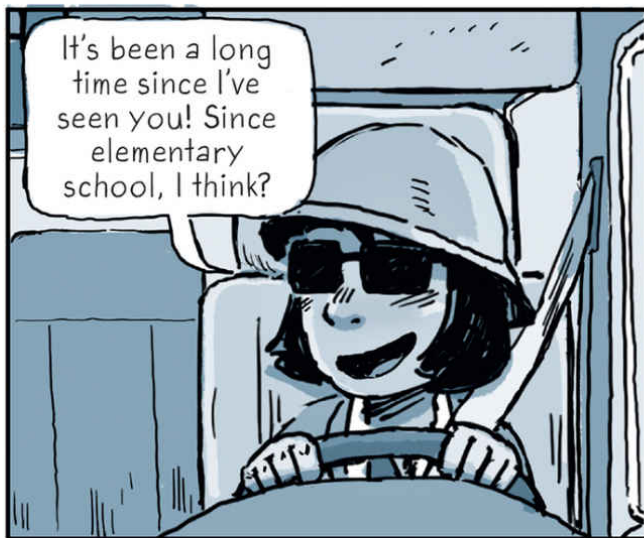


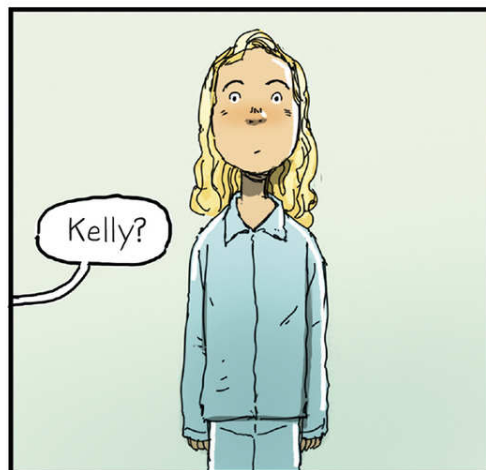




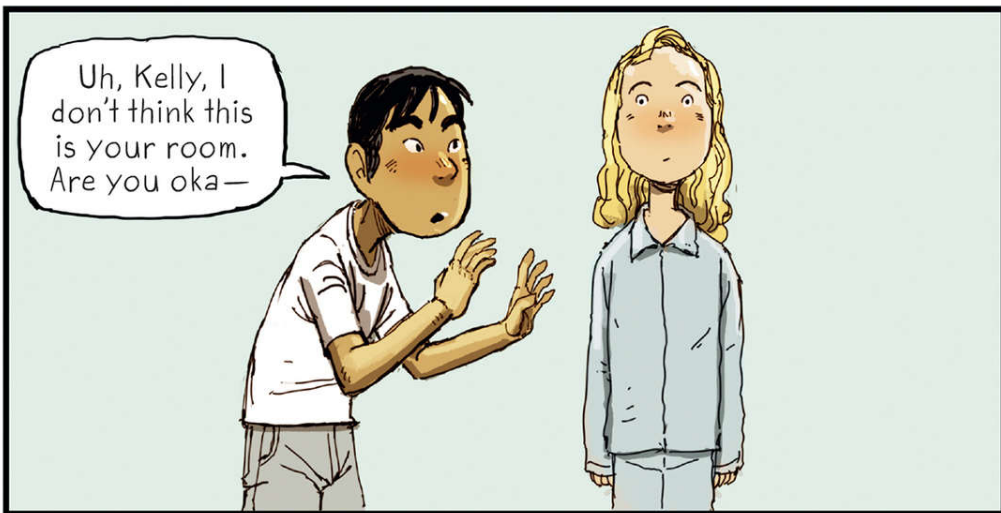
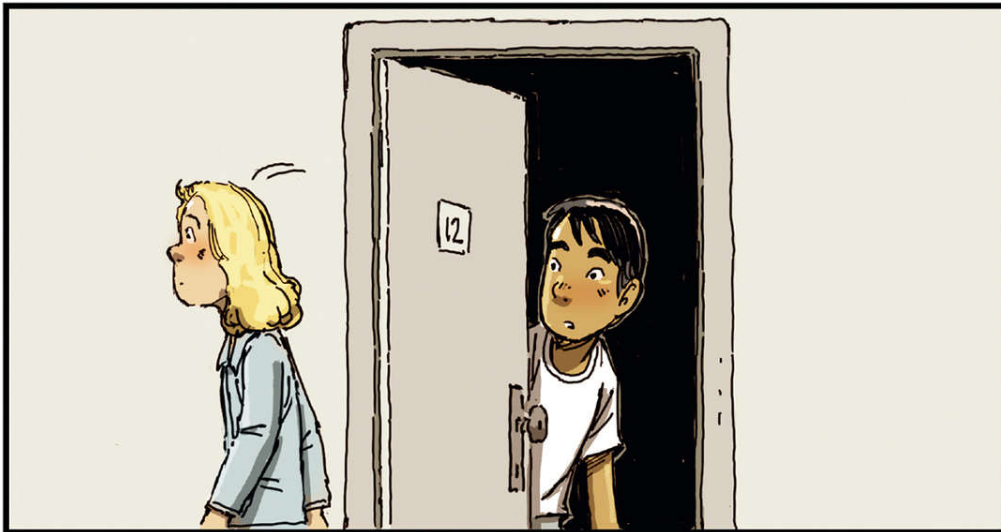


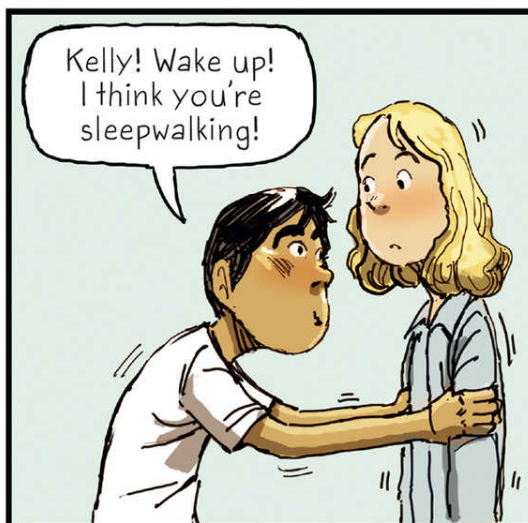
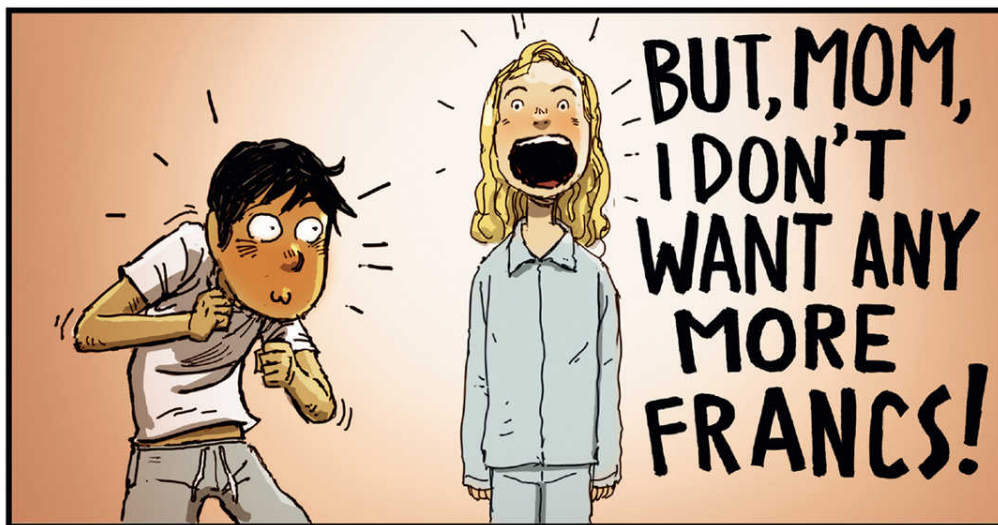




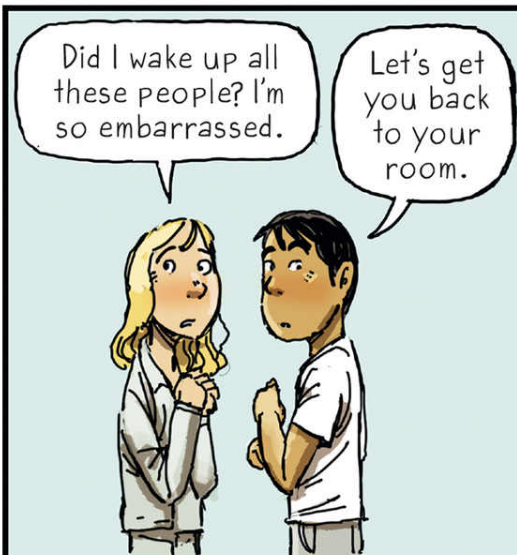
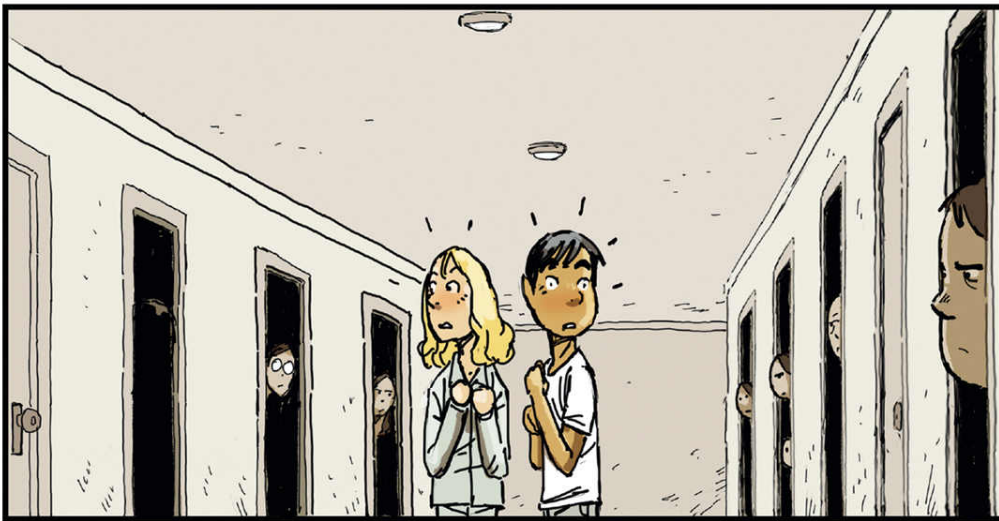


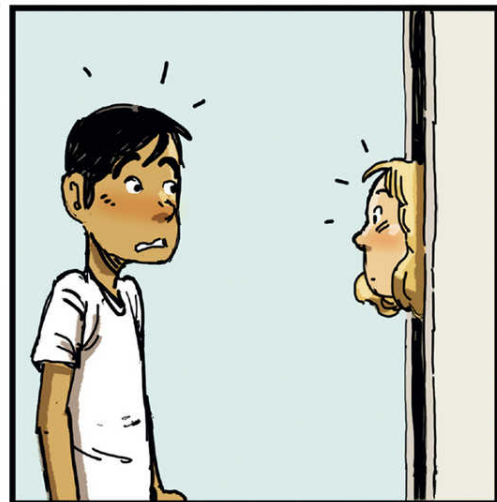
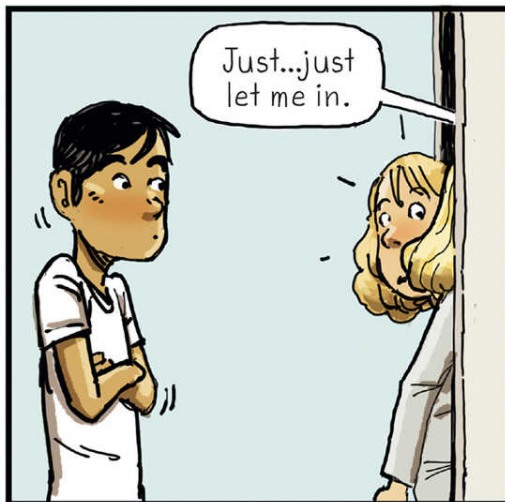
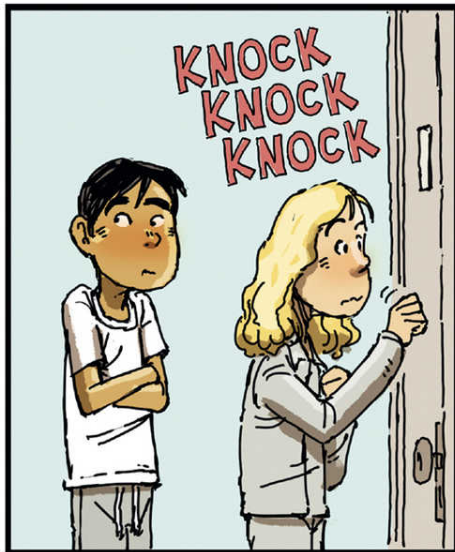




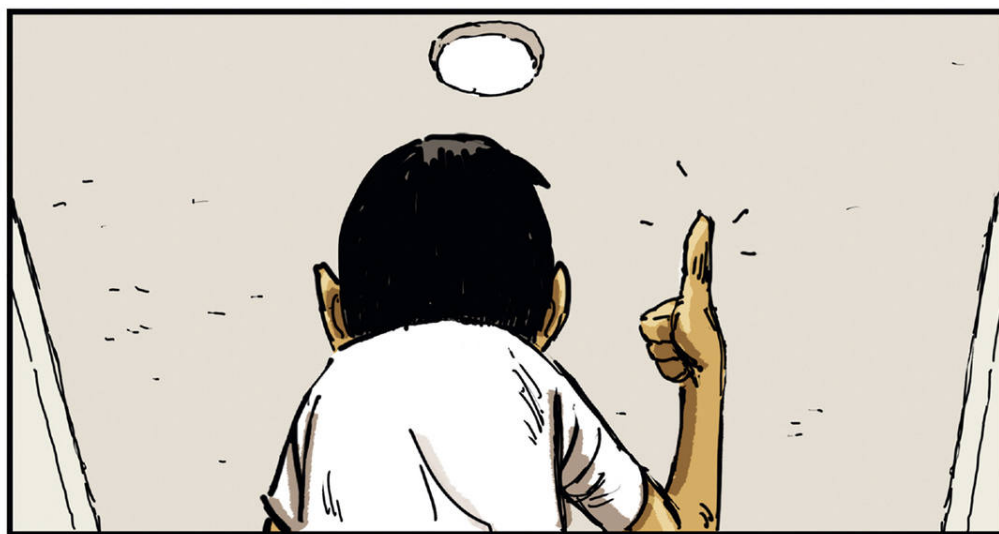












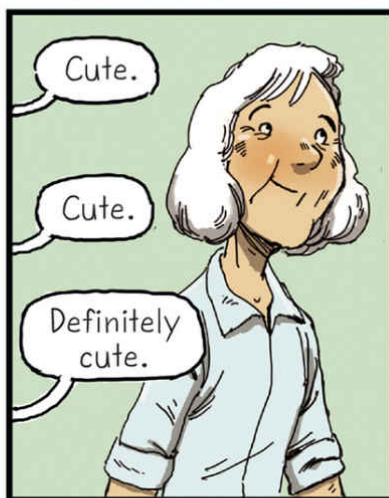
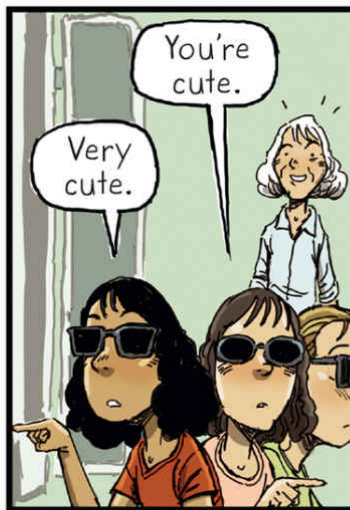




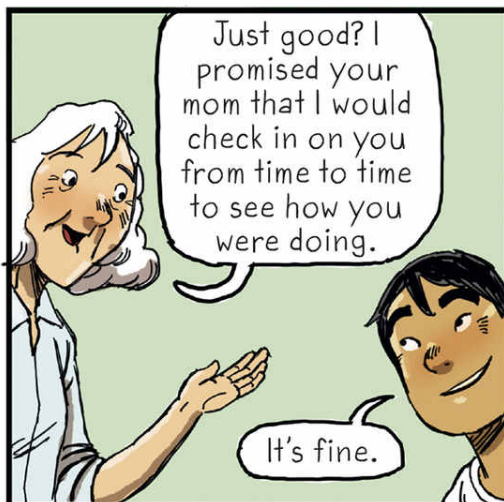
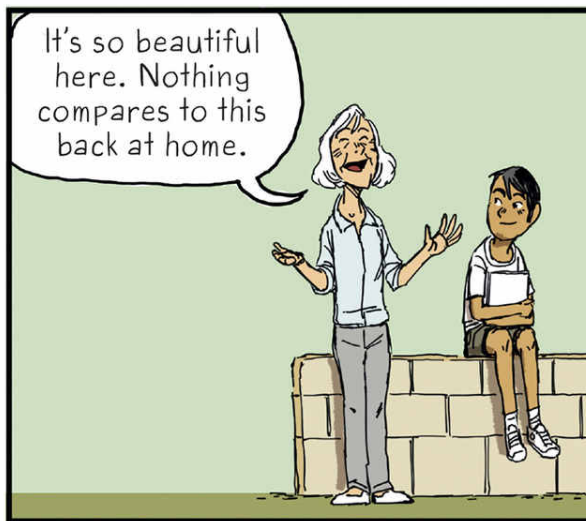


MUNICH

( 17 DAYS LEFT IN THE TRIP )

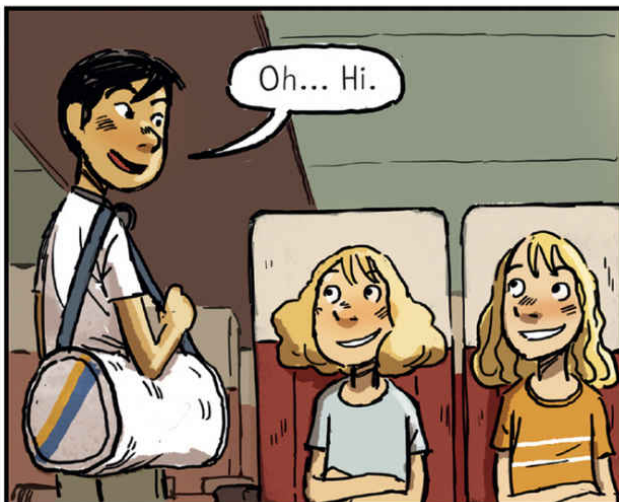
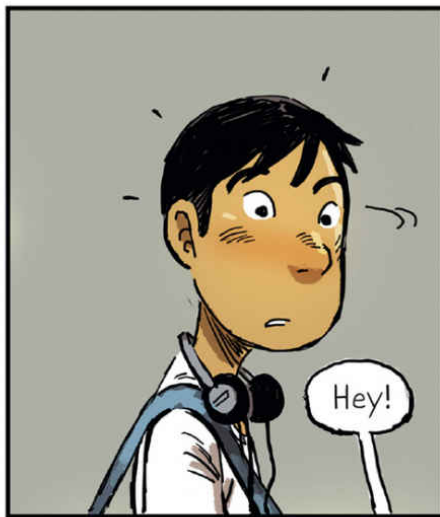


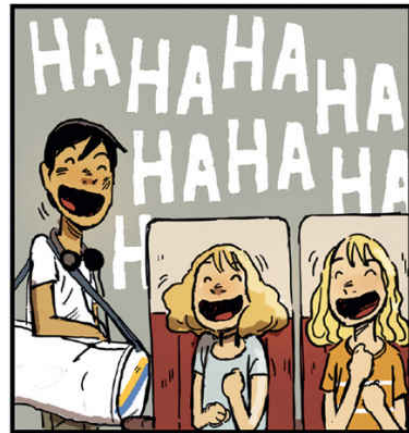






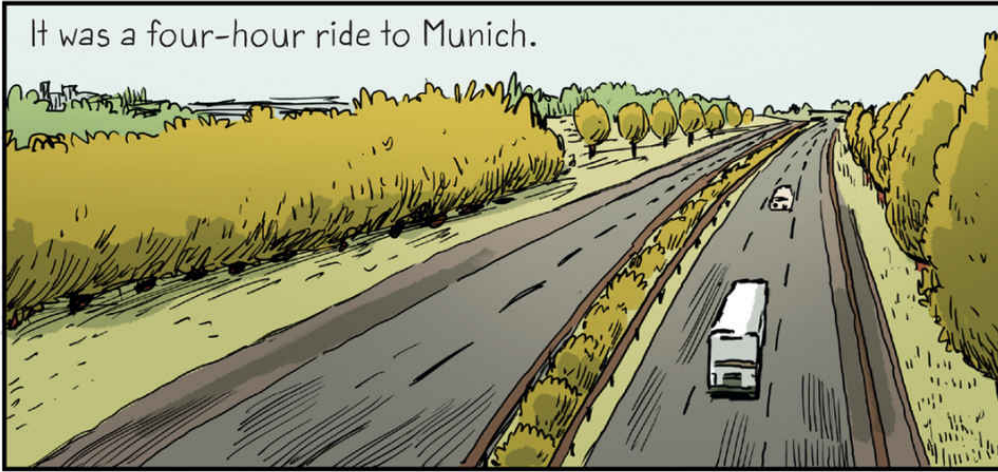


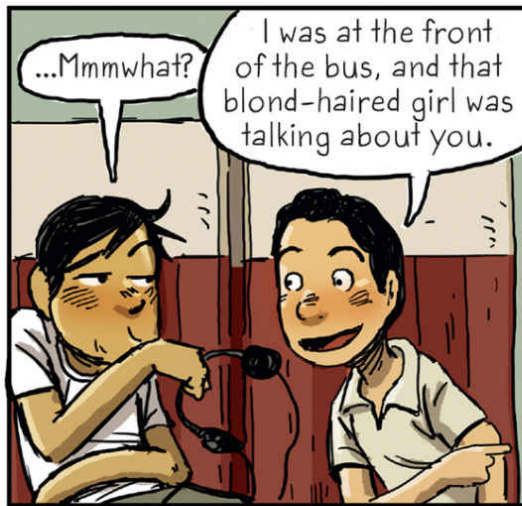




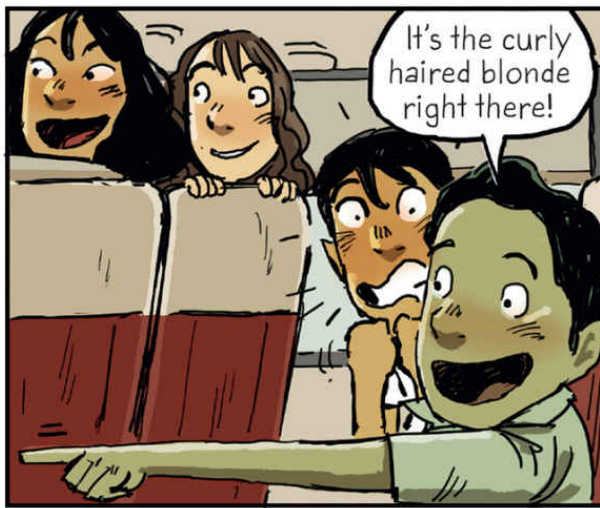


It was a four-hour ride to Munich.





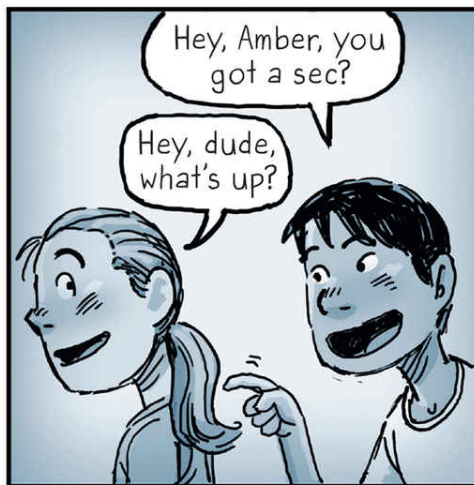




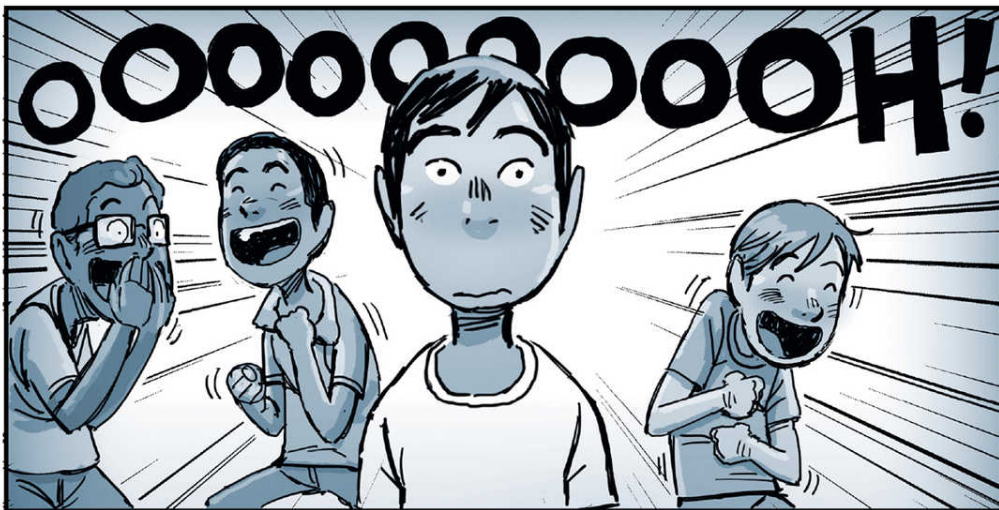


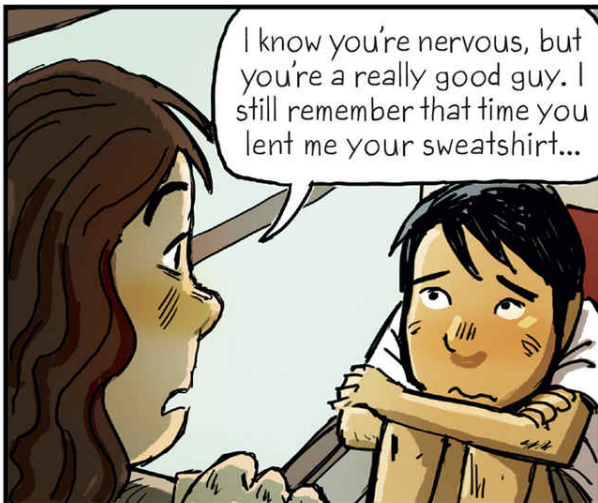




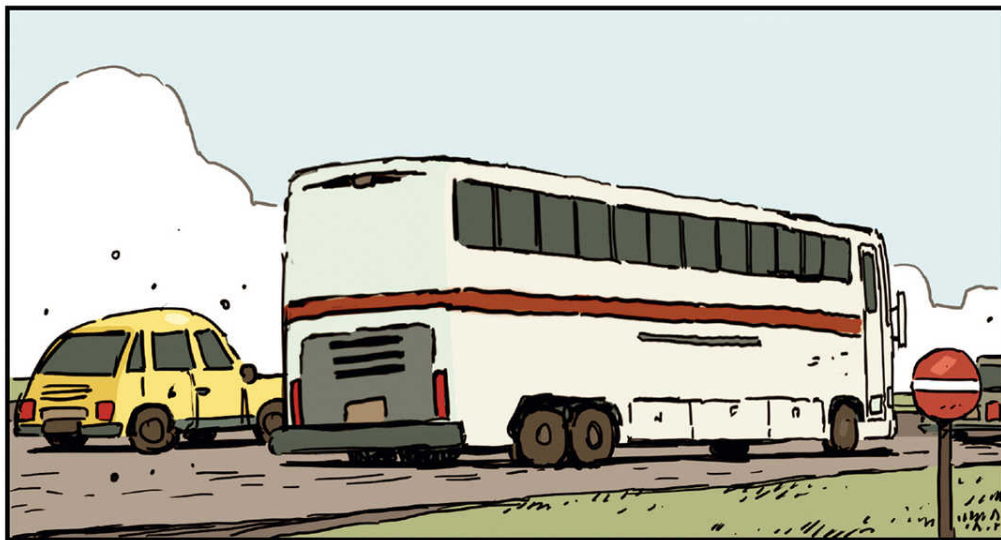
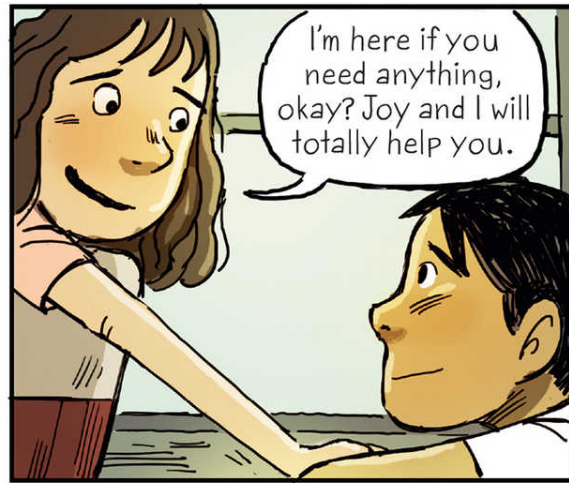








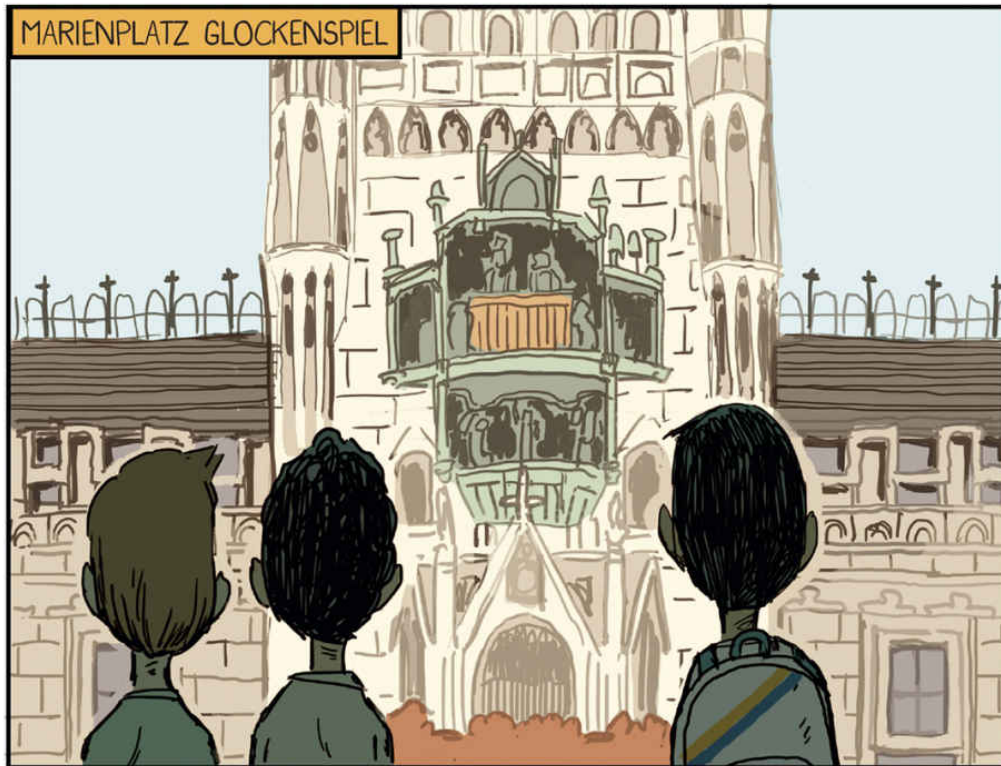




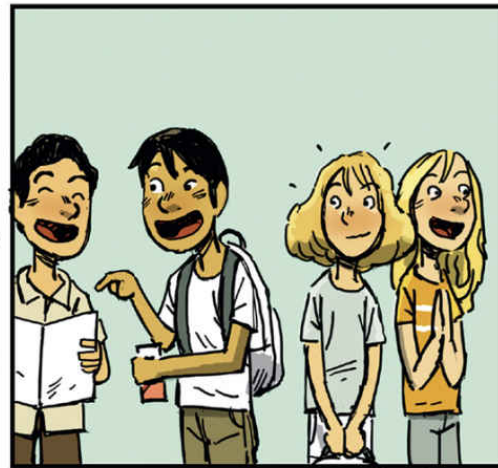
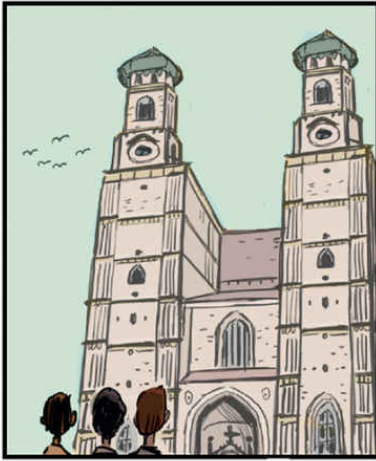
NYMPHENBURG PALACE

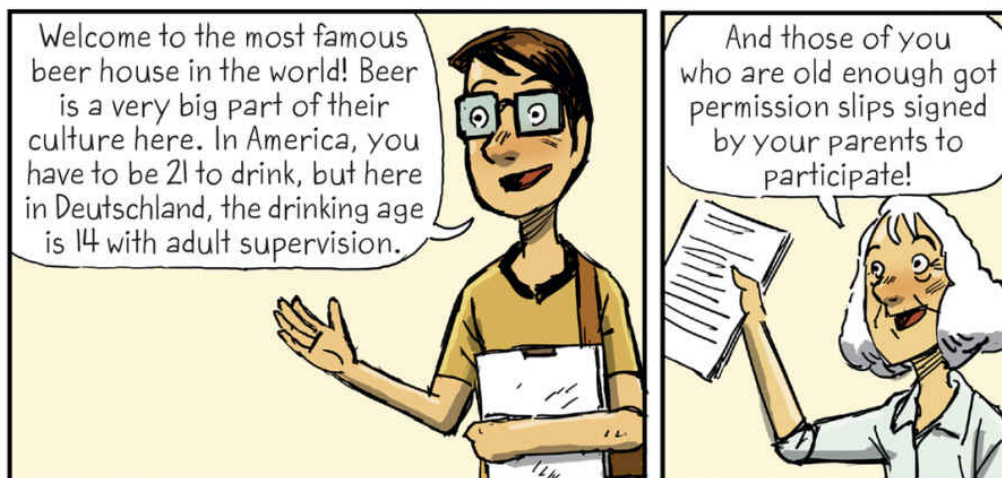


MARIENPLATZ GLOCKENSPIEL

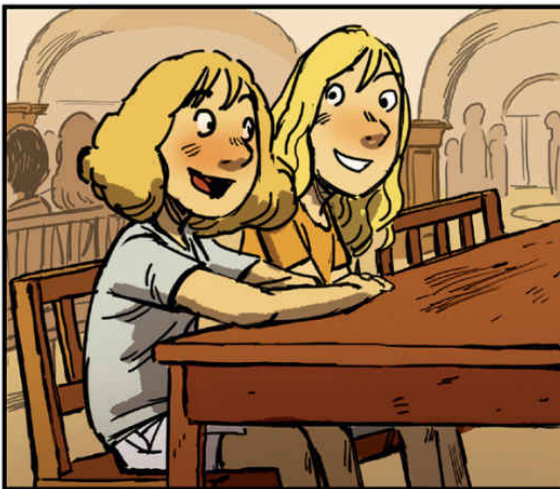
















Mom and Dad would have never done this on one of our vacations.



We would have taken some photos and left.



Maybe I've been vacationing wrong?



Maybe this is why I never went to any parties?



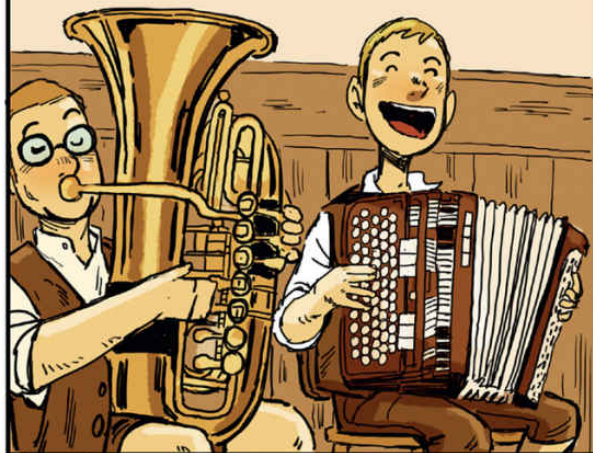
Maybe I just didn't have an open mind?

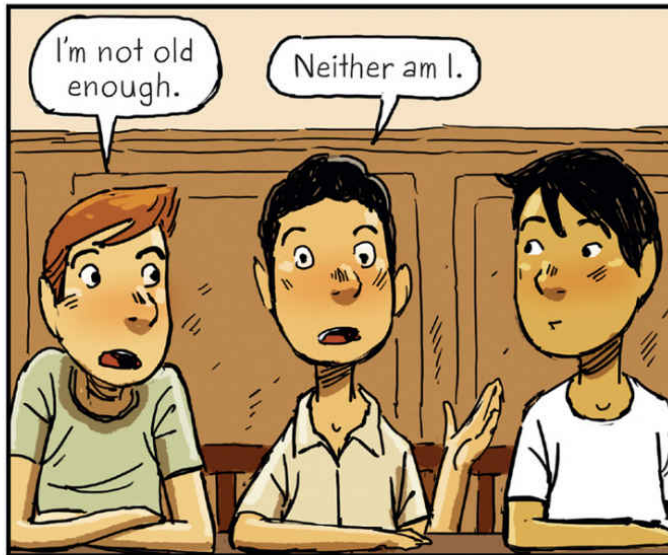


There's a whole world outside of my small town, and I'm lucky to see it!



Maybe I should...





















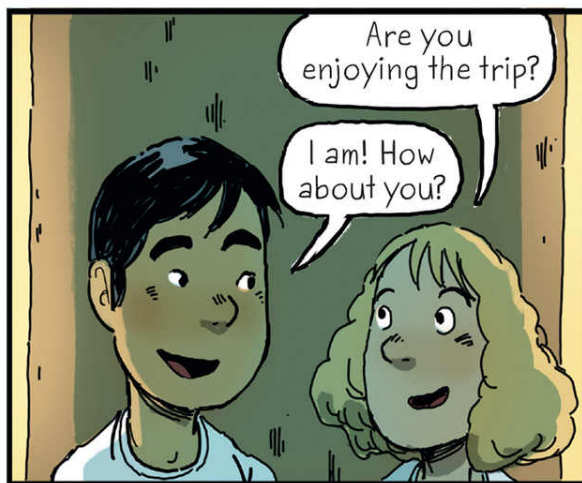
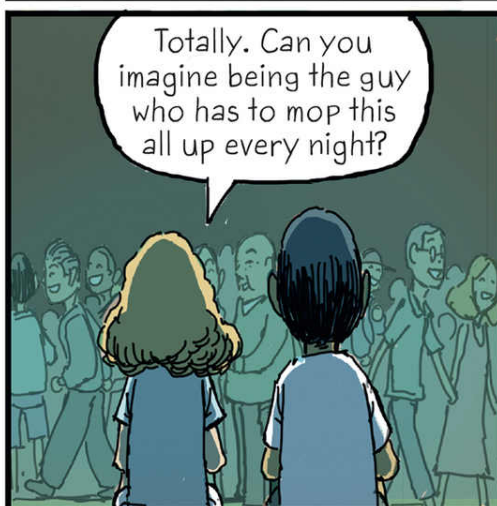
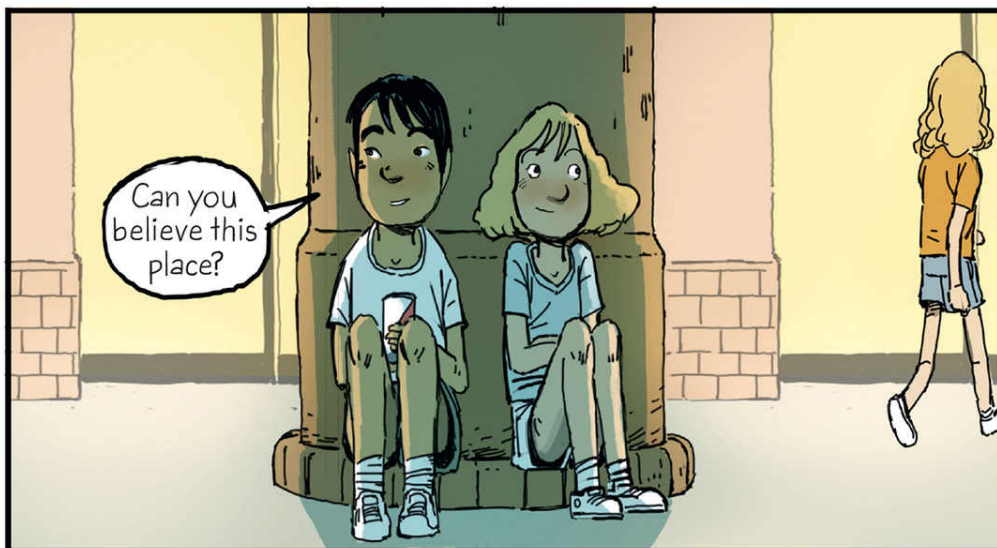


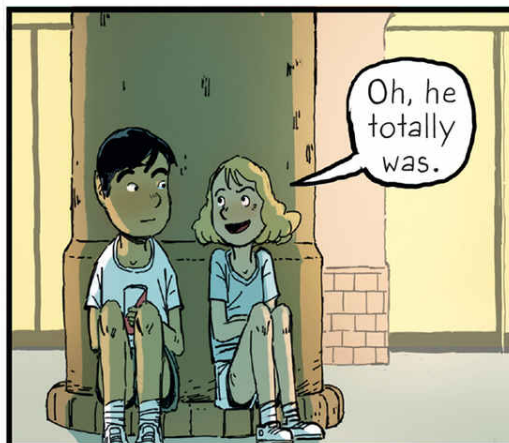
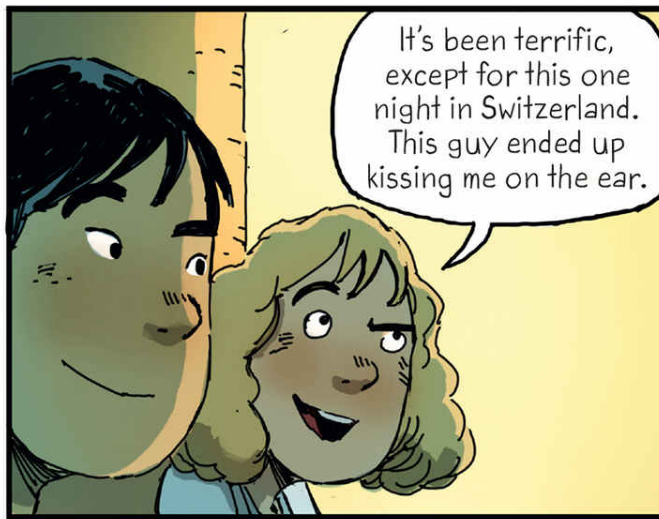






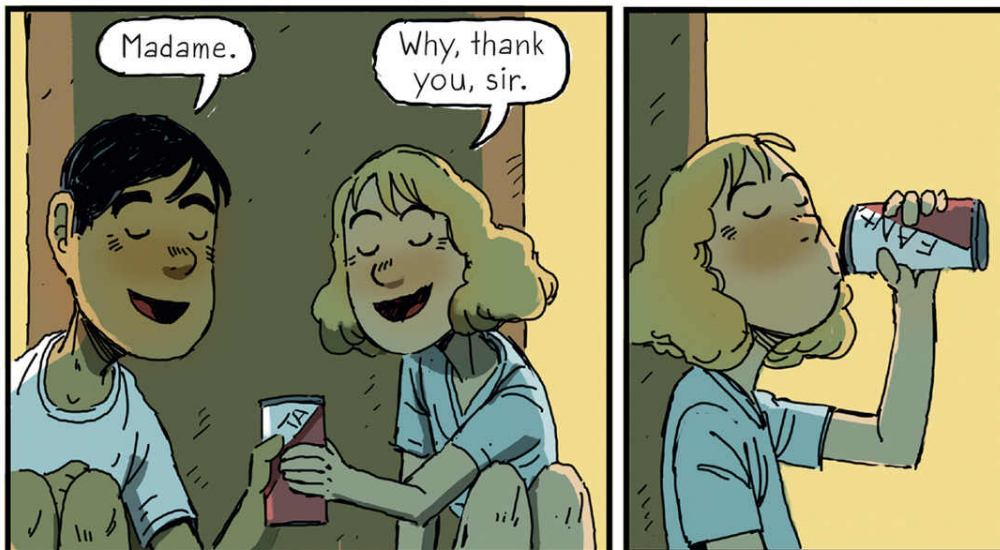






















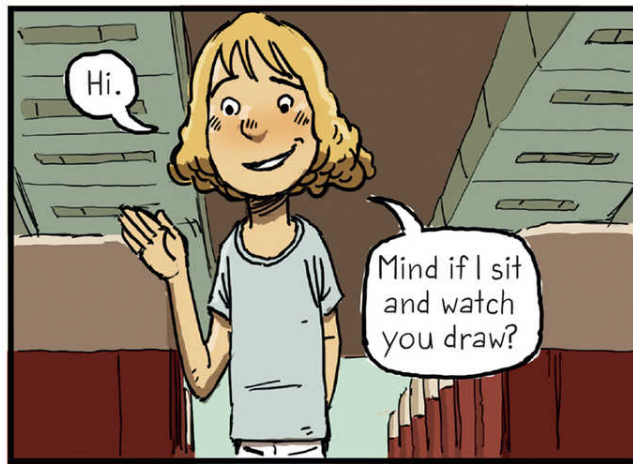
SALZBURG

( 13 DAYS LEFT IN THE TRIP )



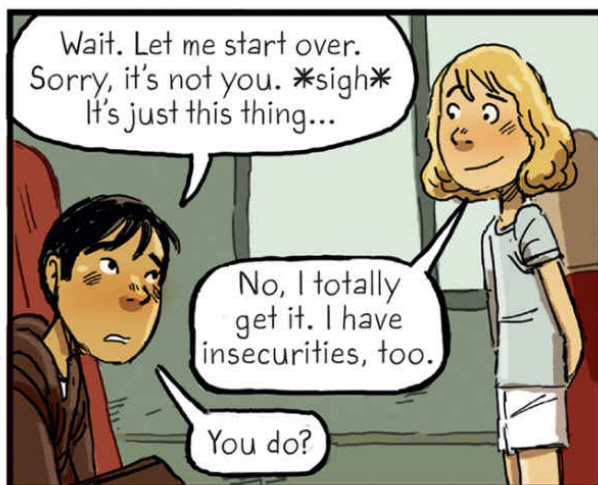






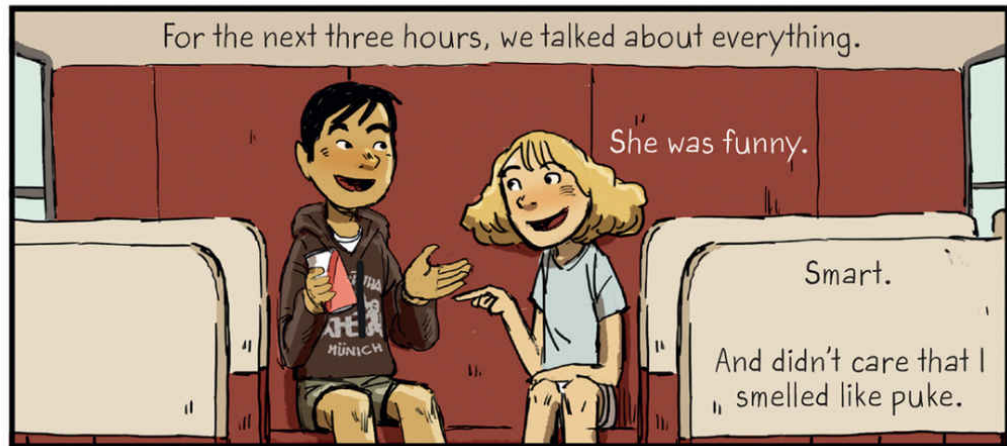




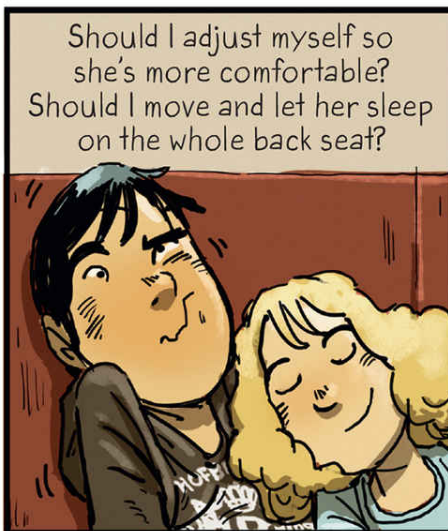
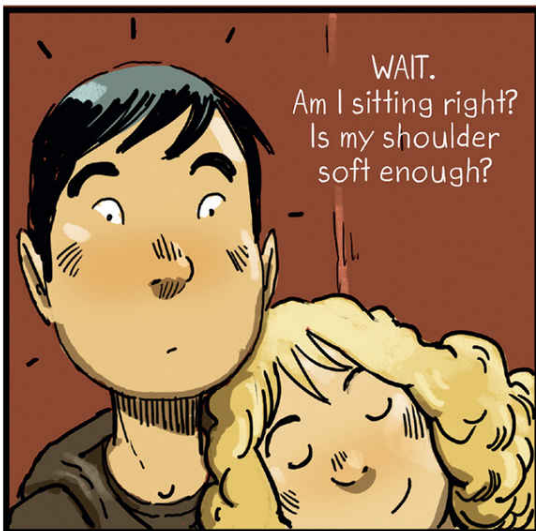














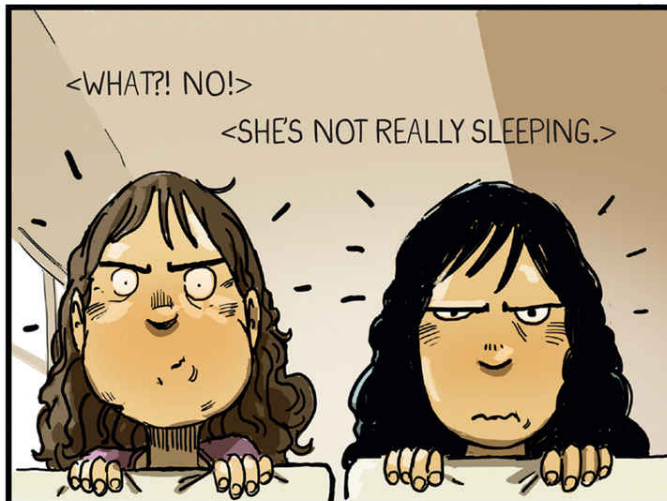
<What?>



<WHAT.ARE.YOU.DOING?>



<Should I move?>

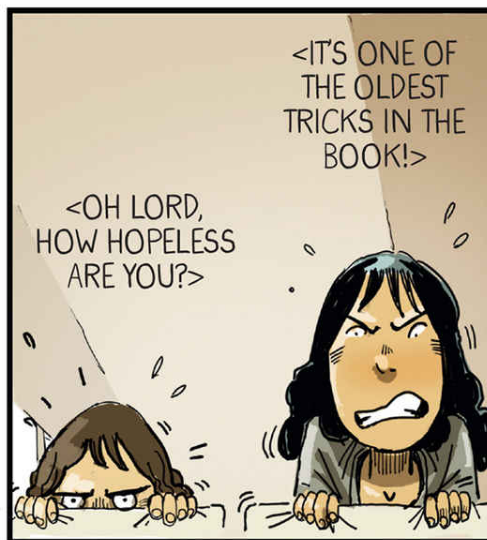


<WHAT?! NO!>

<SHE'S NOT REALLY SLEEPING.>



<She isn't?>



<OH LORD,  
HOW HOPELESS  
ARE YOU?>

<IT'S ONE OF  
THE OLDEST  
TRICKS IN THE  
BOOK!>



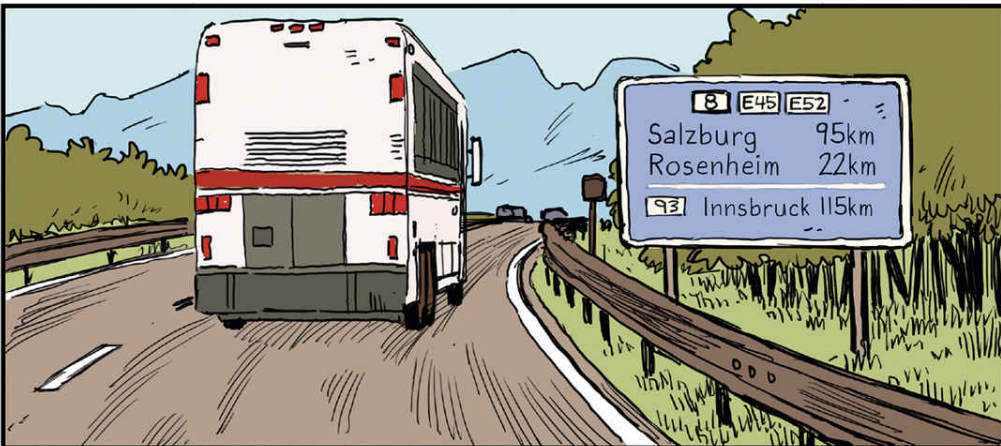
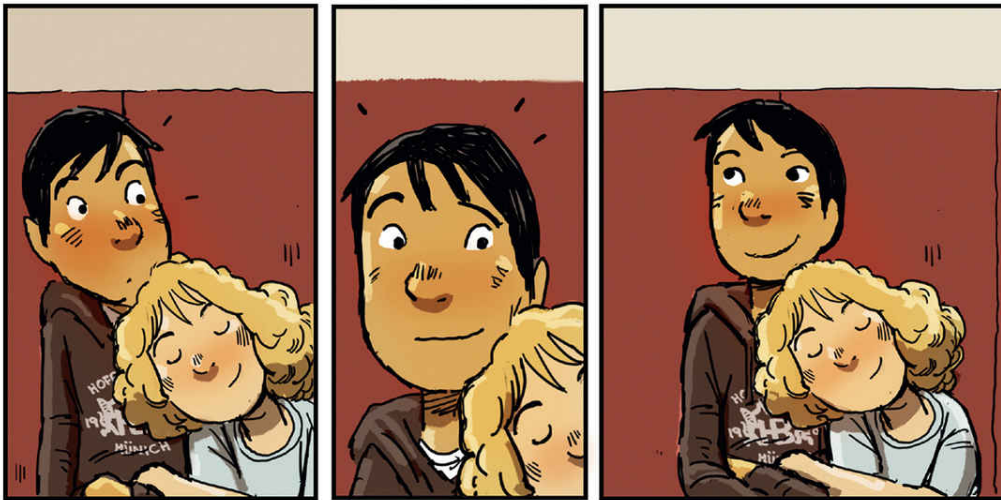
<OKAY, OKAY! NO  
NEED TO BITE MY  
HEAD OFF! I'LL JUST  
SIT HERE, THEN.>



<YES. DO THAT.>

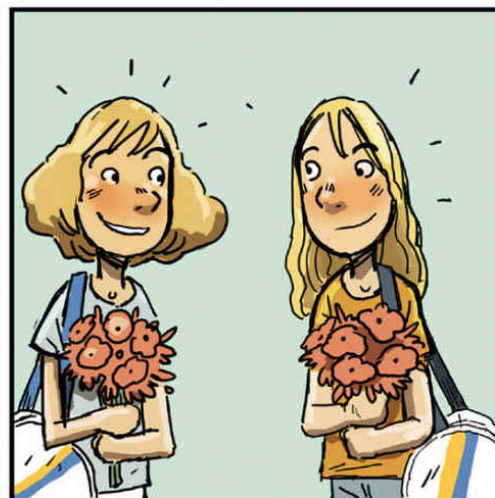
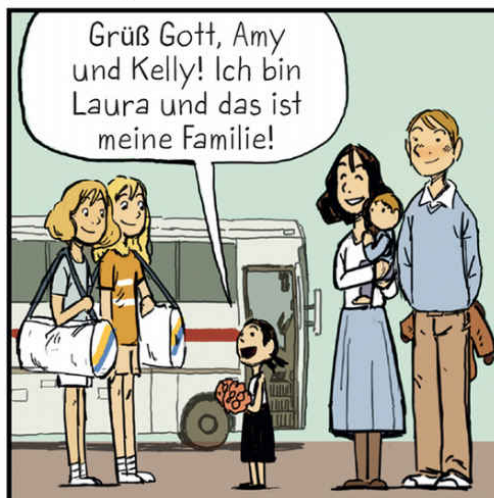
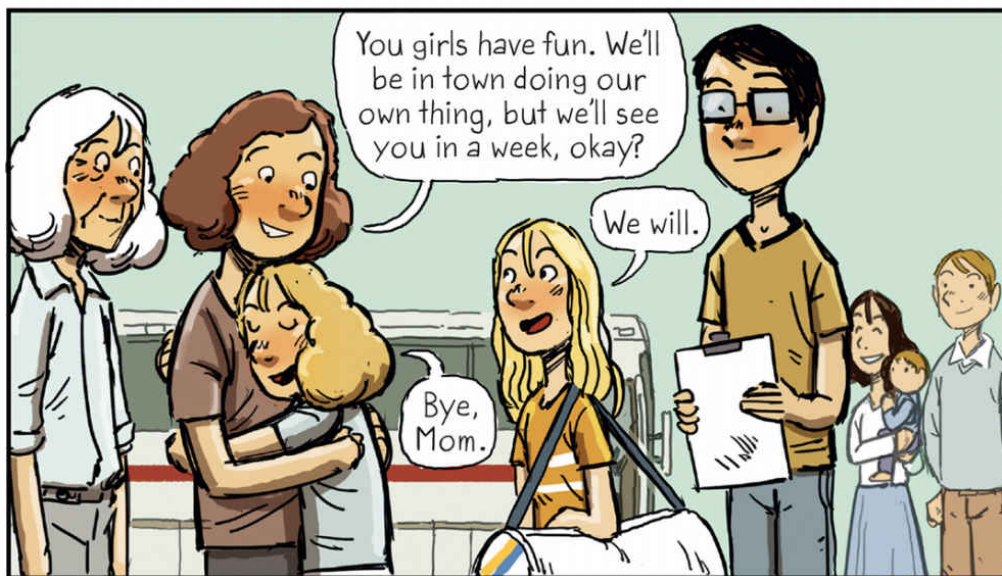
<IF YOU MOVE,  
WE'LL KILL YOU.>







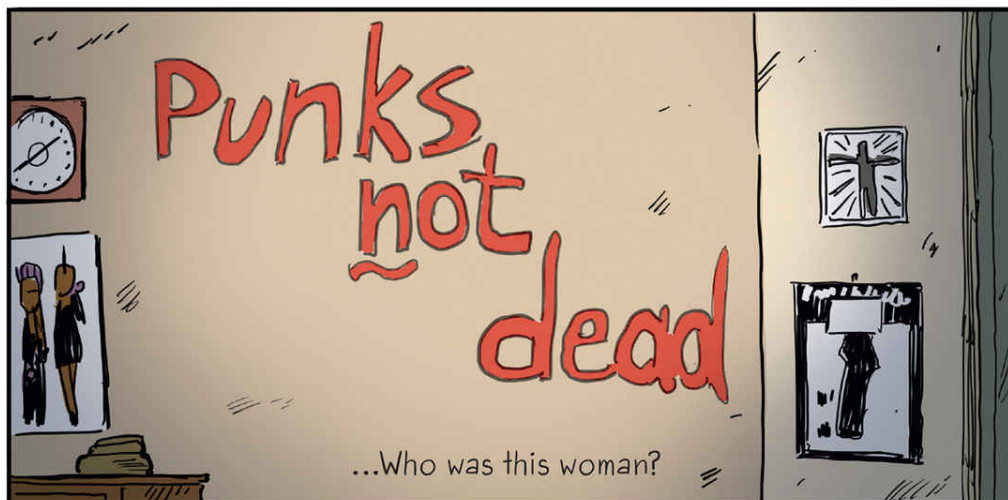




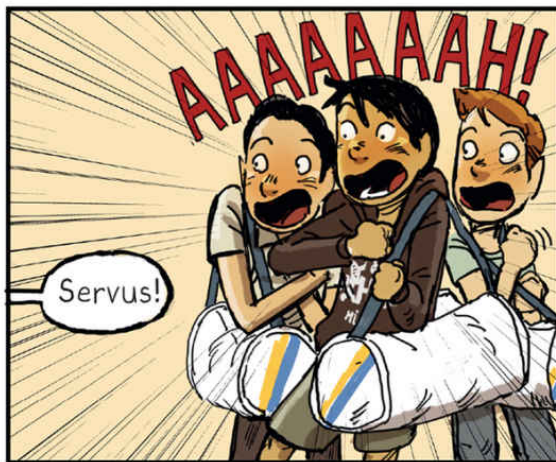








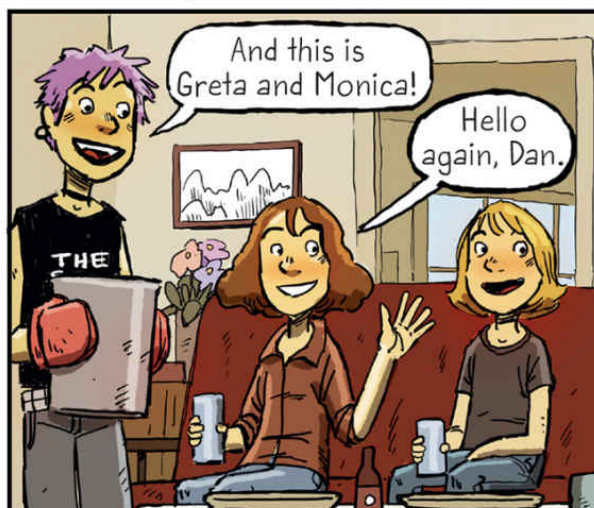
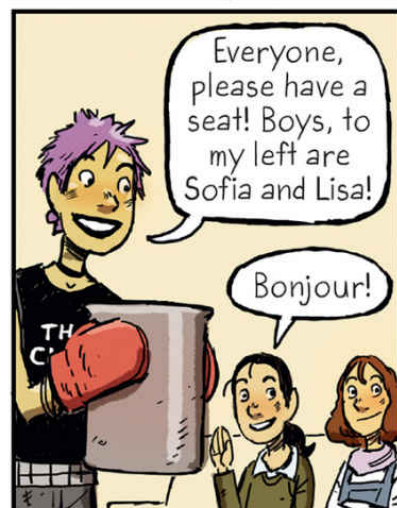




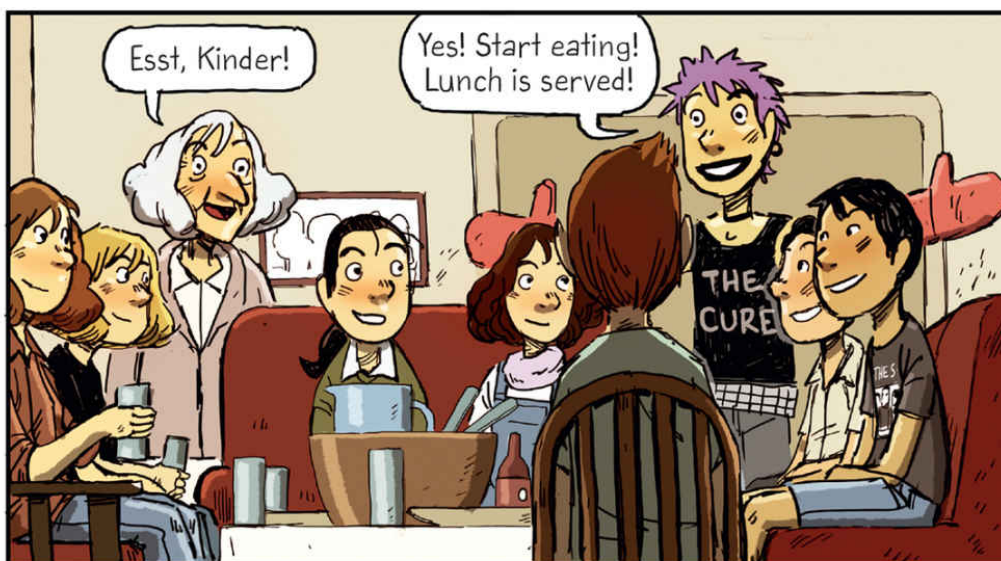
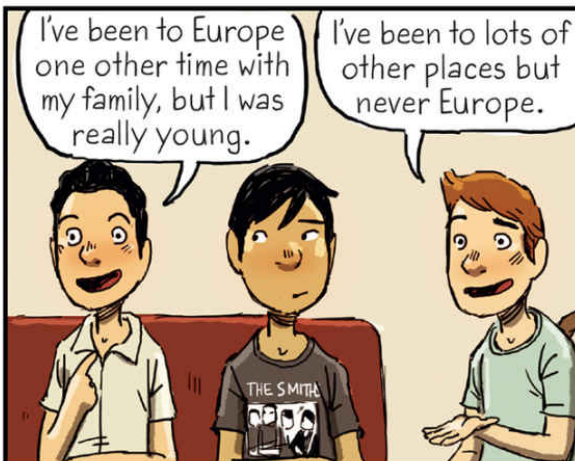
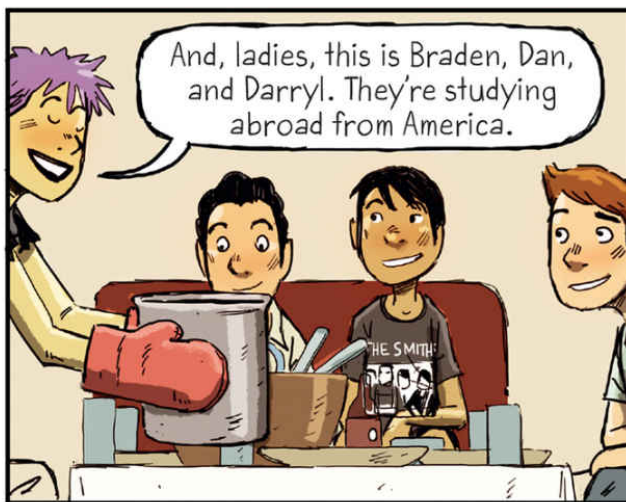




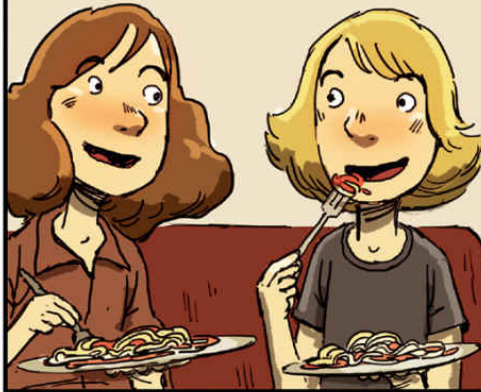








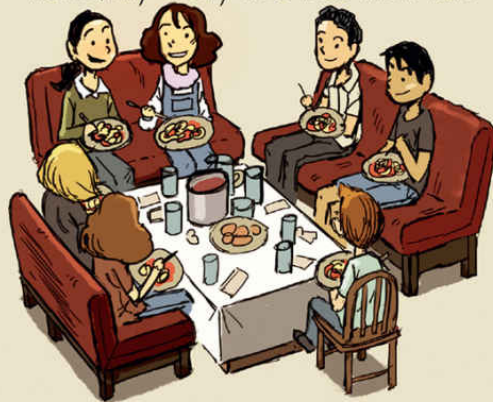
Greta and Monica were both 18 and came from Denmark studying abroad and looking at universities around Europe to attend.



Sofia and Lisa were both 13 and came from Nice. They were studying abroad for the summer.



When you live in a town long enough, everyone knows your story. Back home, my story was less than fun.



It felt nice to start from a clean slate.

— These girls weren't like the kids I knew from my town.



They were cool, but it was a different kind of cool.



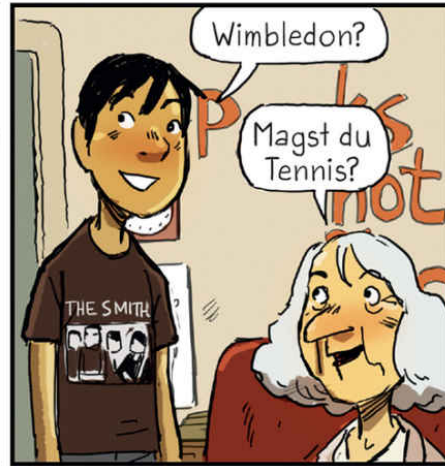
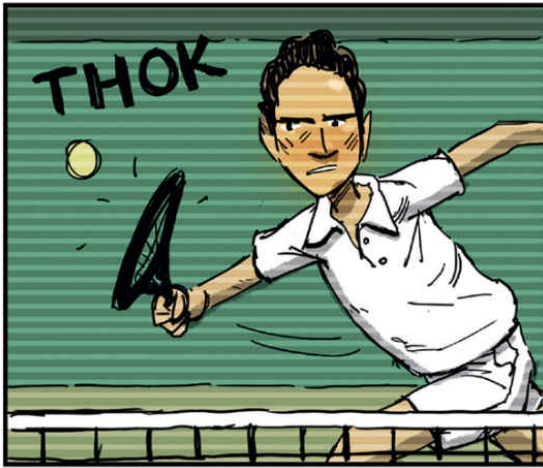
They were a European kind of cool.

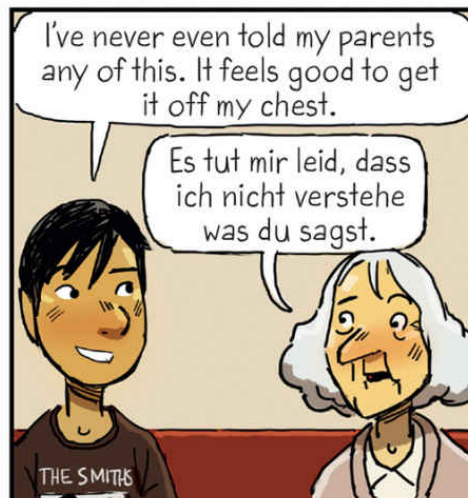


And they were going to be my "family" for the next week.

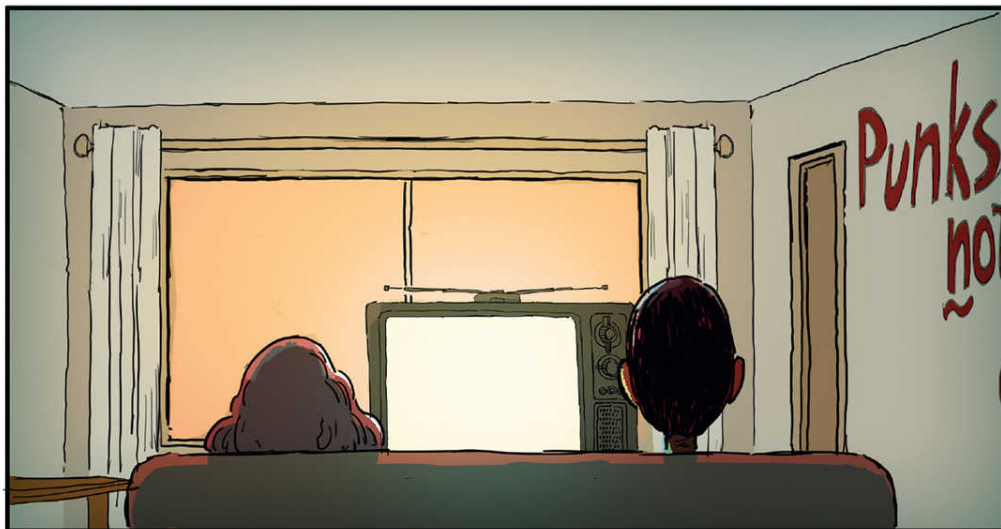


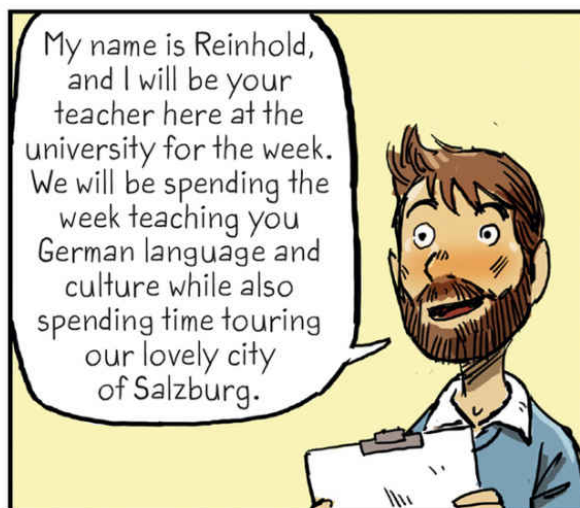




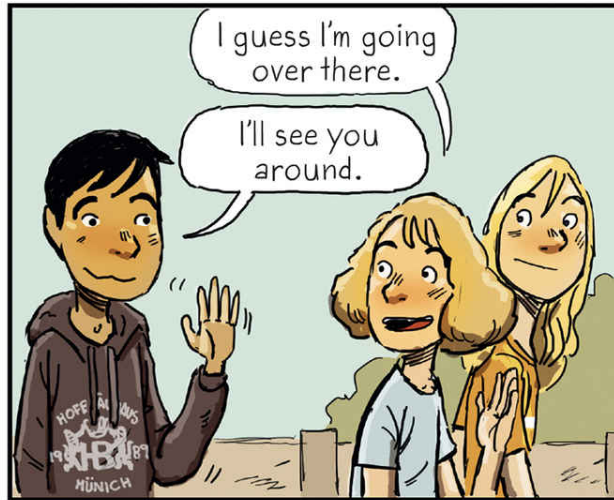












Things I learned in Salzburg:  
The music of Marlene Dietrich.



The waltz.

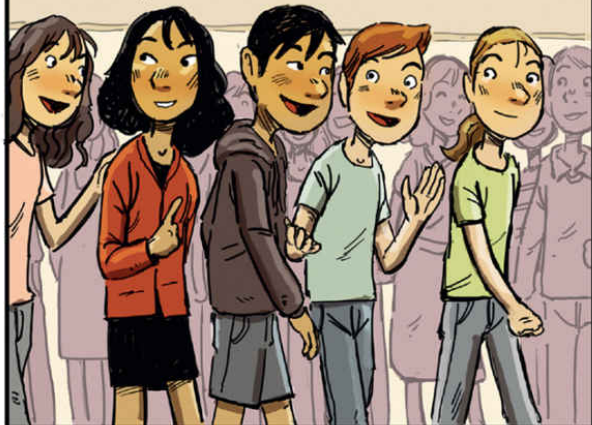
German.

Guten Tag!  
Mein Name  
ist Dan.

Guten  
Tag!



This was like being in school back home  
except all the kids were different.



They came from everywhere.

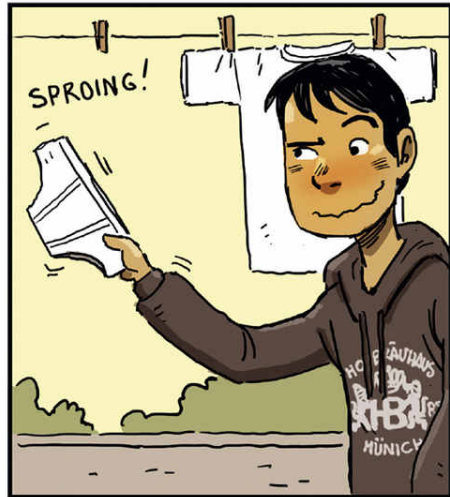


And seeing the world as a bigger place  
made it feel much friendlier.

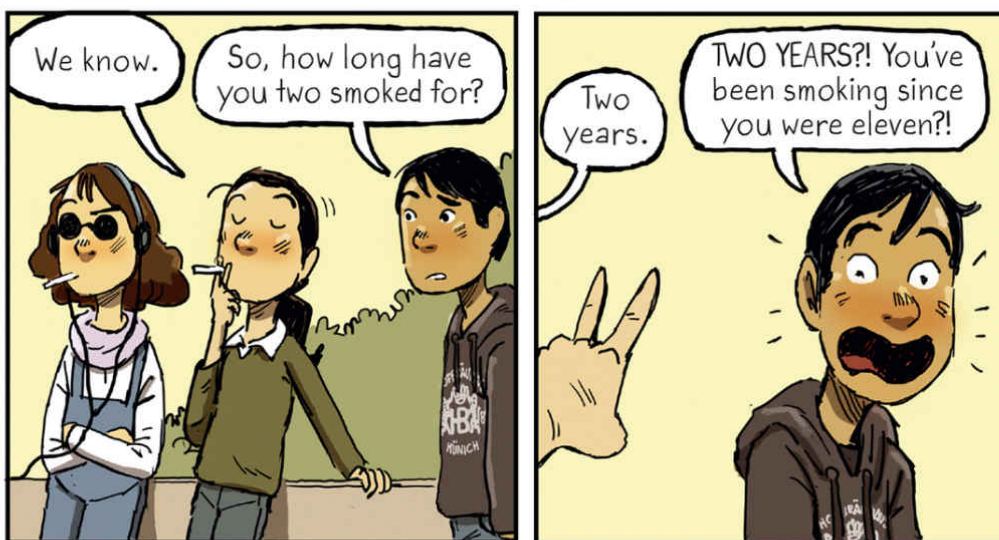
















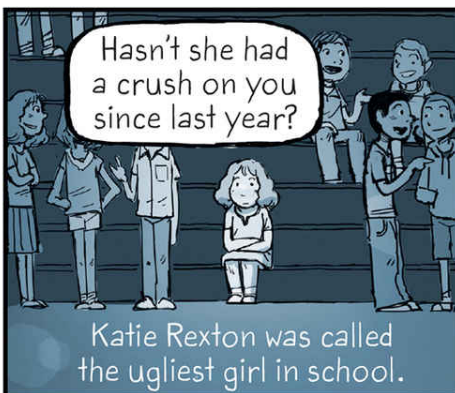






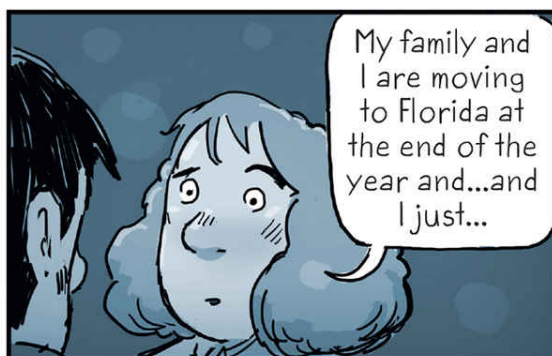


Junior high after-school dance









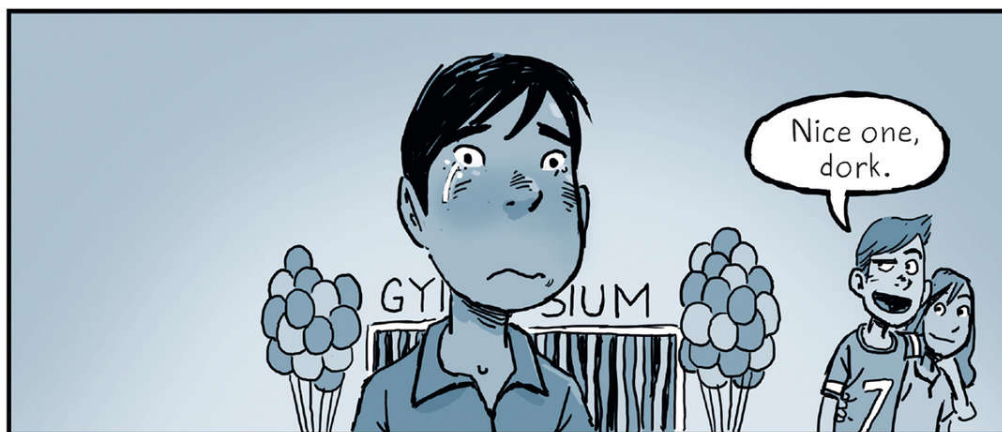
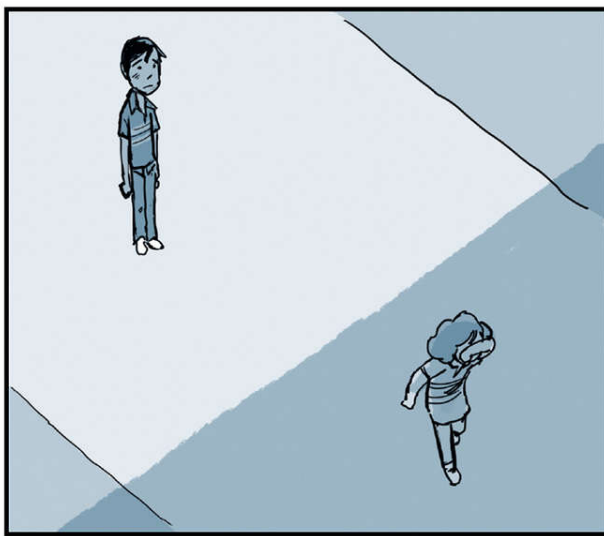




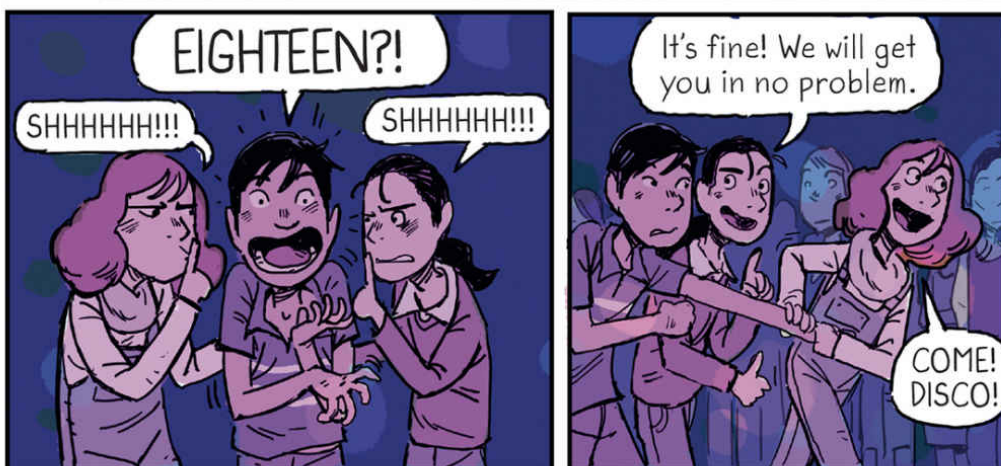












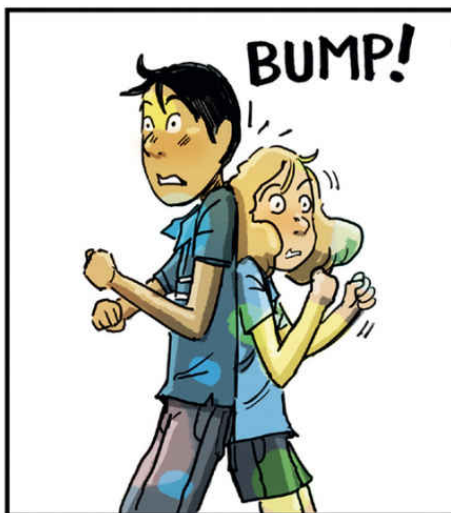






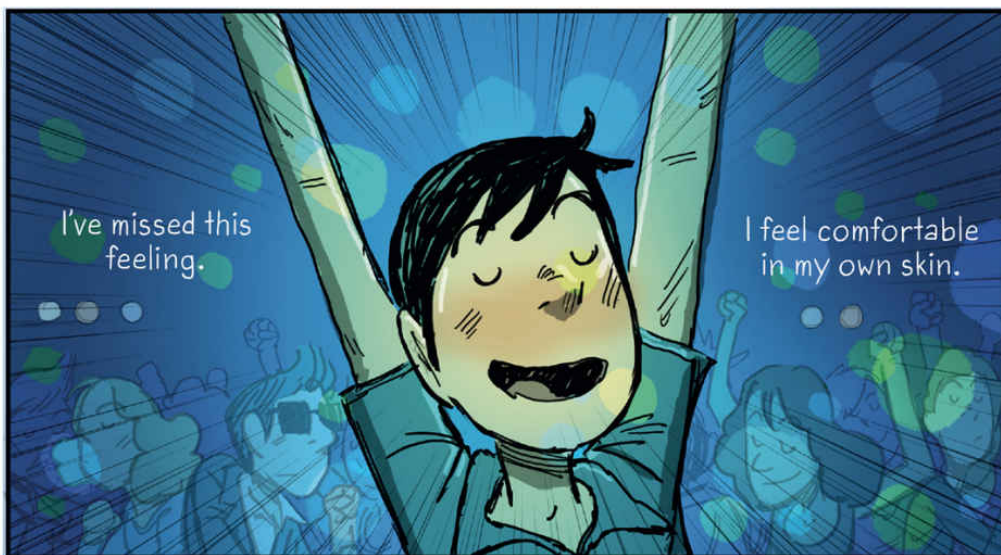








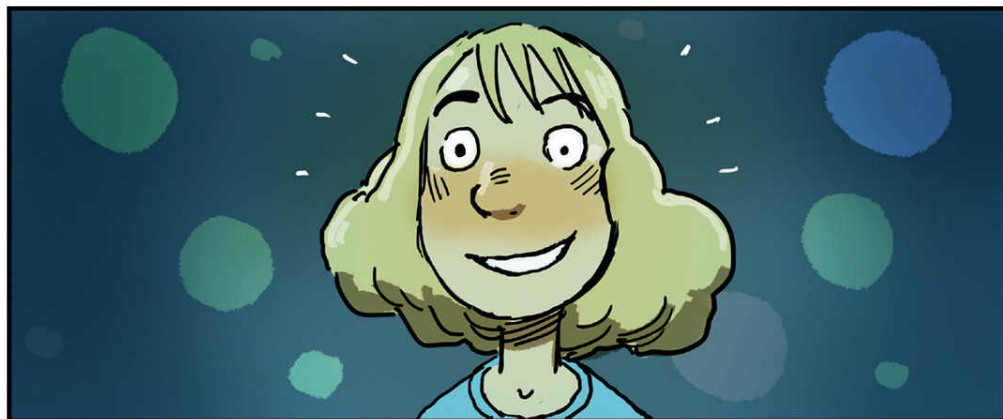






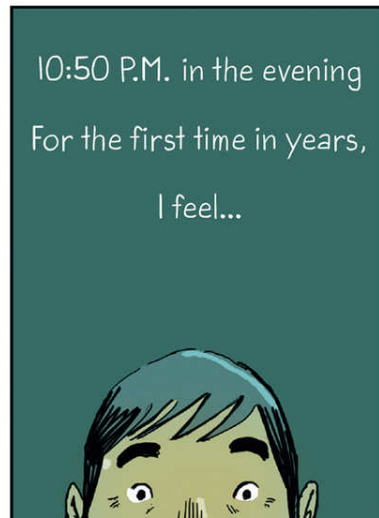






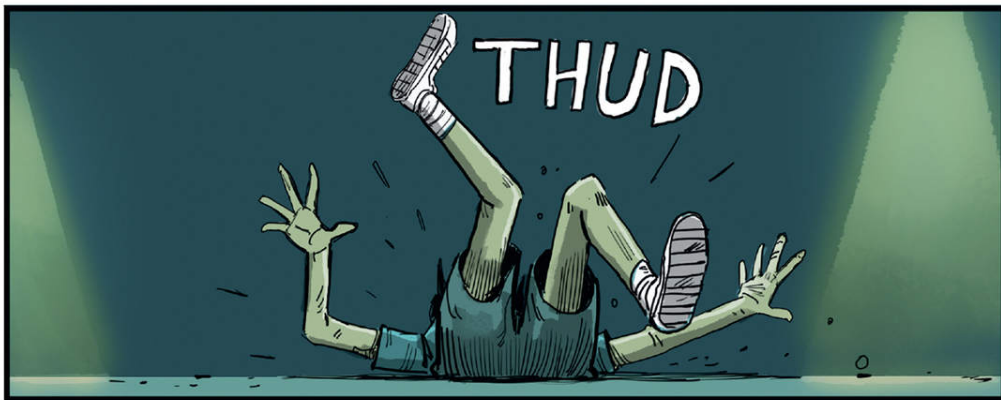






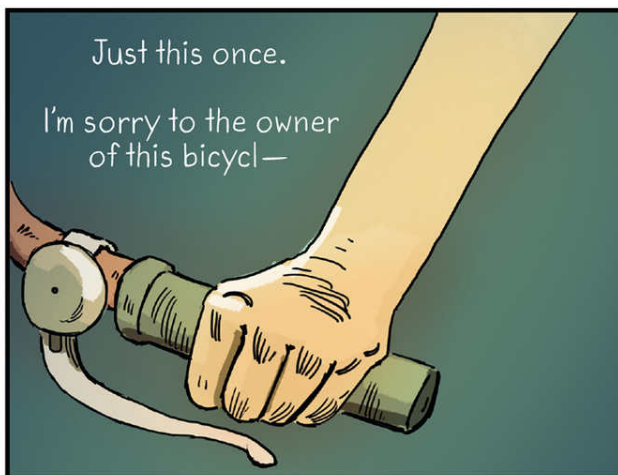
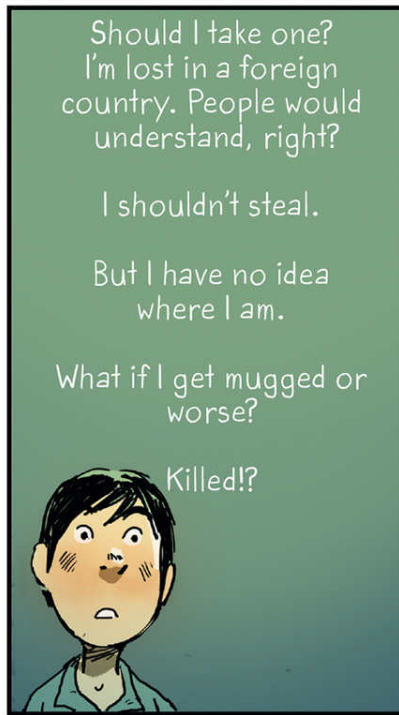
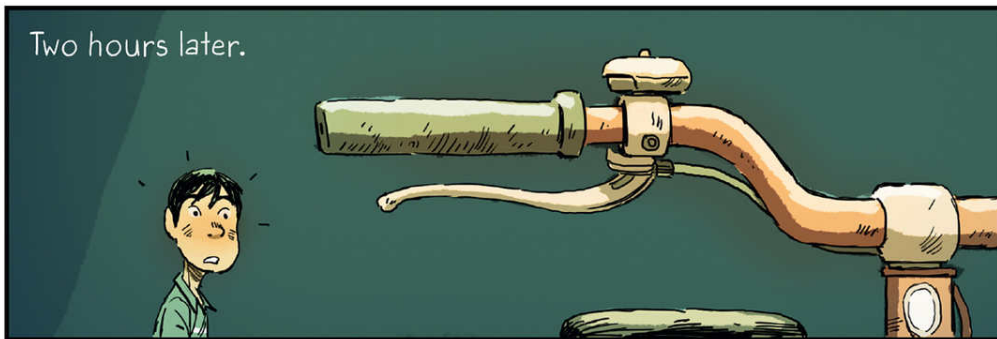
















There's a reason why some people pee themselves when they're scared.



Oh crap.

Hal-lo! Ich rede  
mit dir!



That's because when you encounter fear, I mean, true fear...

...it starts from the crotch...

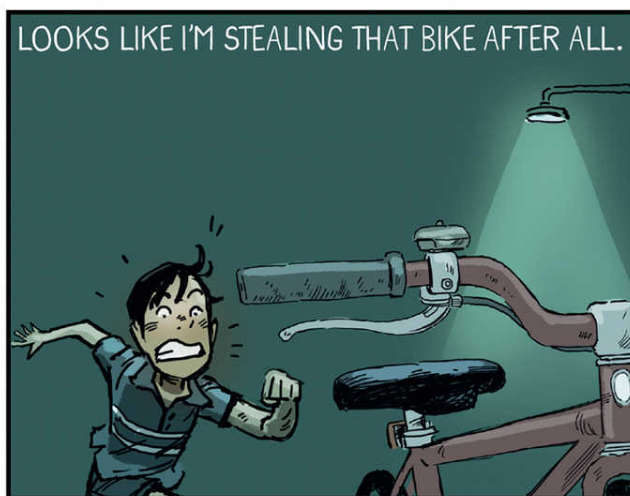


...and the chill spreads  
throughout your body, leaving  
you frozen in place.















I remember now! I live on the west side of the castle!



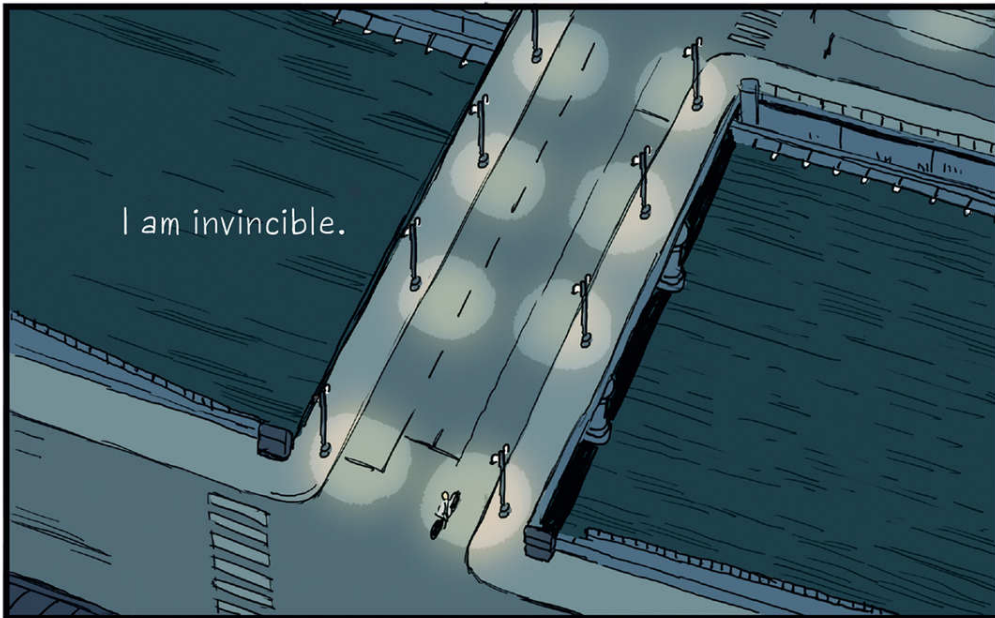
Salzburg.

1:30 A.M.

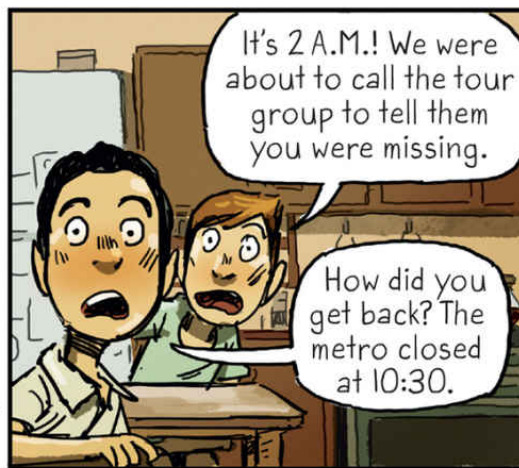
I am 13.

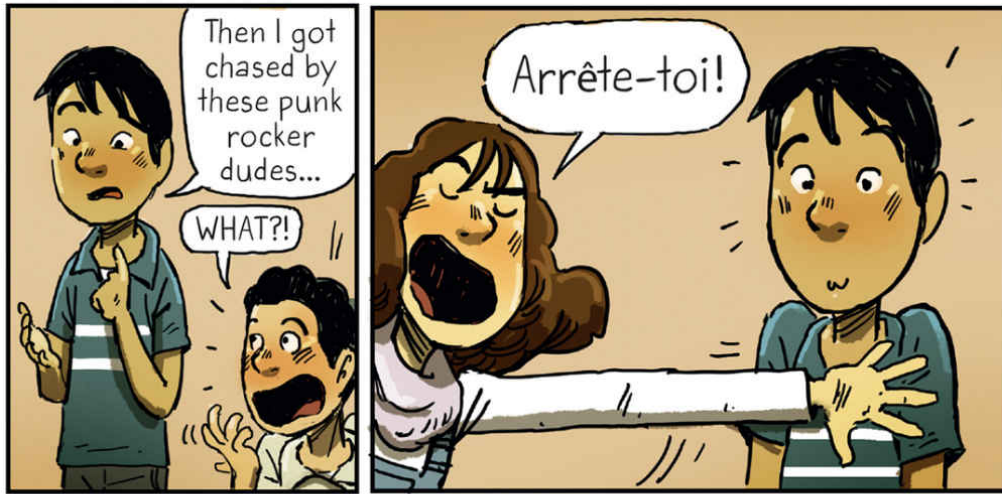


I am invincible.









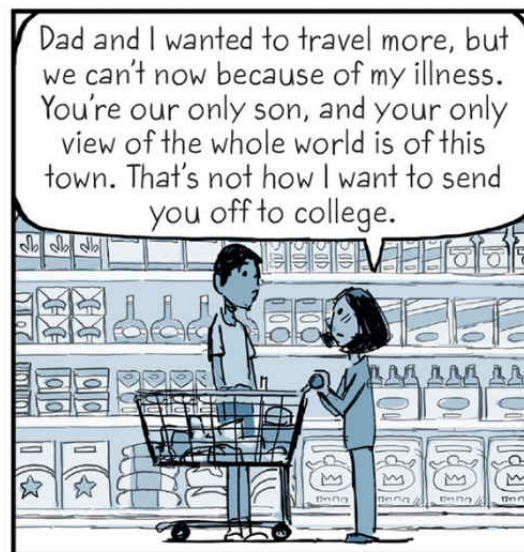




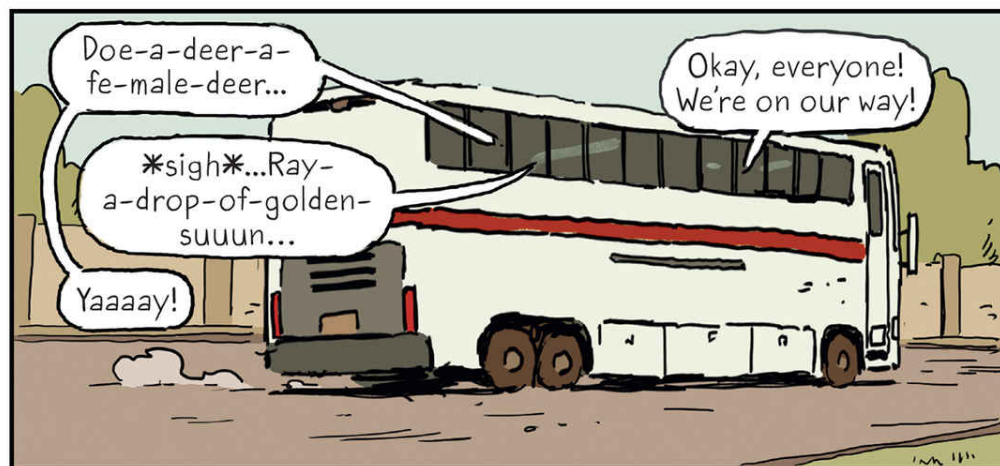


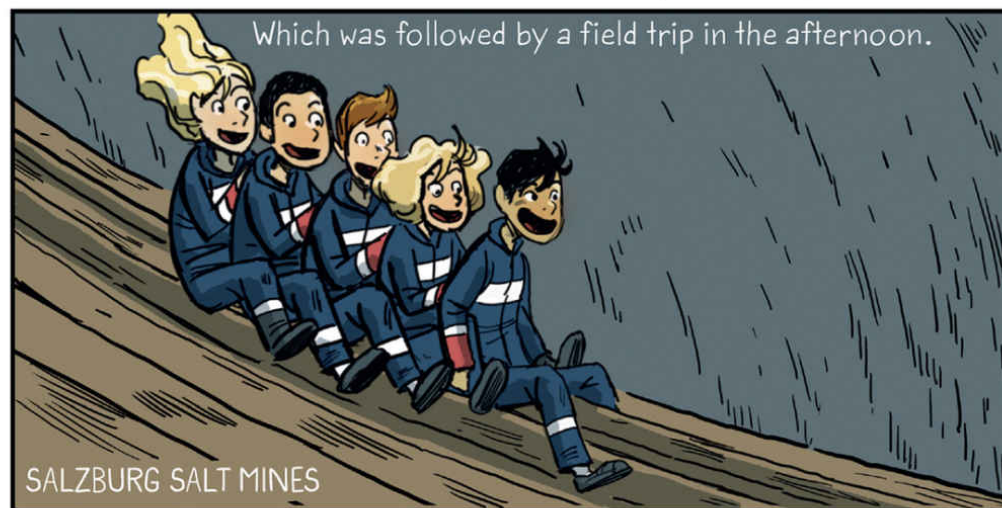




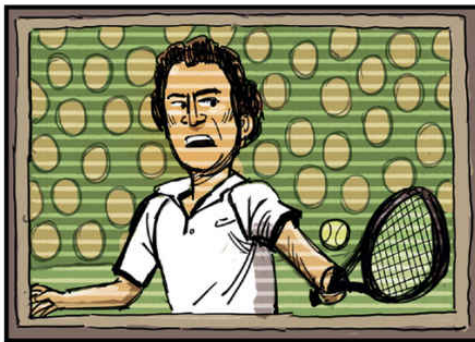












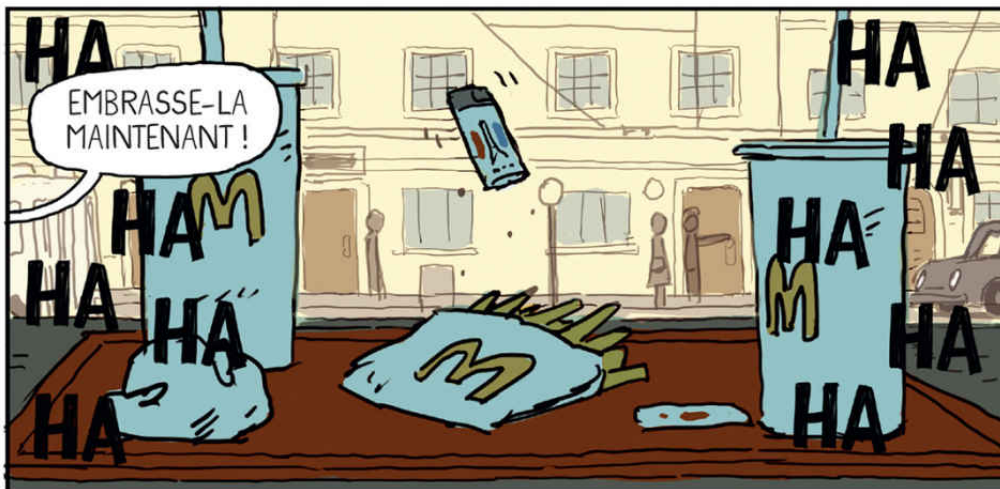






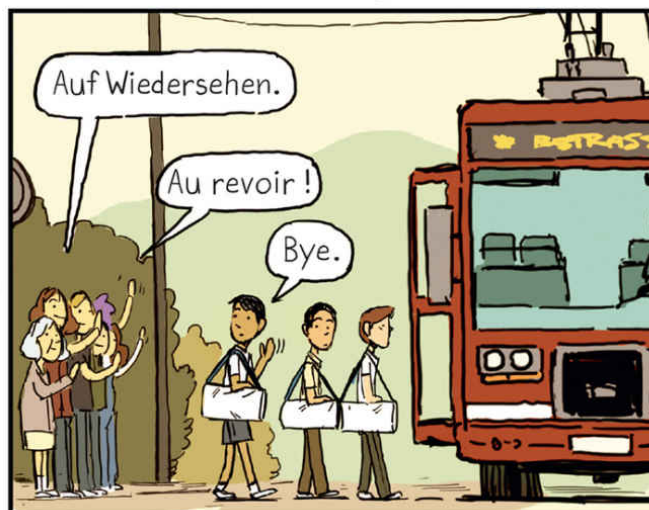
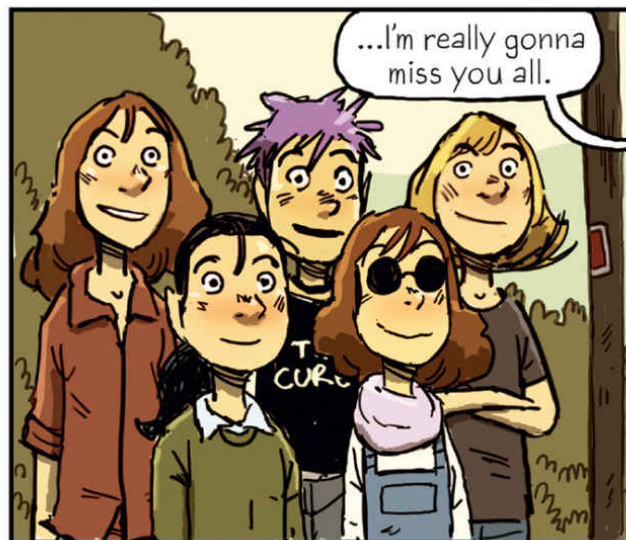


\*The French don't usually hug as a greeting, so I don't know why this happened.

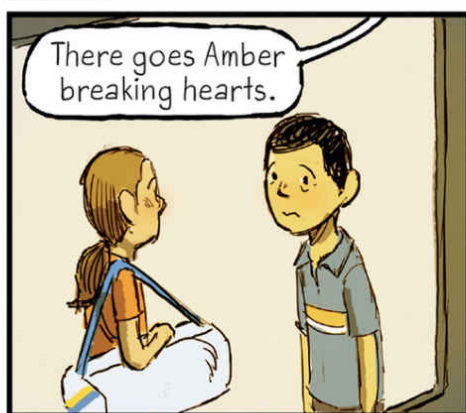
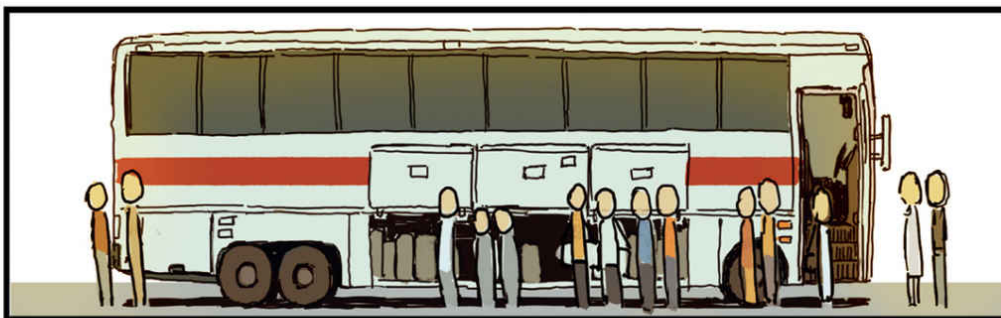


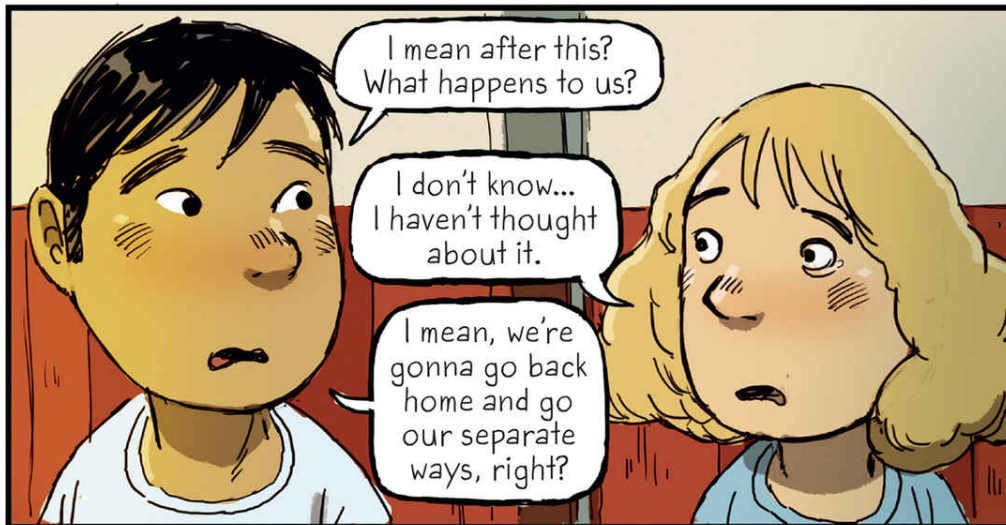




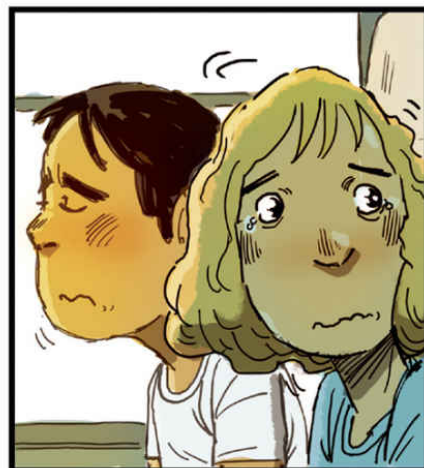












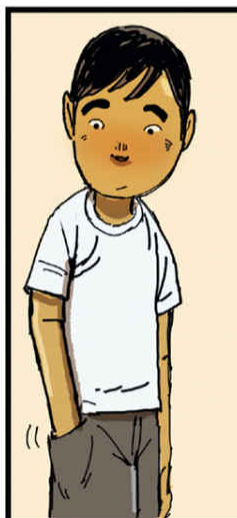
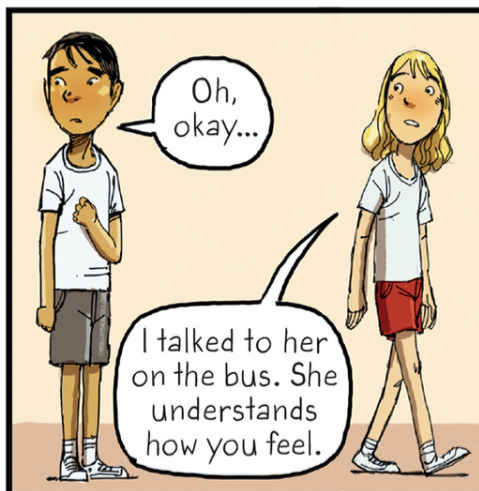
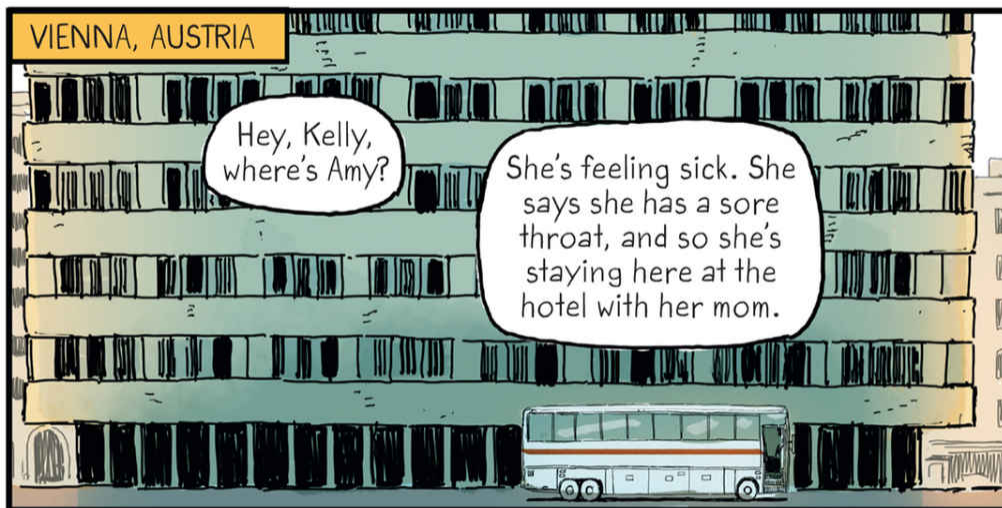




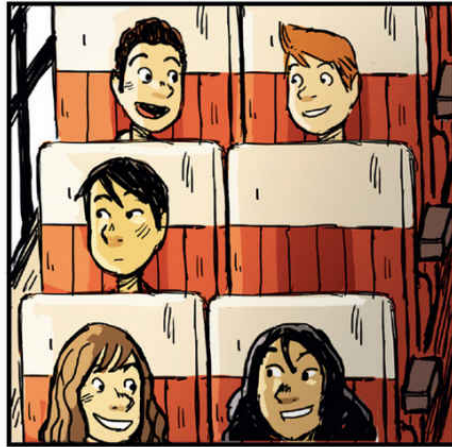


VIENNA

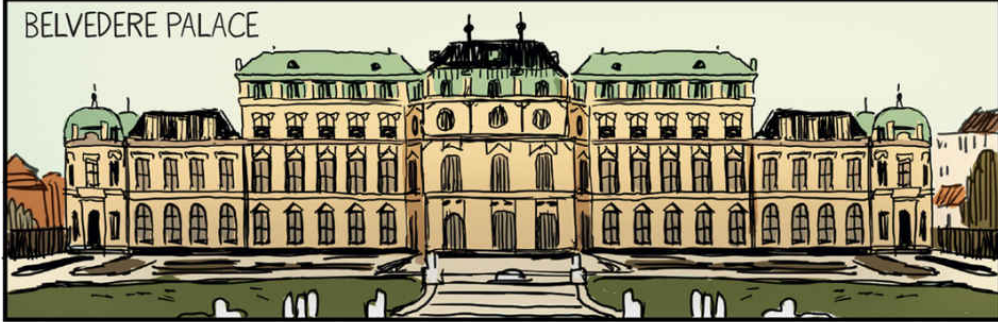
( 4 DAYS LEFT IN THE TRIP )







BELVEDERE PALACE

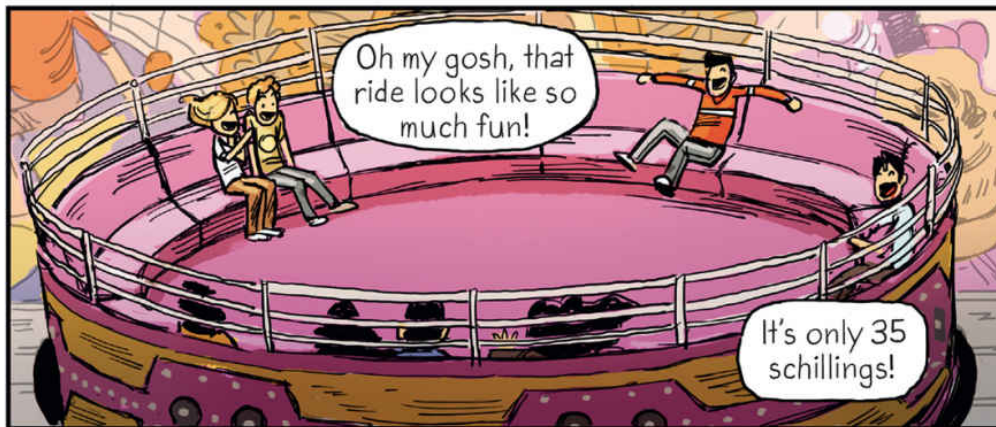


WIENER KONZERTHAUS

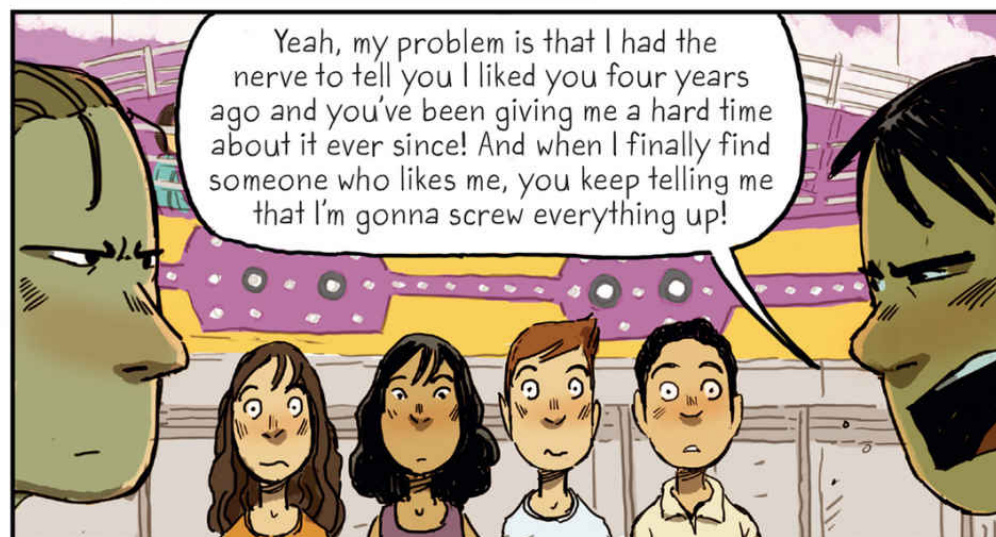
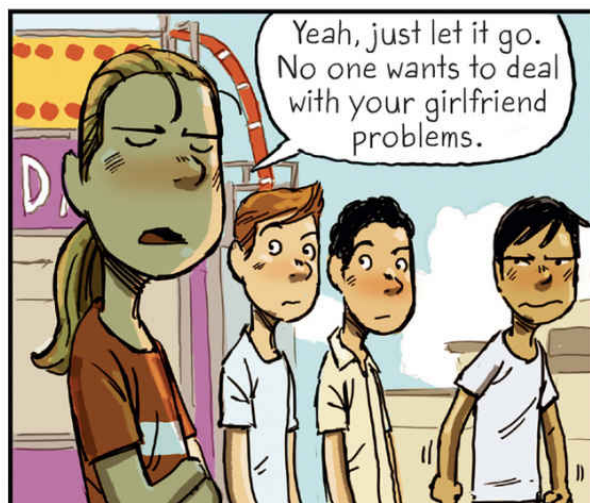


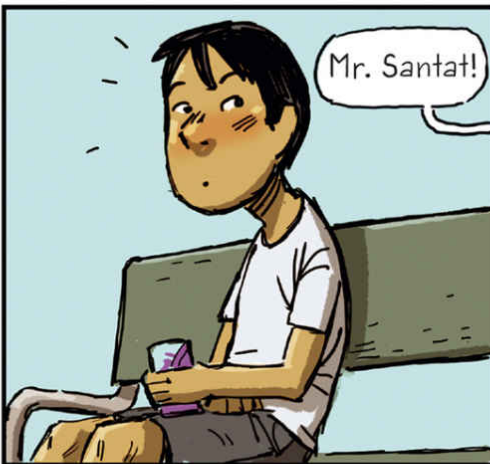
ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL









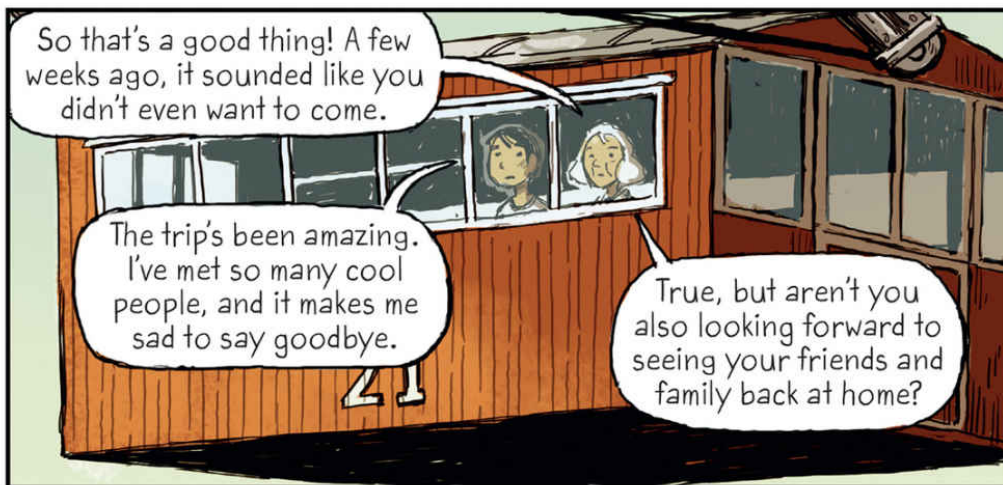






I think I already know the answer, but how are you doing?

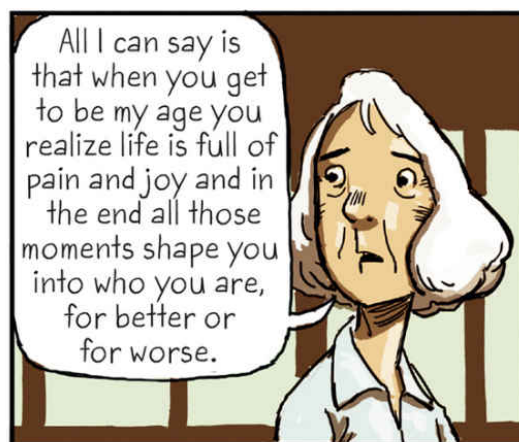
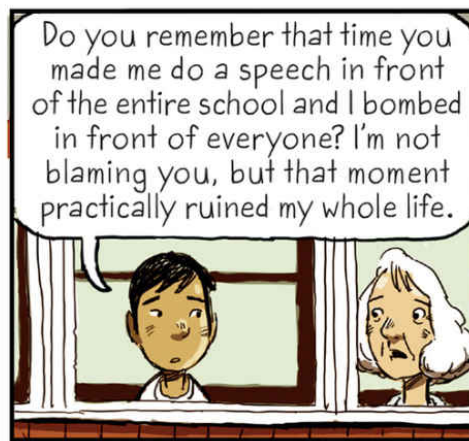
I've been better. I'm just sad that there's only four days left in the trip.



So that's a good thing! A few weeks ago, it sounded like you didn't even want to come.

The trip's been amazing. I've met so many cool people, and it makes me sad to say goodbye.

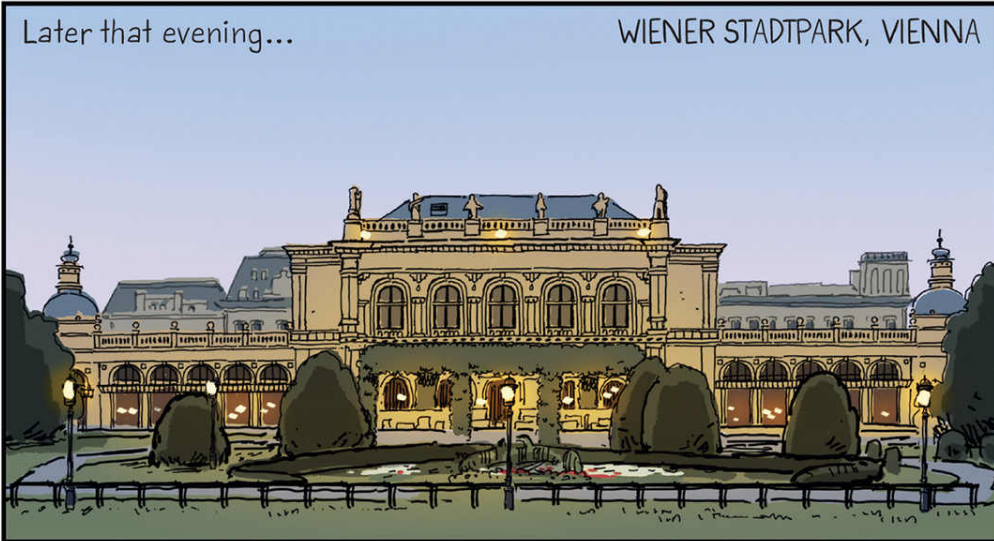
True, but aren't you also looking forward to seeing your friends and family back at home?

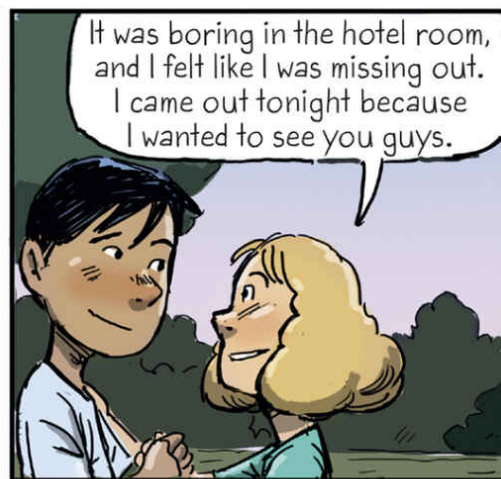
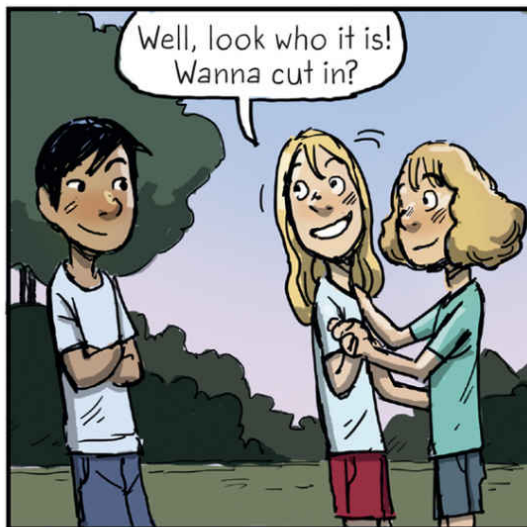




Later that evening...

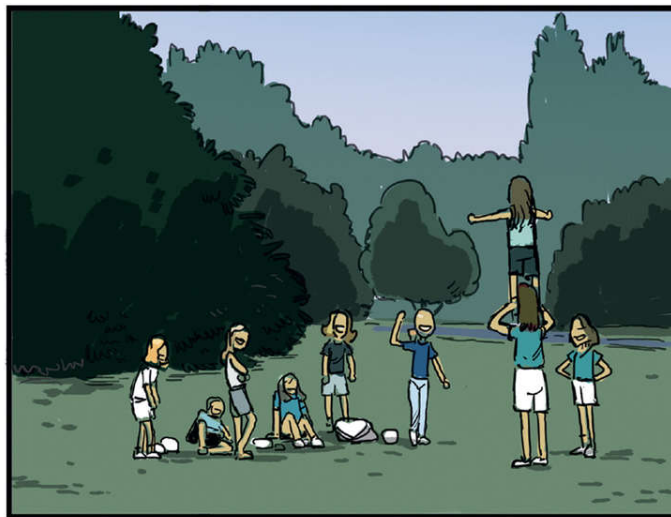
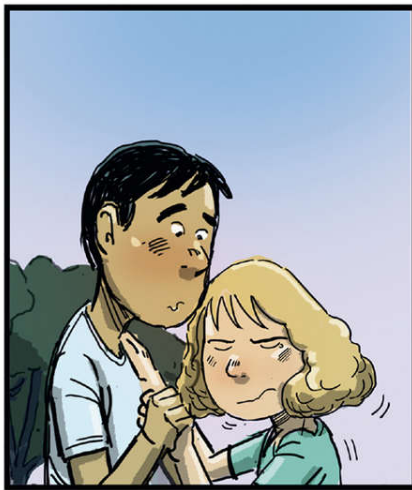
WIENER STADTPARK, VIENNA



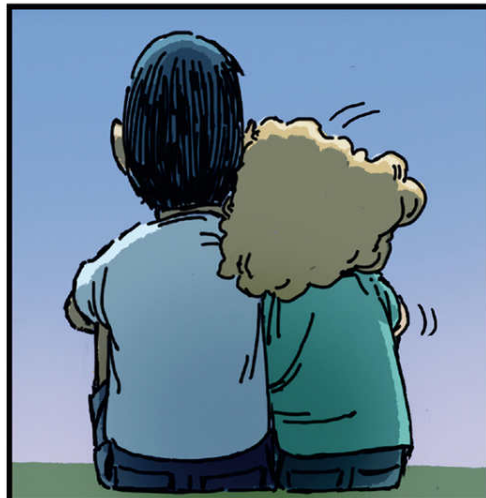
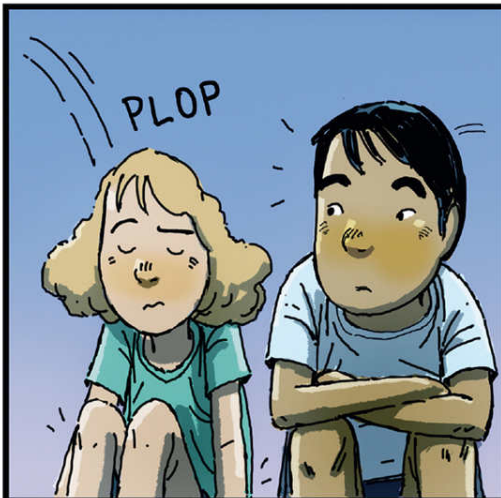
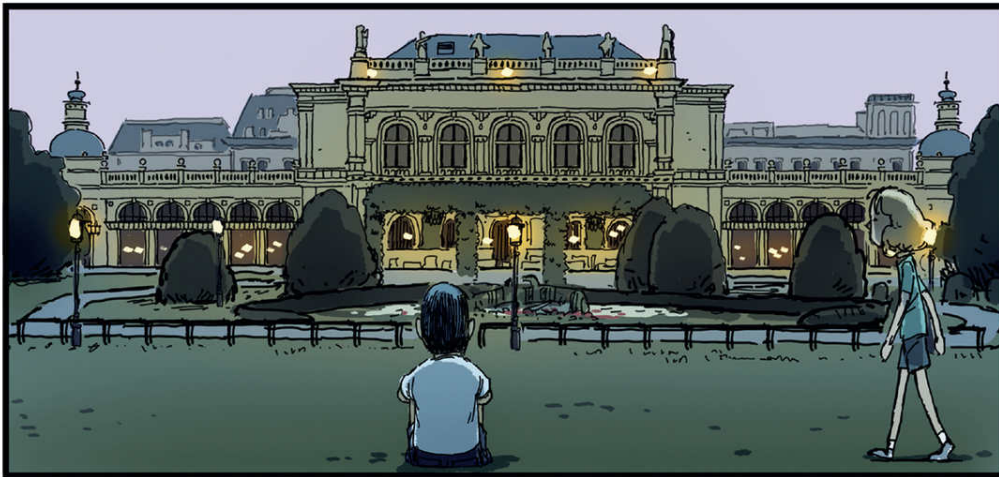


















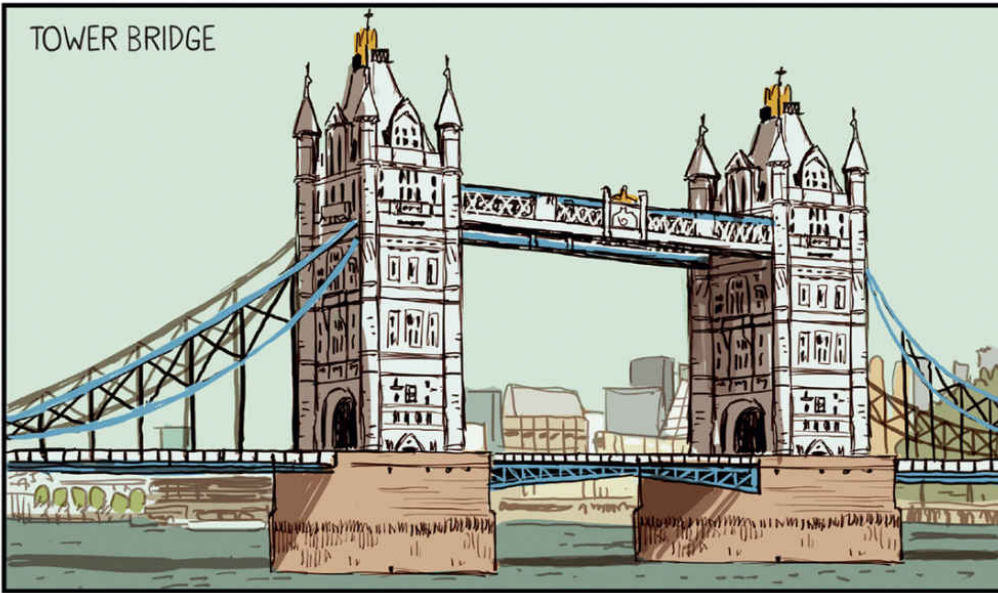
LONDON

( 2 DAYS LEFT IN THE TRIP )





TOWER BRIDGE

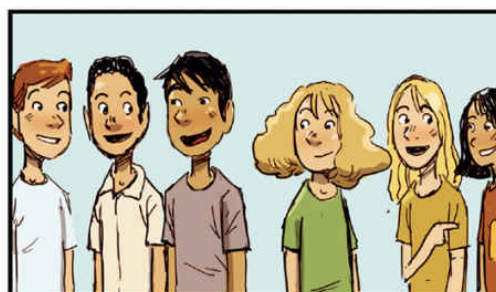
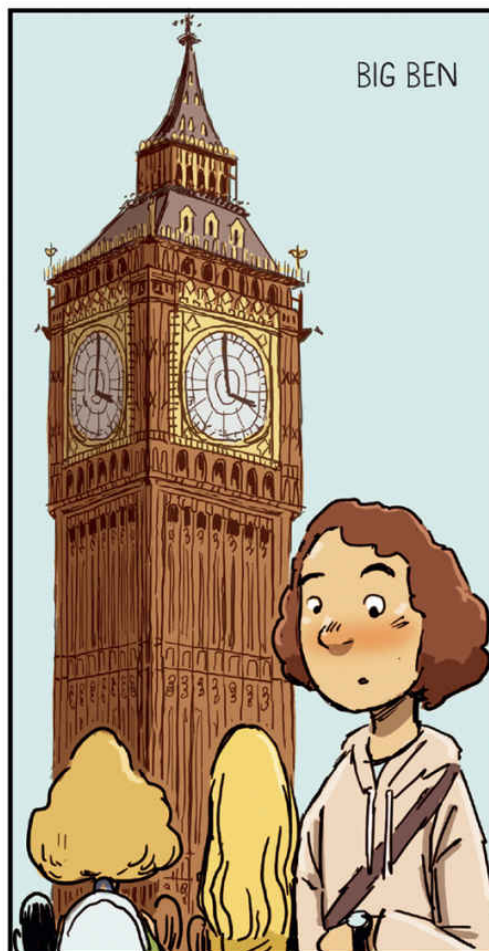


PICCADILLY CIRCUS

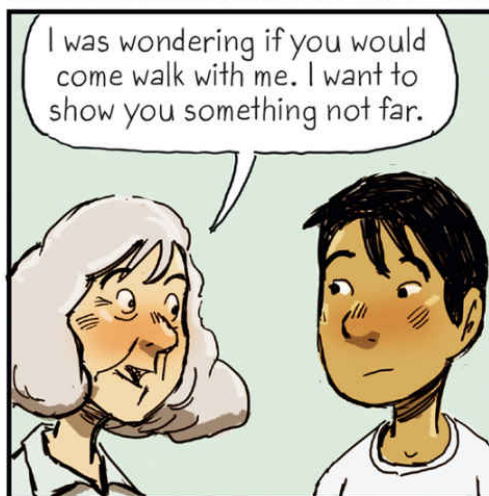


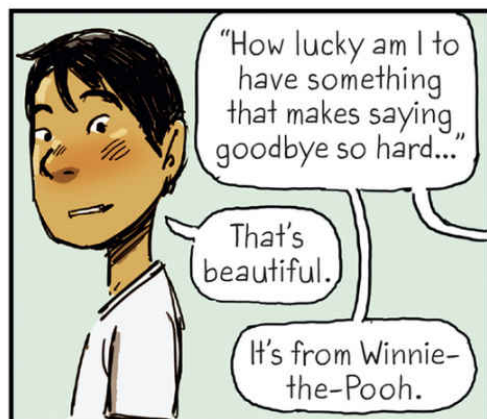
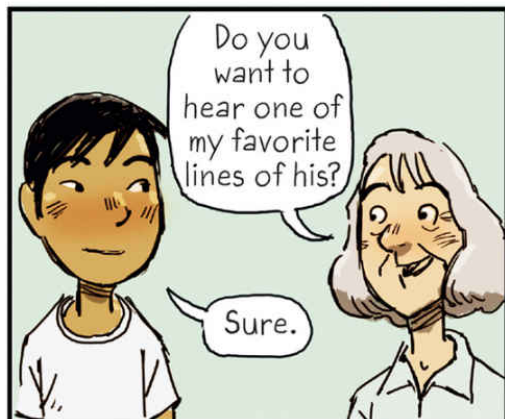
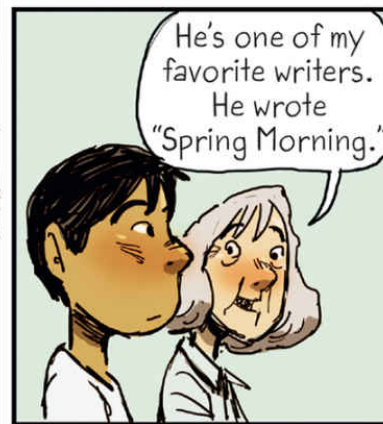
THE TOWER OF LONDON



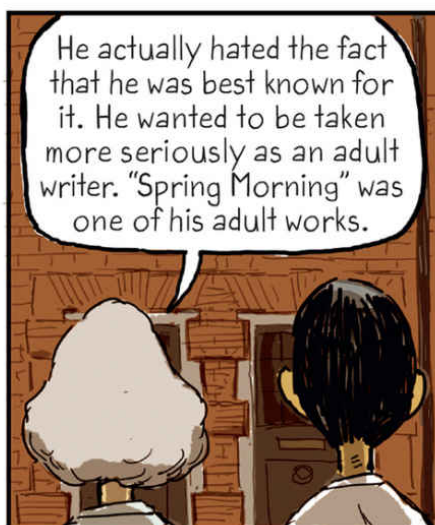


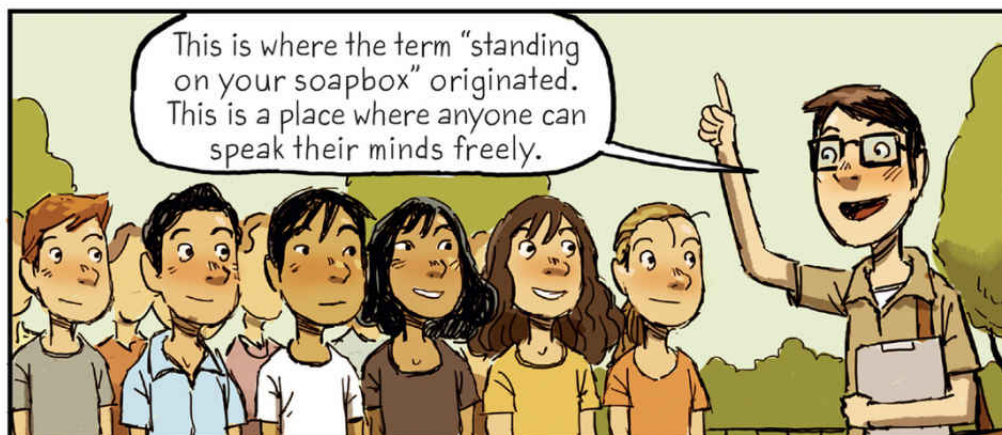






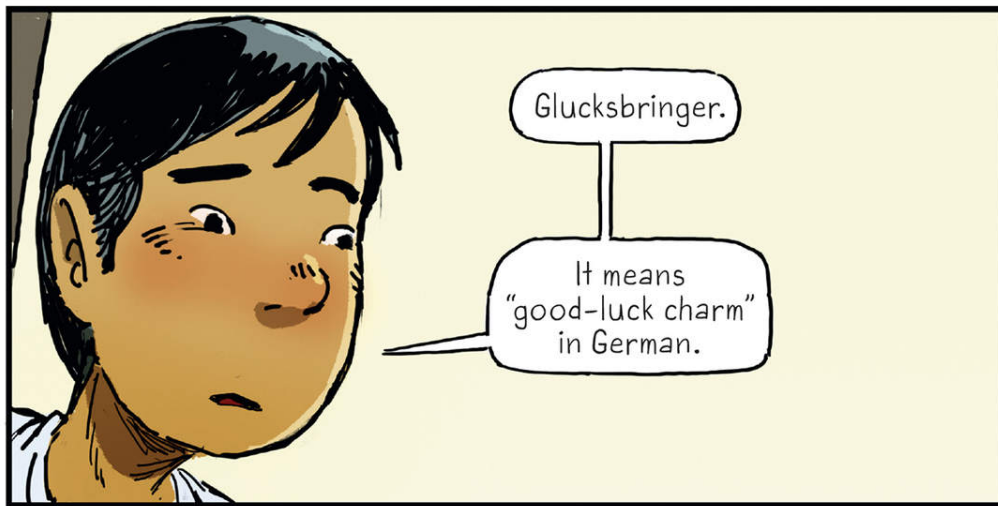






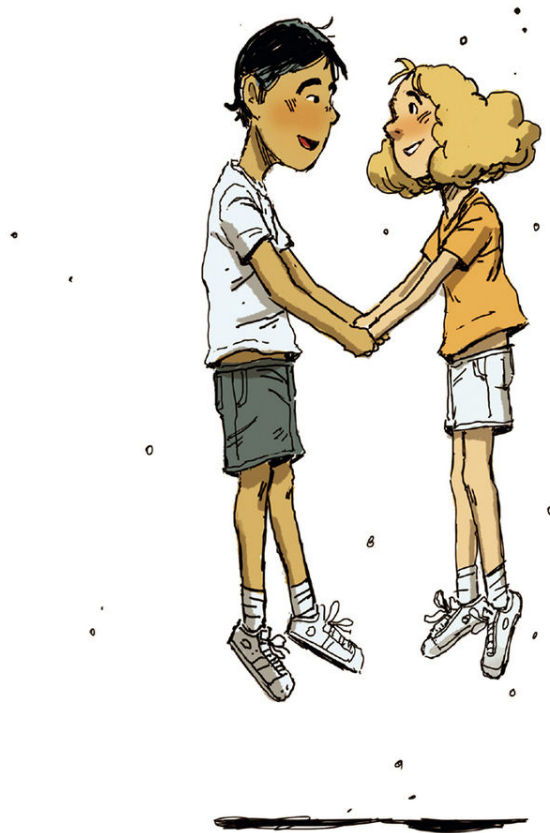


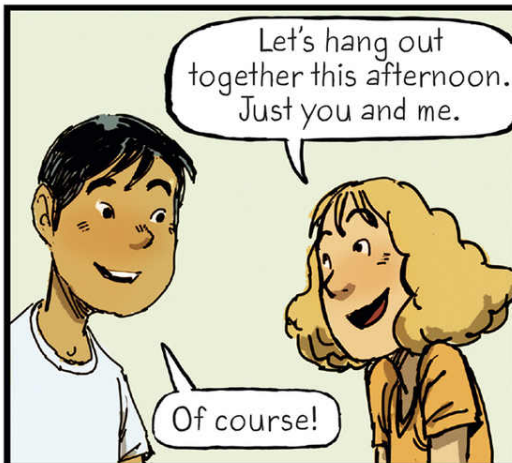






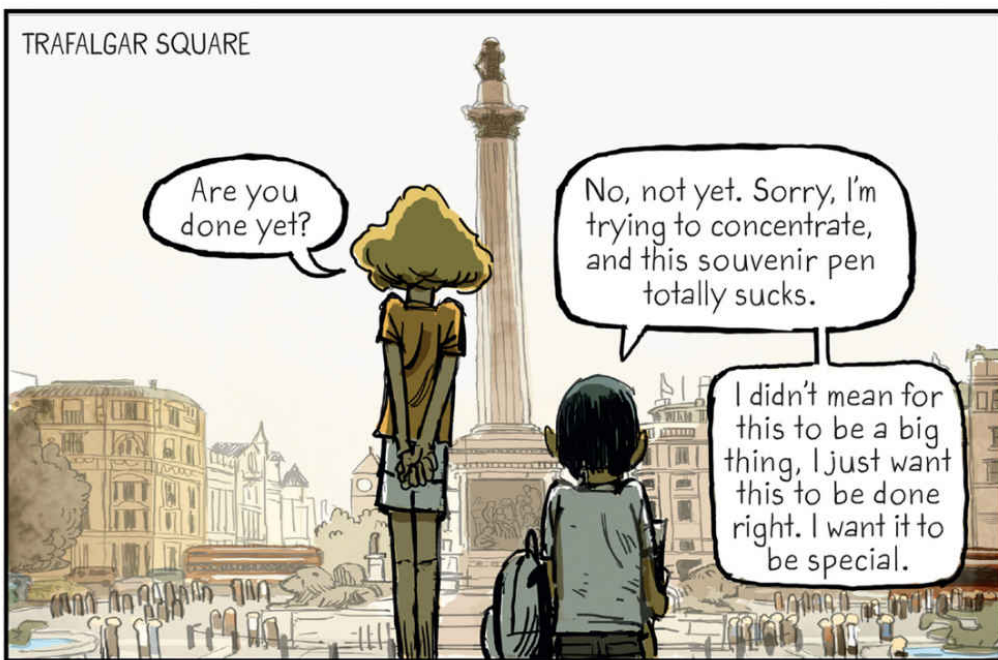
...How lucky am I to have something  
that makes saying goodbye so hard...

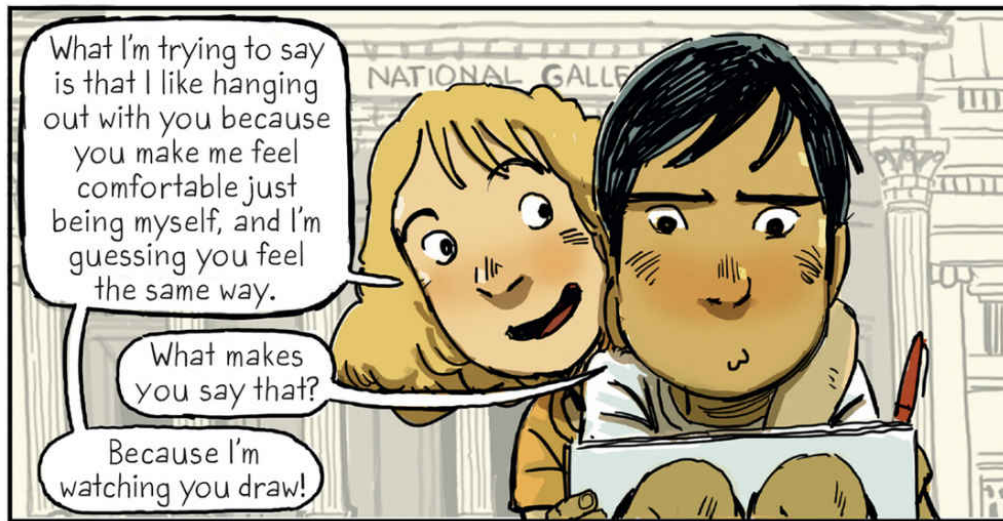




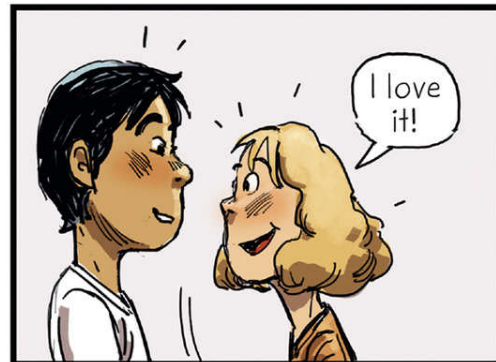


TRAFALGAR SQUARE



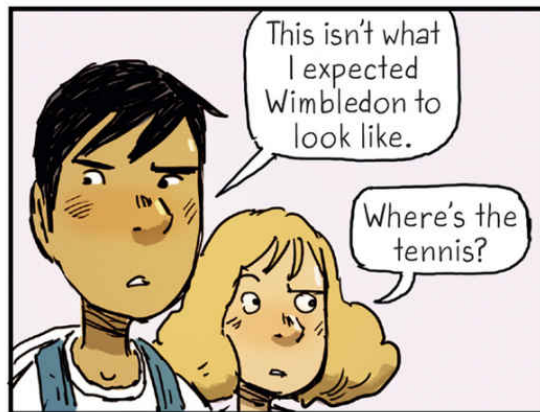






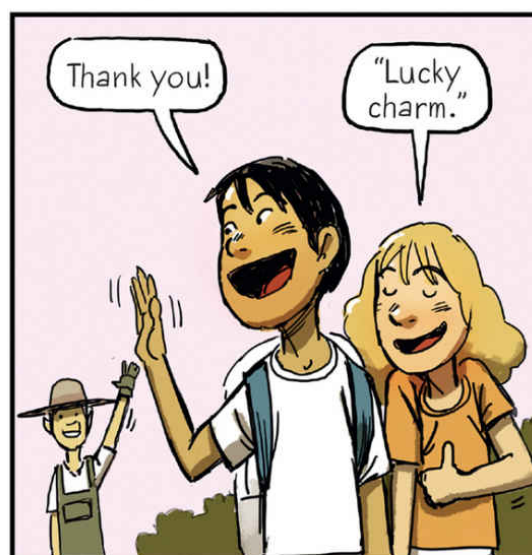
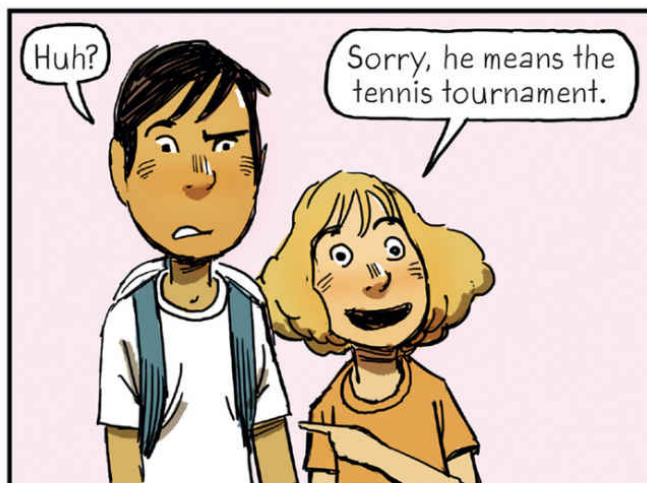


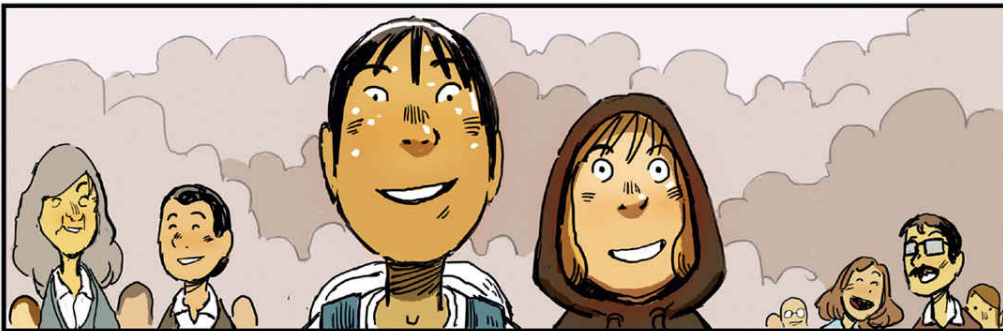
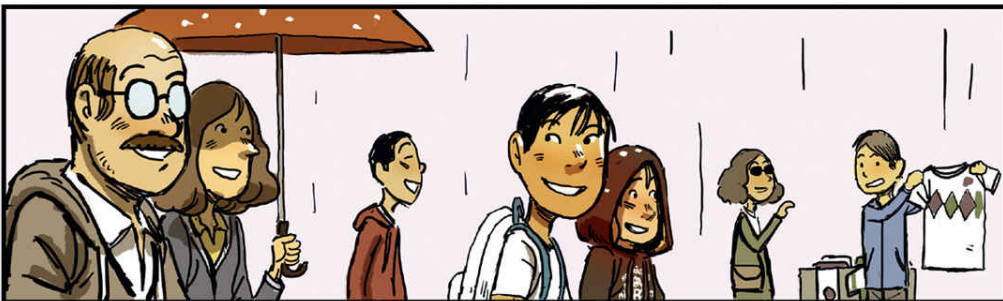








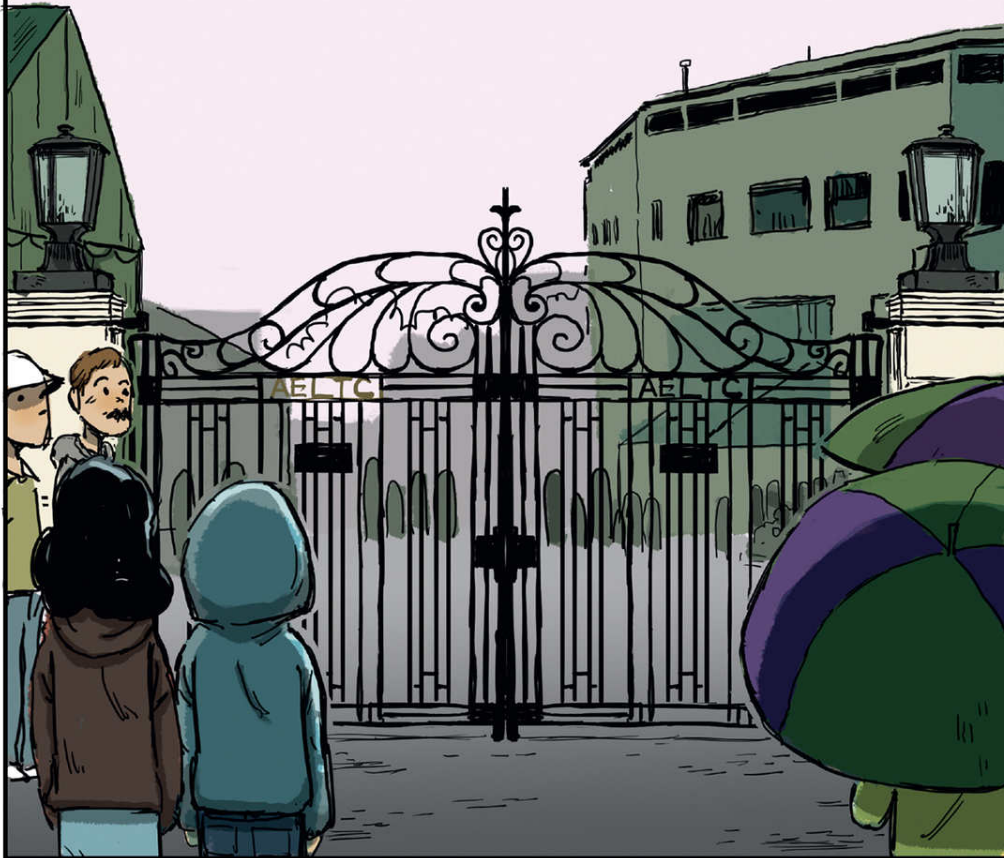






The All England Lawn and Tennis Club

Wimbledon



All right, folks, we'll be letting people onto the grounds in about 15 minutes! Please have your three pounds ready for the attendant!

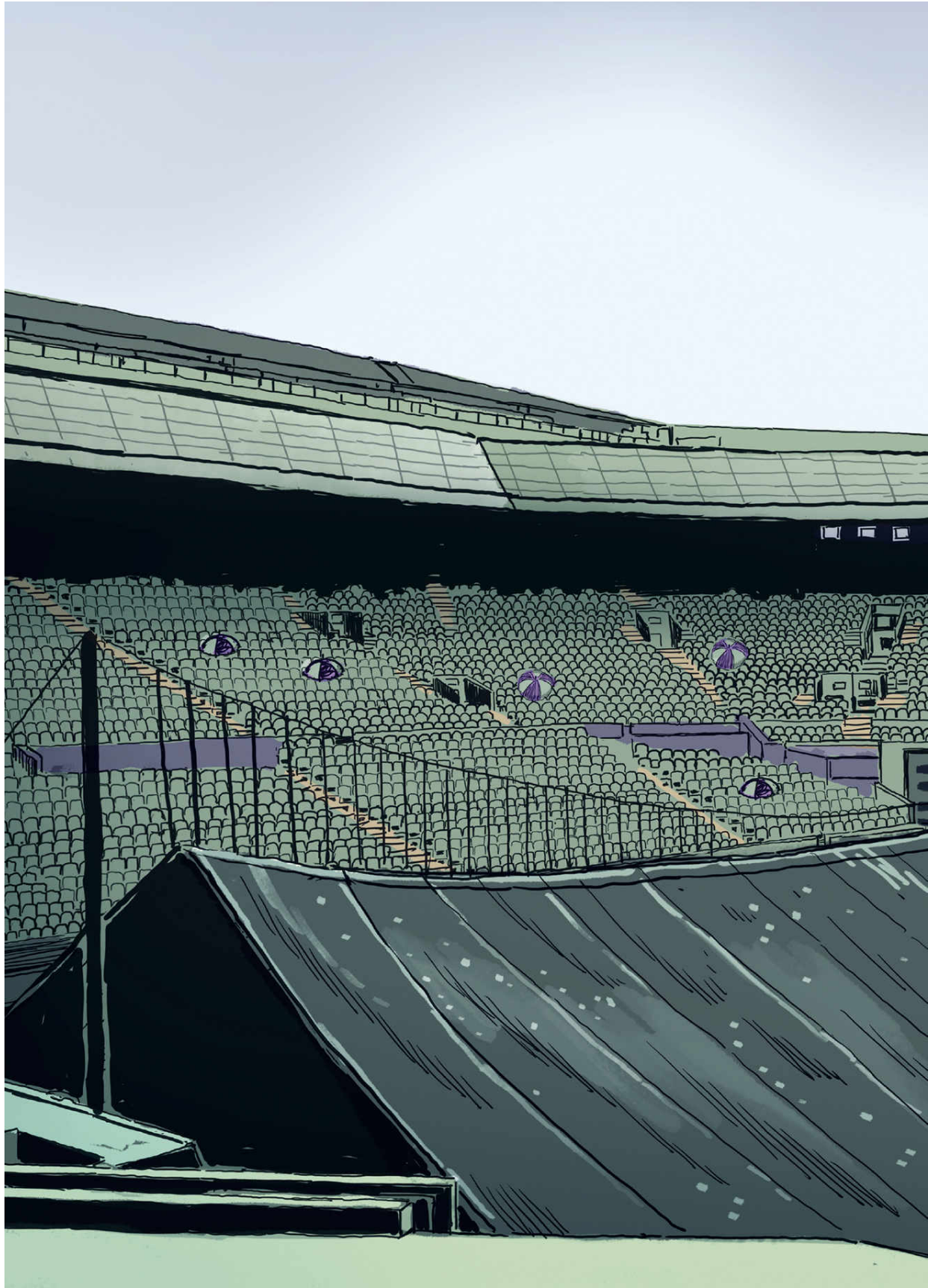


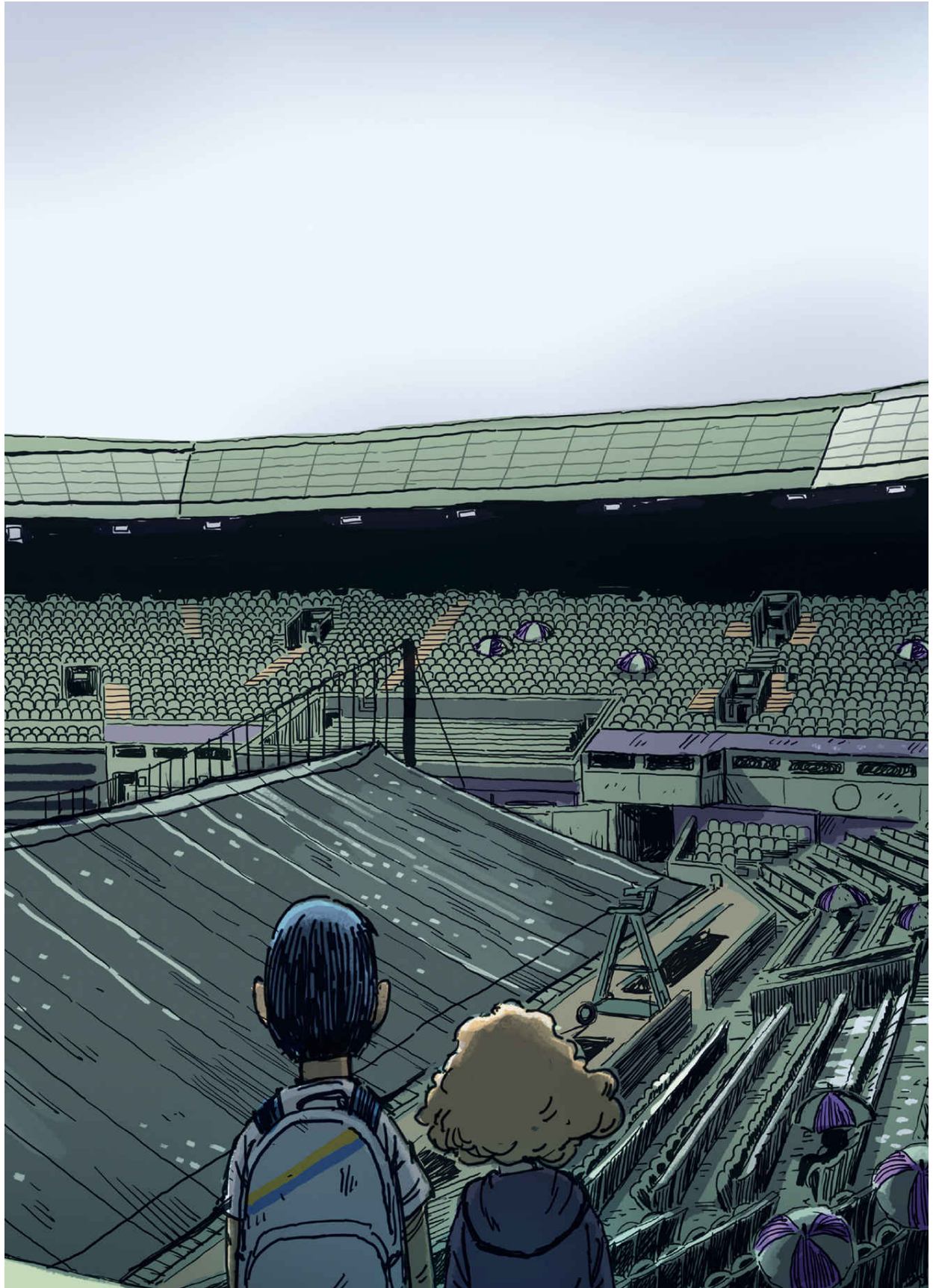
WE CAN GO IN!



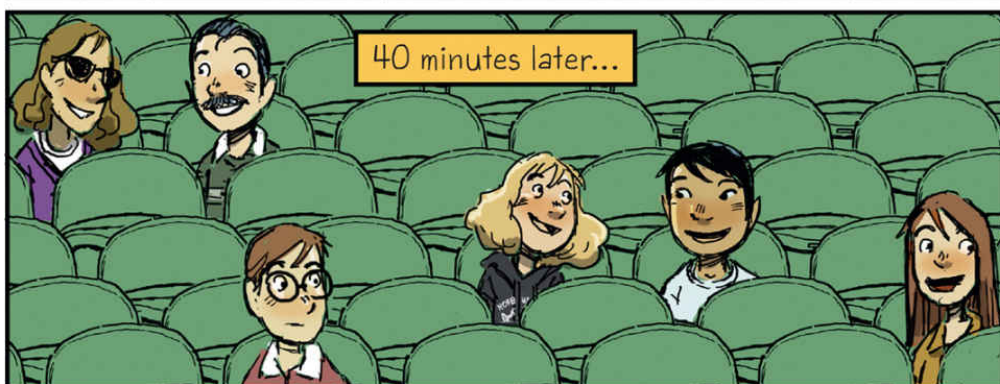


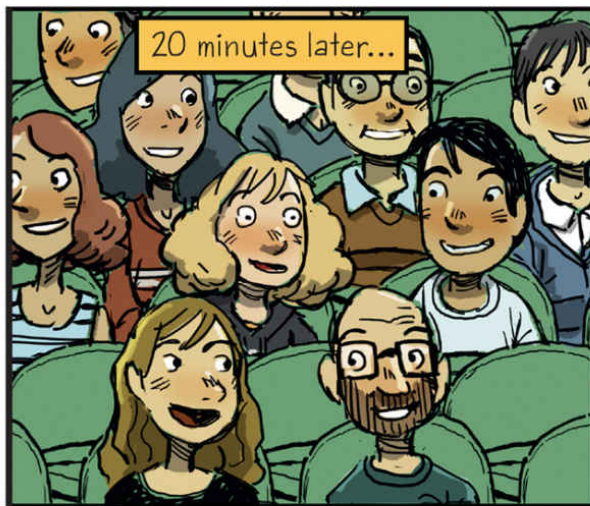












20 minutes later...



Are we in the right row?  
I don't remember sitting  
next to these two.



I overheard the couple  
say they had a dinner party to  
attend and didn't expect a  
three-hour rain delay.



These kids probably waited  
all day in line and got their  
tickets from the queue.

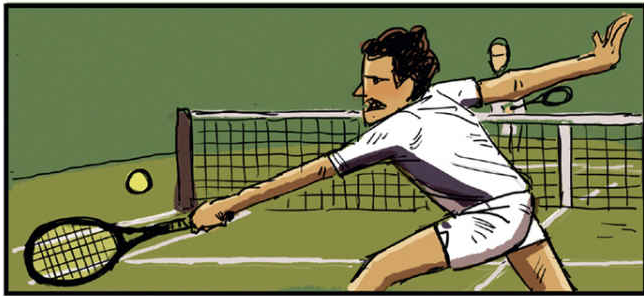
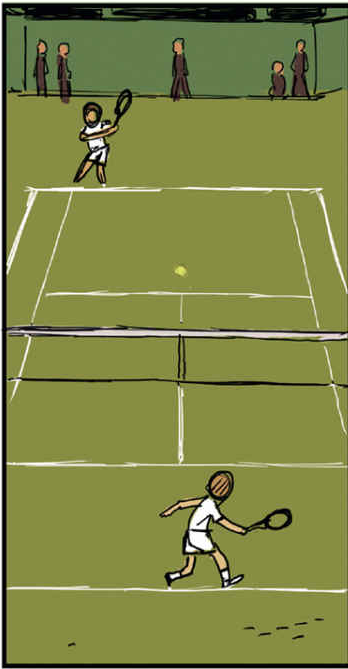
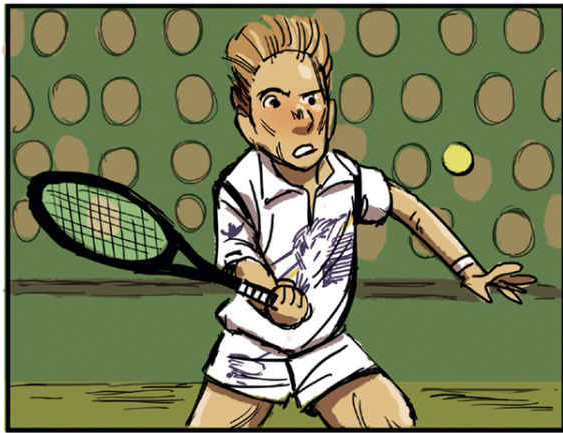
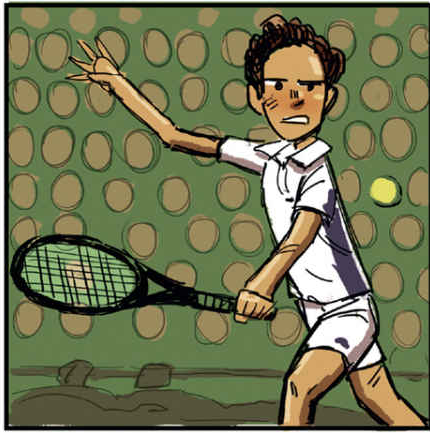
I suppose  
you're right.  
Lucky kids!



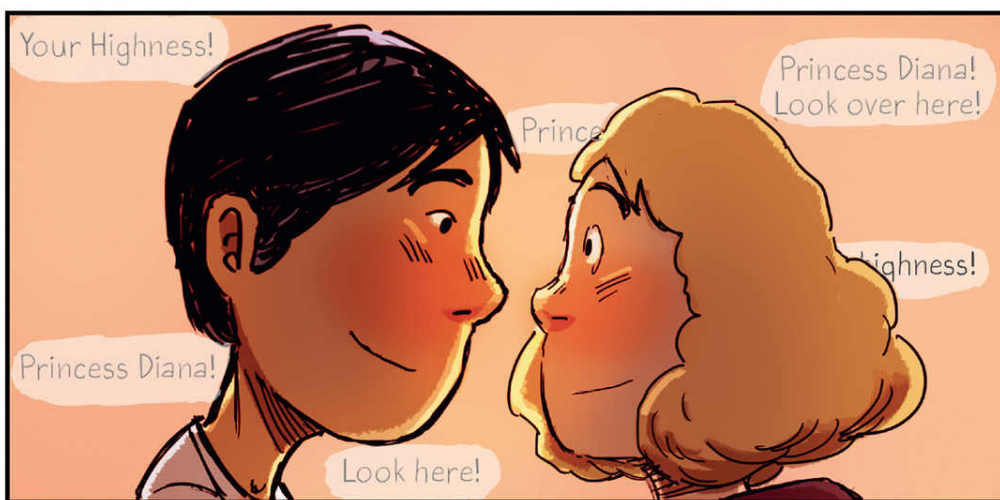
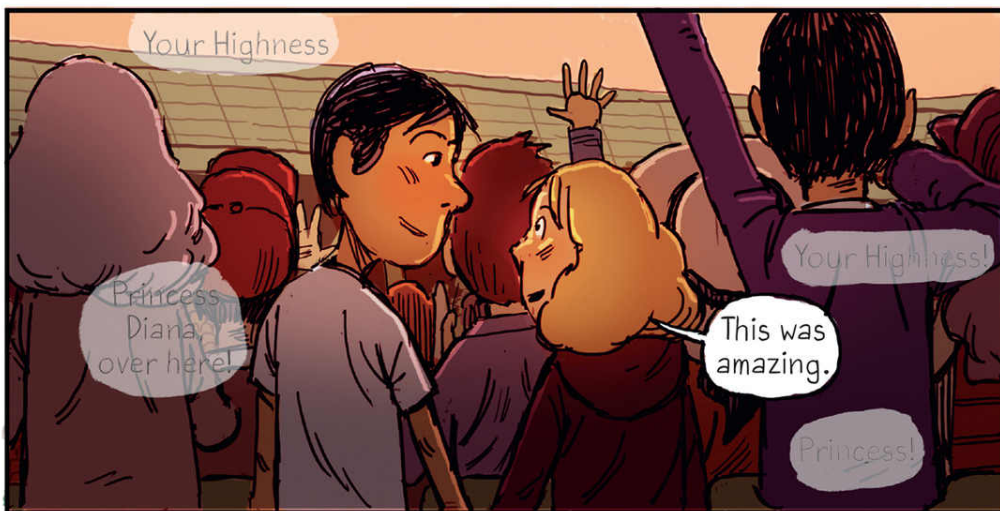
Oh my gosh,  
I can't believe it!  
It's him!



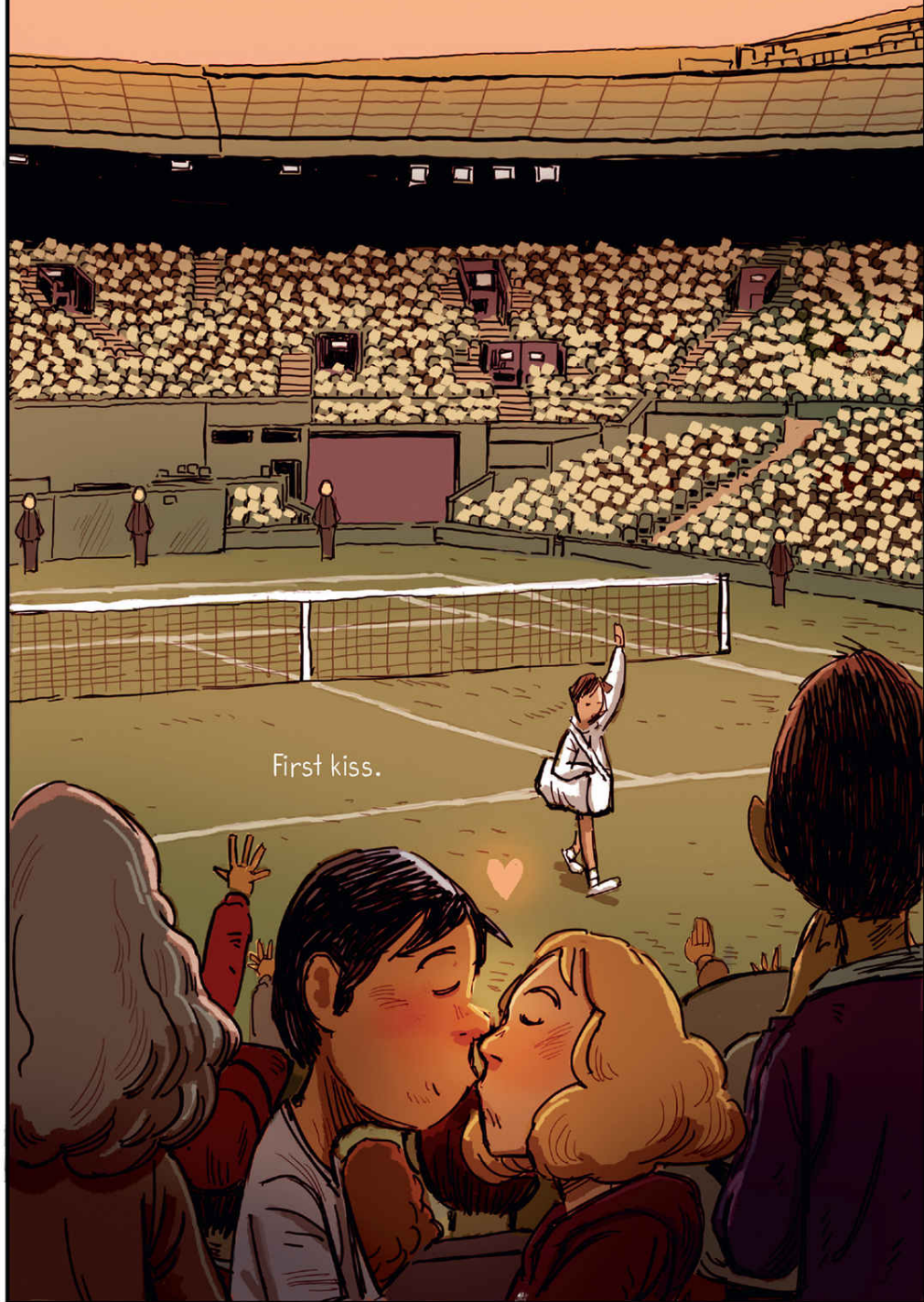




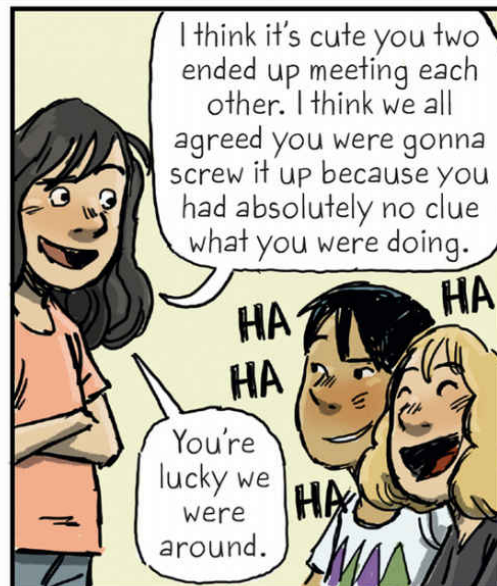


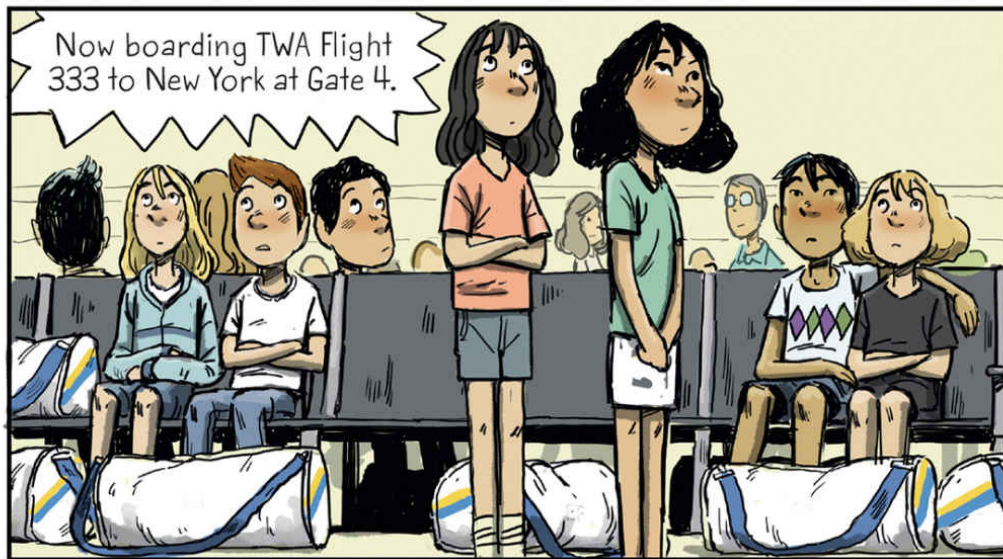


July 7, 1989  
Wimbledon, Centre Court—Men's Semifinal

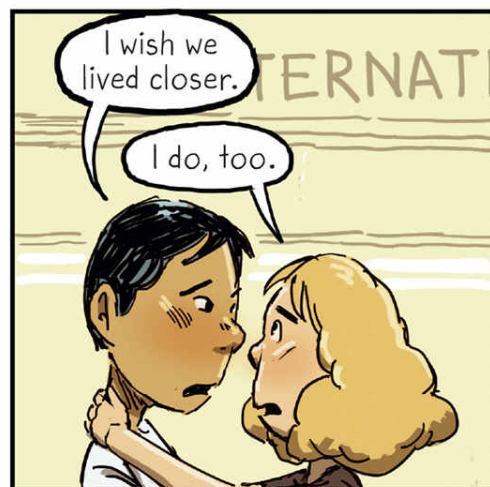


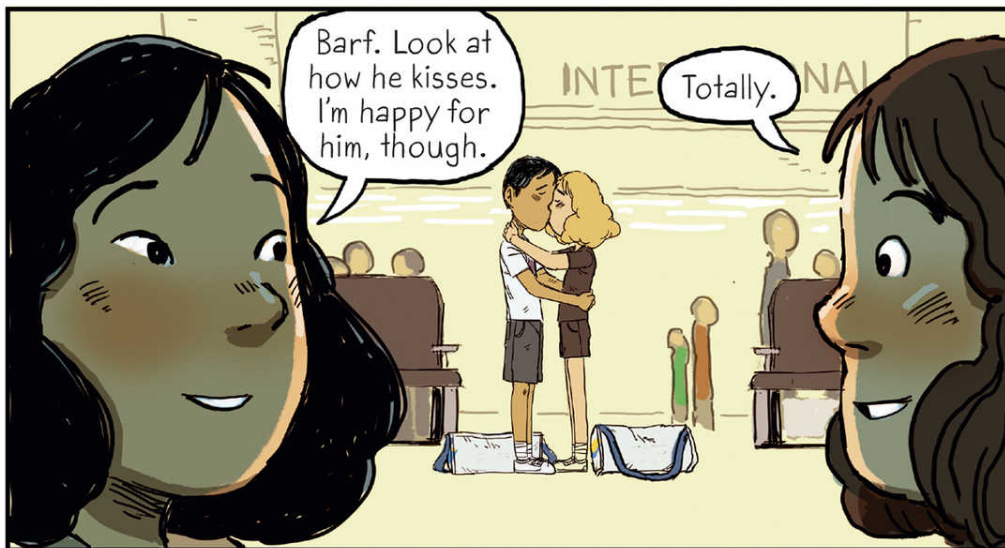
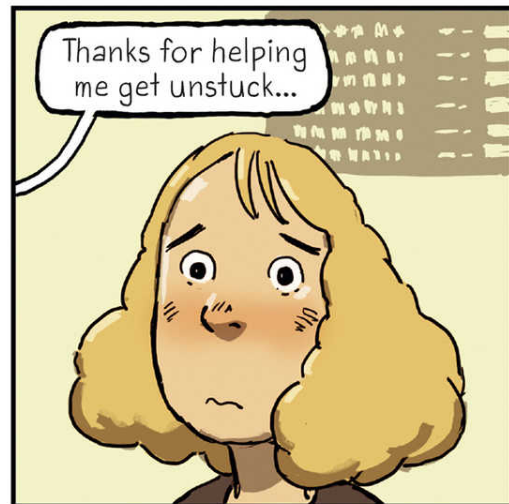
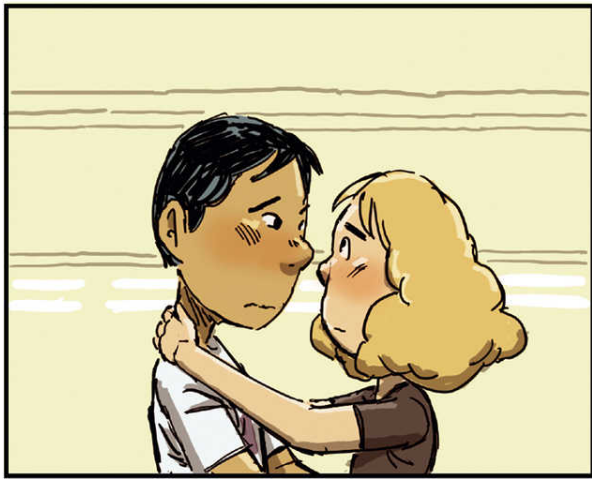




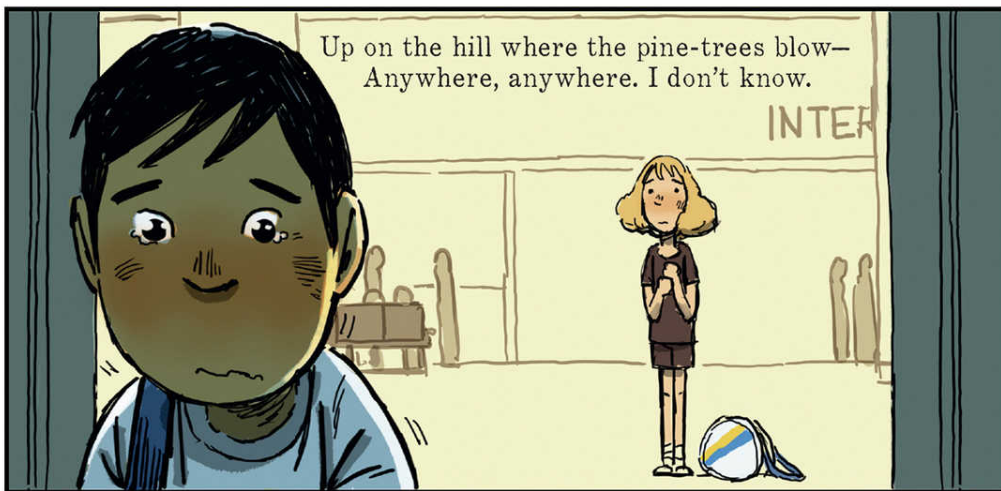




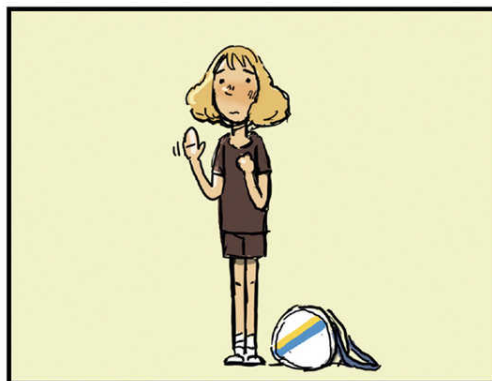








Where am I going? The clouds sail by,  
Little ones, baby ones, over the sky.



Where am I going? The shadows pass,  
Little ones, baby ones, over the grass.



If you were a cloud, and sailed up there,  
You'd sail on water as blue as air,



And you'd see me here in the fields and say:  
"Doesn't the sky look green today?"



Where am I going? The high rooks call:  
"It's awful fun to be born at all."



Where am I going? The ring-doves coo:  
"We do have beautiful things to do."

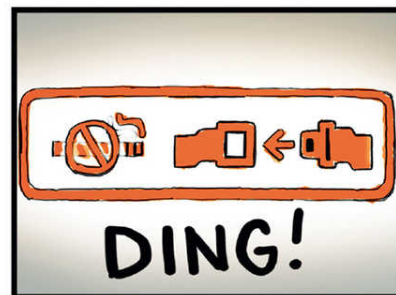




If you were a bird, and lived on high,  
You'd lean on the wind when the wind came by,



You'd say to the wind when it took you away:  
"That's where I wanted to go today!"



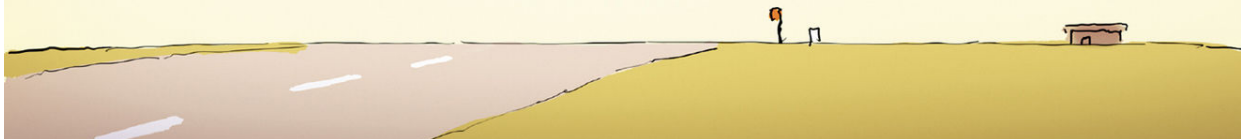
Where am I going? I don't quite know.  
What does it matter where people go?

Down to the wood where the blue-bells grow—

Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.



First broken heart.

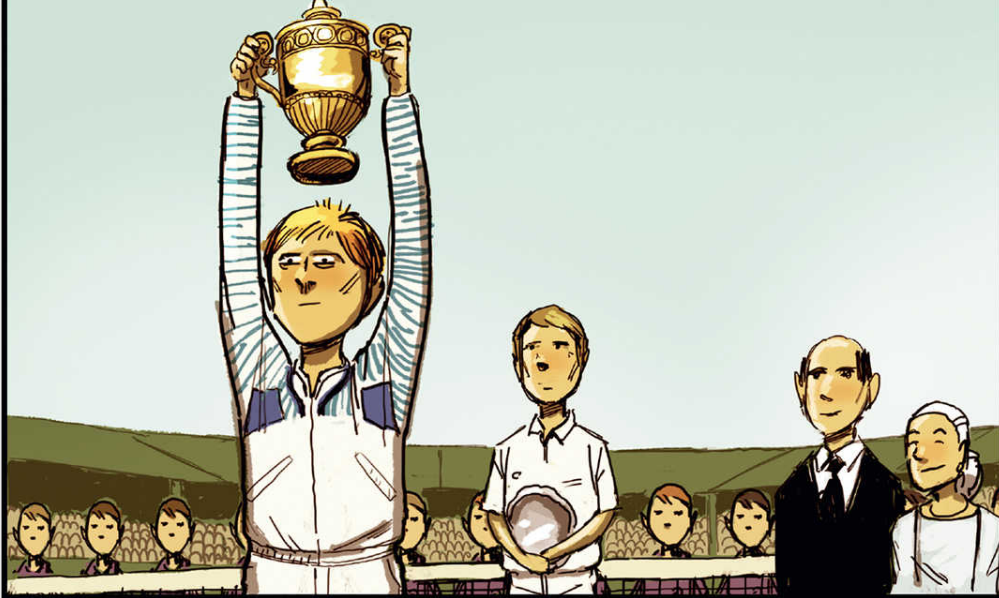




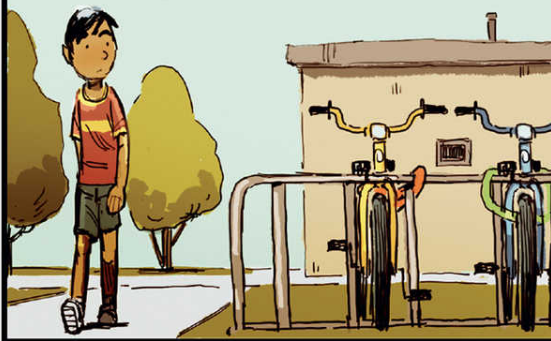


HOME

The morning I returned from the trip, Boris Becker had won Wimbledon.



Everywhere I looked reminded me of something that happened on the trip.



This boring little town.



A town that no longer scared me.

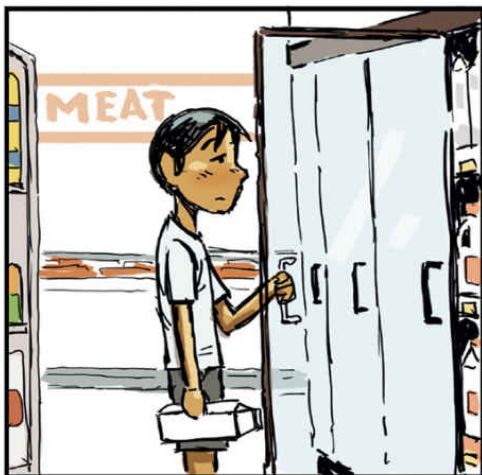






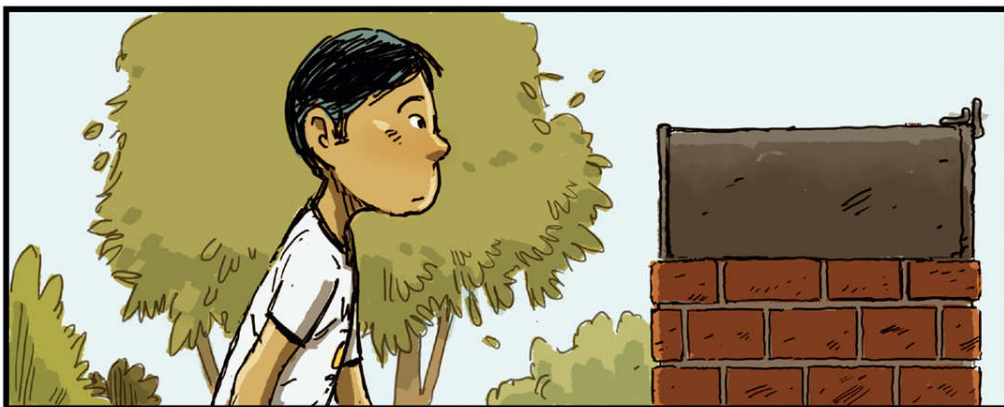


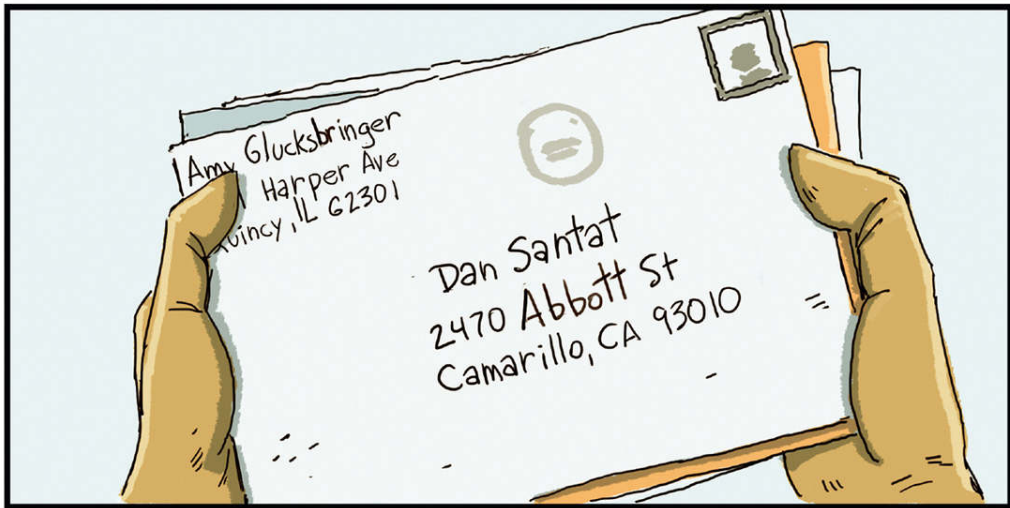




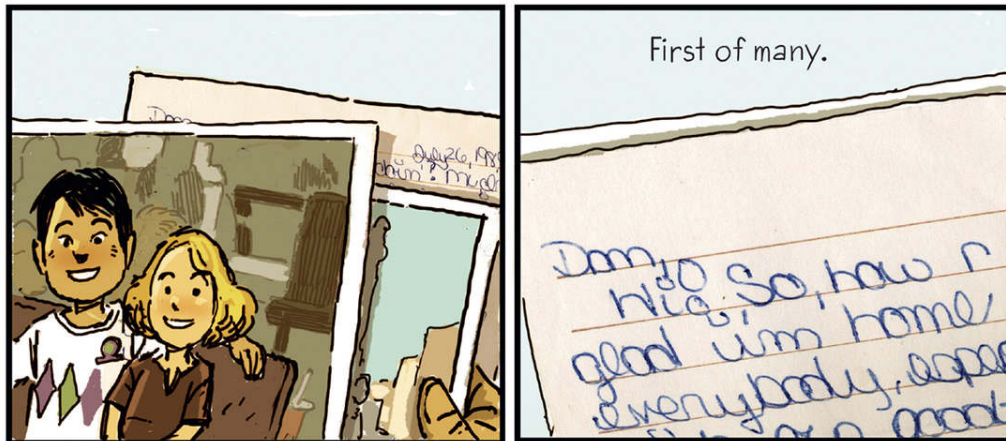
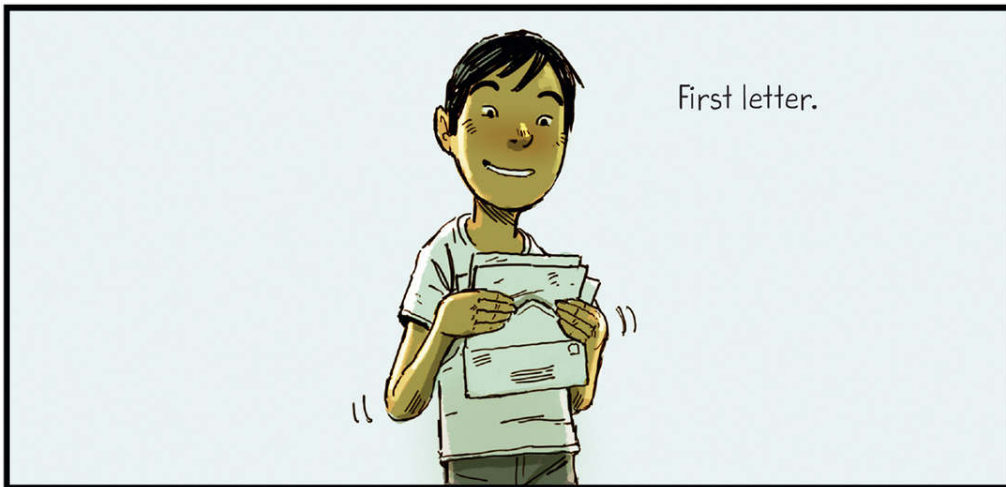
















## AUTHOR'S NOTE

1989 was quite a year to remember in Europe. The Louvre reopened, the Eiffel Tower was celebrating its 100th Anniversary, and the Berlin Wall would fall later that year. For me, 1989 was the year I learned to like myself, and this trip was one of the happiest and most memorable events from my childhood.

It was also a much different time. There was a larger middle class, flights were more affordable, and the internet wasn't around to give us a peek at the world outside of our tiny little towns and help us connect with people. Generation X was a generation of kids who ventured outdoors oftentimes with little to no adult supervision. It was normal back then. There were no cell phones, or Uber, or GPS maps, just a vast world to explore and endless amounts of time.

When I talk about this trip with the folks who went with me, we all are shocked by what we were allowed to get away with at that age, and we agree that we would never let any of our own kids do those same things. Even though these events really happened to me, I do not think kids should drink alcohol, smoke cigarettes, or steal bicycles. I included those scenes in the book because I understand how curious kids can be at that age. We should all be open to new experiences in our lives, but we can also learn from our mistakes.

When we got back, Joy, Shelley, Amber, and I continued to high school, and things were much better for me. Despite that awful experience of reciting the poem in front of the entire middle school, it was quickly forgotten by most kids after a few years. We slowly matured, and I settled in with a good group of friends with similar interests. High school, much like the world, was big enough to carve out my own niche. Amy and I continued to write letters to each other for six more years, but fell out of touch midway through college. Luckily, we reconnected in 2007 through social media (along with other kids from the trip), and we are all still friends to this day.

Middle school was a tough period in my life. It took time and life experiences like this trip for me to get to know myself, eventually feel more comfortable in my own skin, and not let other people determine how I feel about myself.

We all have only one life to live, so why not live it to its fullest? I encourage you all to try something new, whether it be grand or small. Try a new food, learn a new skill, do something that scares you. It's okay to be embarrassed. Be patient with yourself. Go at your own pace, but most importantly, go find adventure.

It may be good.

It may be bad.

But in the end, you'll know yourself better, and at the very least you'll have a story to tell.



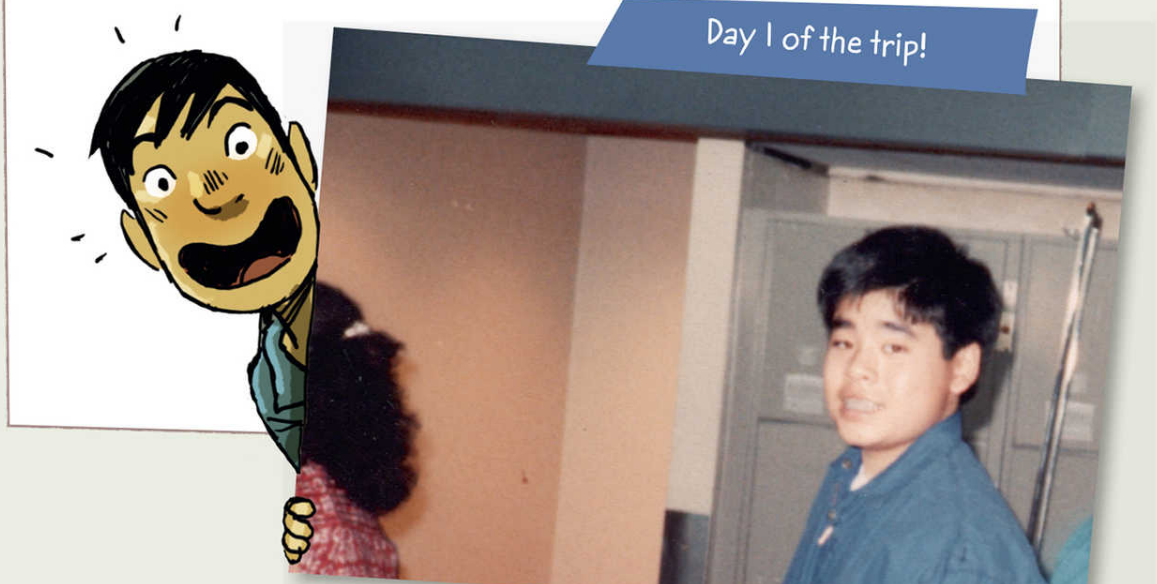


## RECREATING OLD MEMORIES

While pretty much everything in this trip actually happened, some events and names were modified. For instance, I really did sneak into Wimbledon and watch the 1989 Men's Semifinal, but it happened on the second day of the trip rather than the last (and it was with Darryl).

But all the feelings I had about everyone were 100% true. As time passes, memories slowly become fragments, and you try to piece together the remaining portions that you have. What doesn't change or fade are the emotions I felt. Three decades later, as I made this book, those feelings feel as fresh as if I went on that trip yesterday. Thirteen-year-old Dan is still well inside me.

During my research, I interviewed some of my friends from the trip. A few remembered events differently, some had completely forgotten certain events even happened at all, while others added a new, interesting perspective to certain stories with unexpected details. The most helpful piece of research was from Amy, who was kind enough to send me lots of photos and transcribe all her journal entries from the whole trip—complete with dates, places we visited, and hotels we stayed at. And yes, we both kept all our letters. There were other amazing stories and other fantastic people I met on the trip, but unfortunately, there are only so many pages in a book.



Viennese Giant Ferris Wheel



Eiffel Tower



Buckingham Palace







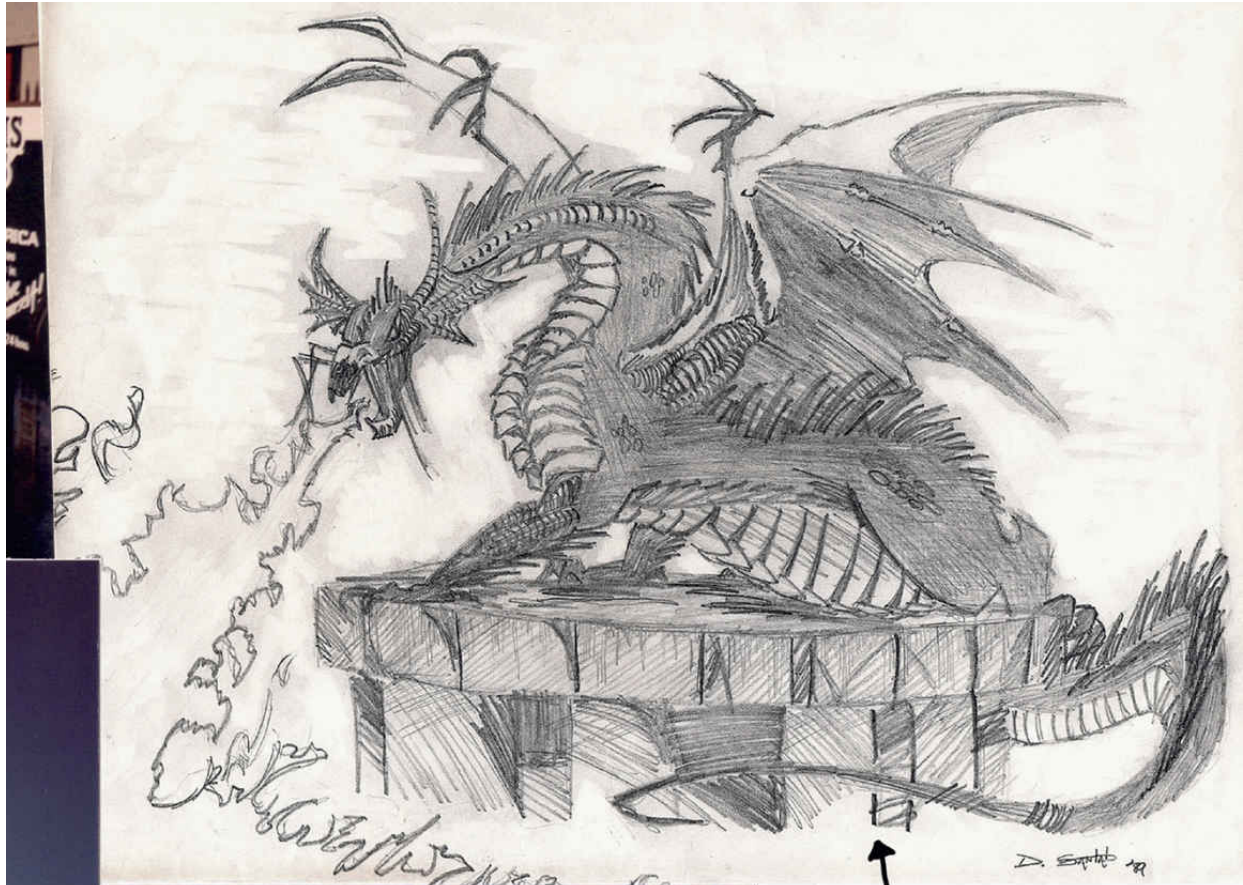
Arc de Triomphe

Earl's Court, London

Amy and I wrote to  
each other for six  
years!

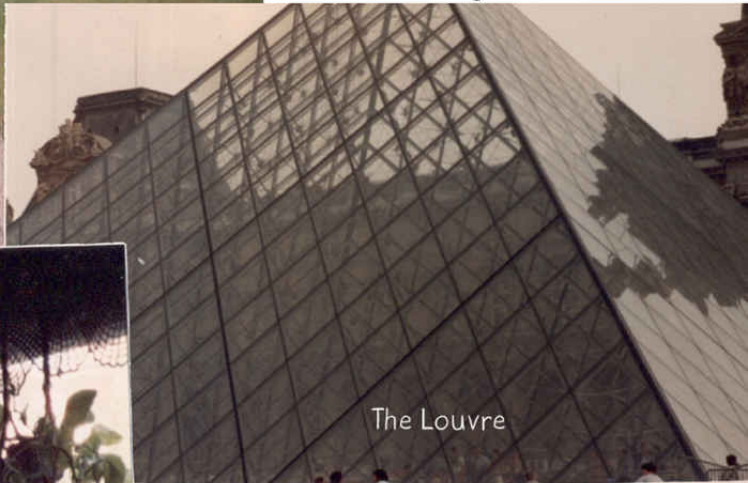
PUNKS  
NOT  
DEAD!





Tobogganing in Switzerland

The dragon drawing I made for Joy. I had forgotten I drew this, and she reminded me while I was making this book.



The Louvre



Helga



Unsere Gärten

I spent weeks on Google Maps searching for this park in Vienna!

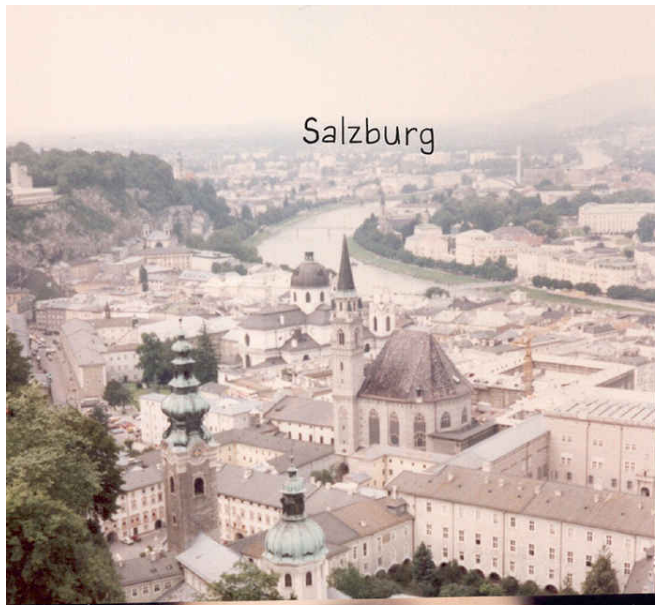




Nymphenburg  
Palace



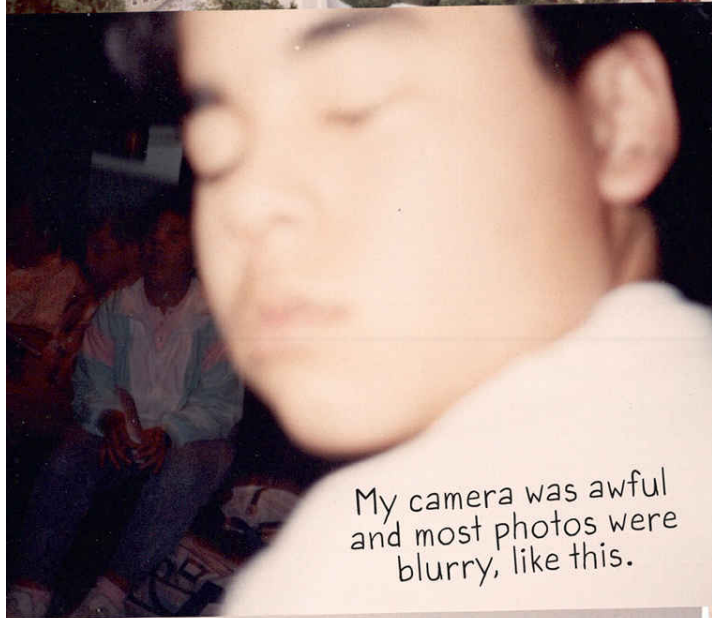




Salzburg



Eiffel Tower



My camera was awful  
and most photos were  
blurry, like this.



British Guard



Tower of London



Tower Bridge



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Just like the busload of friends I had on that trip who helped me regain my confidence in life, there are many folks to thank for helping me find the path to finishing this memoir. My editor, Connie Hsu, and I have been friends and colleagues for many years. She has always brought out the best in my work, and, in this case, she has also been my personal therapist as I navigated and dissected old childhood feelings.

My agent, Jodi Reamer, guided me through many difficult years as I tried to write a graphic memoir. This one started out as a completely different story. It's never easy to analyze your awkward and personal moments to share them with the world. Jodi told me not to panic and assured me that the story would reveal itself when the time was right.

Abe Erskine was my fabulous colorist on this project, and they did a masterful job on setting the mood for each scene. I look forward to seeing their future endeavors as they pursue their own graphic stories.

I'd like to give a shout-out to the whole crew at Macmillan for helping me make this book the best it could be. Special thanks to Kirk Benshoff, Sunny Lee, Nicolás Ore-Giron, Alexa Blanco, Helen Seachrist, Jen Healey, Morgan Kane, Mary Van Akin, Calista Brill, Mark Siegel, Jen Edwards, Allison Verost, and Jen Besser.

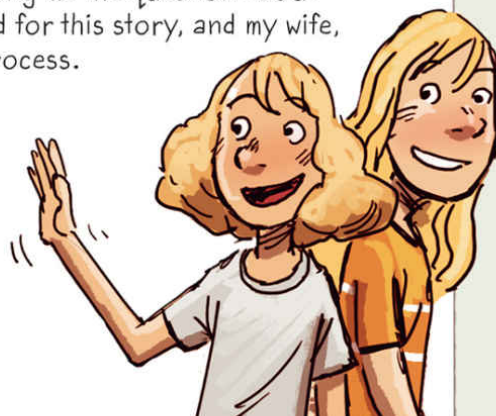
Thanks to Kelly Murphy and Antoine Revoý for providing the French translations while Andrea Offerman went above and beyond in providing German translations specific to their regions. They are as equally talented artists and storytellers as they are friends.

I'd like to thank my trusty group of expert authors: Raina Telgemeier, Shannon Hale, LeUyen Pham, Vera Brosgol, Laurel Snyder, Renée Kurilla, Lisa Yee, and Cecil Castellucci. They read my story and offered their guidance to help me maintain the integrity of the women's voices for this book.

I'd like to thank my kids, Alek and Kyle, for asking me the question about when I first fell in love, which planted the seed for this story, and my wife, Leah, for her love and support during this process.

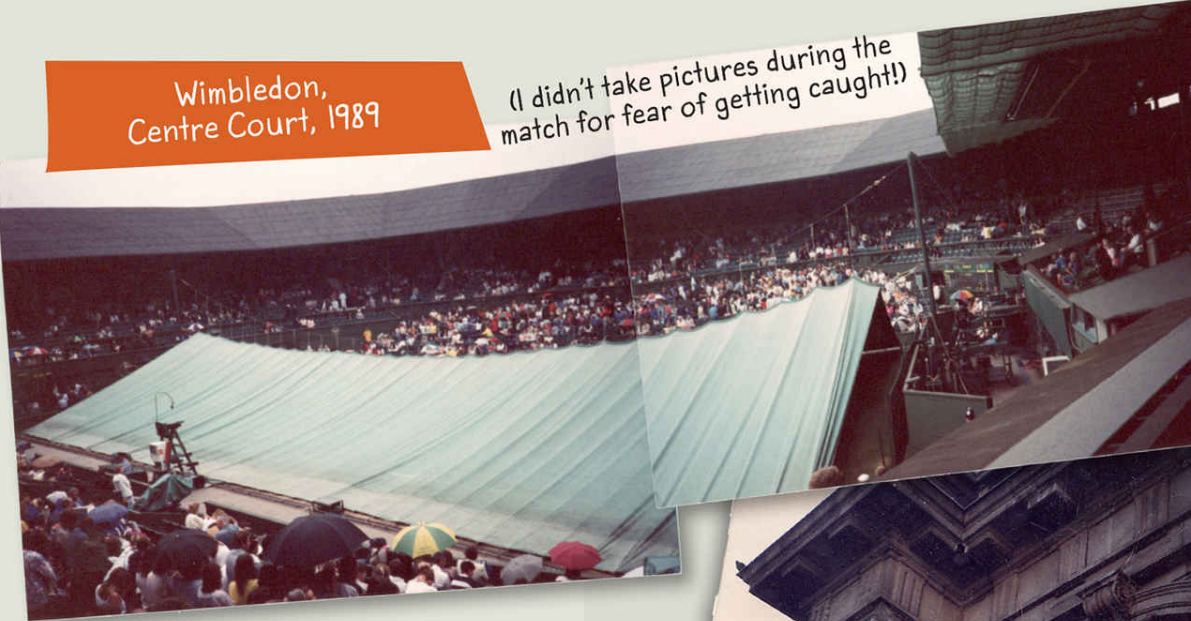
Finally, generous thanks to all the people from 1989 who helped me live a little: Mrs. Bjork, Joi, Richelle, Gail, Dawn, Meghan, Krystle, Matt, Darren, Brandon, Kellee, Allison, Zoe, and last but certainly not least, the real Amy.

—DAN



Wimbledon,  
Centre Court, 1989

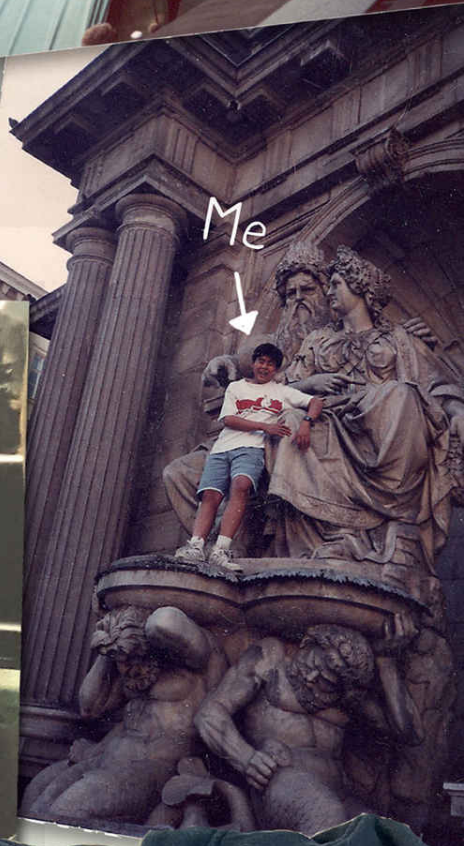
(I didn't take pictures during the  
match for fear of getting caught!)



Last day of the trip



Still have the hoodie  
and it still fits!







**DAN SANTAT** is a graduate of the Art Center College of Design and has published over one hundred books for children. His most notable titles include *The Adventures of Beekle: The Unimaginary Friend*, which won the Randolph Caldecott Medal in 2015, the #1 *New York Times*-bestselling road trip/time travel adventure *Are We There Yet?*, and the *New York Times*-bestselling book *After the Fall (How Humpty Dumpty Got Back Up Again)*, which was named on many best book of the year lists, including for NPR and the New York Public Library. His artwork is also featured in numerous picture books, chapter books, and middle grade novels, including Dav Pilkey's *Ricky Ricotta* series.

Dan lives in Southern California with his wife, two kids, and many, many pets.

[WWW.DANSANTATBOOKS.COM](http://WWW.DANSANTATBOOKS.COM)



## Dan is used to feeling invisible.

After being bullied in middle school, Dan has low expectations about everything, including the class trip to Europe with the same girls who love to make fun of him.

But during his travels, a series of firsts begin to change him—first Fanta, first fondue, and maybe even . . . first girlfriend?

Funny, heartfelt, and embarrassingly true, this graphic novel memoir is based on Caldecott Medal Winner Dan Santat's most awkward middle school memories.



Cover art © 2023 by Dan Santat  
Cover design by Kirk Benshoff

"Dan Santat perfectly captures all the humor, confusion, awkwardness, and pure joy of being a young person stepping out into the world. Read this book! You're going to love it, and you are going to laugh and cry so much!" —CHRISTINA SOONTORNVAT, two-time Newbery Honor Winner

"A humane, hilarious, and gently awkward story of seeing [your] world open up for the first time. It almost makes me wish I was a teenager again. Almost." —VERA BROSGOL, New York Times–bestselling creator of *Be Prepared*

"Dan's book manages to capture all the things that make you fall in love in the first place—awkwardness, humor, a bit of teen pathos, and most of all, sincerity and vulnerability." —LEUYEN PHAM, New York Times–bestselling illustrator of the *Friends* series

"A hilarious, beautiful, and captivating memoir about the cringeworthy catapult into adolescence." —JARRETT J. KROSOCZKA, National Book Award Finalist creator of *Hey, Kiddo*



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